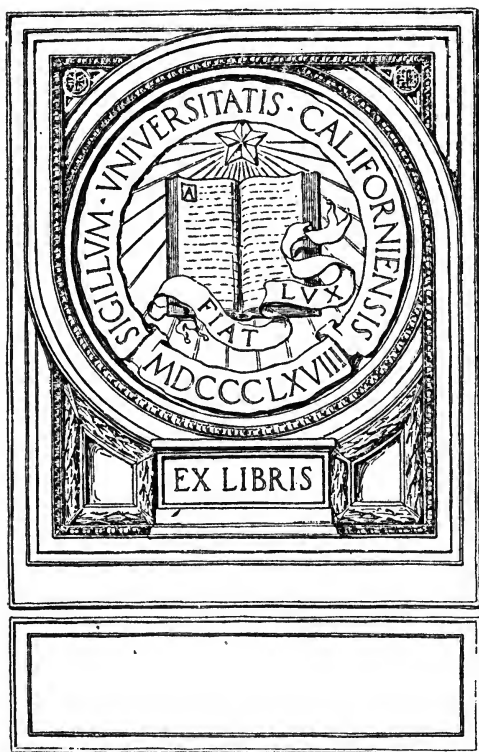
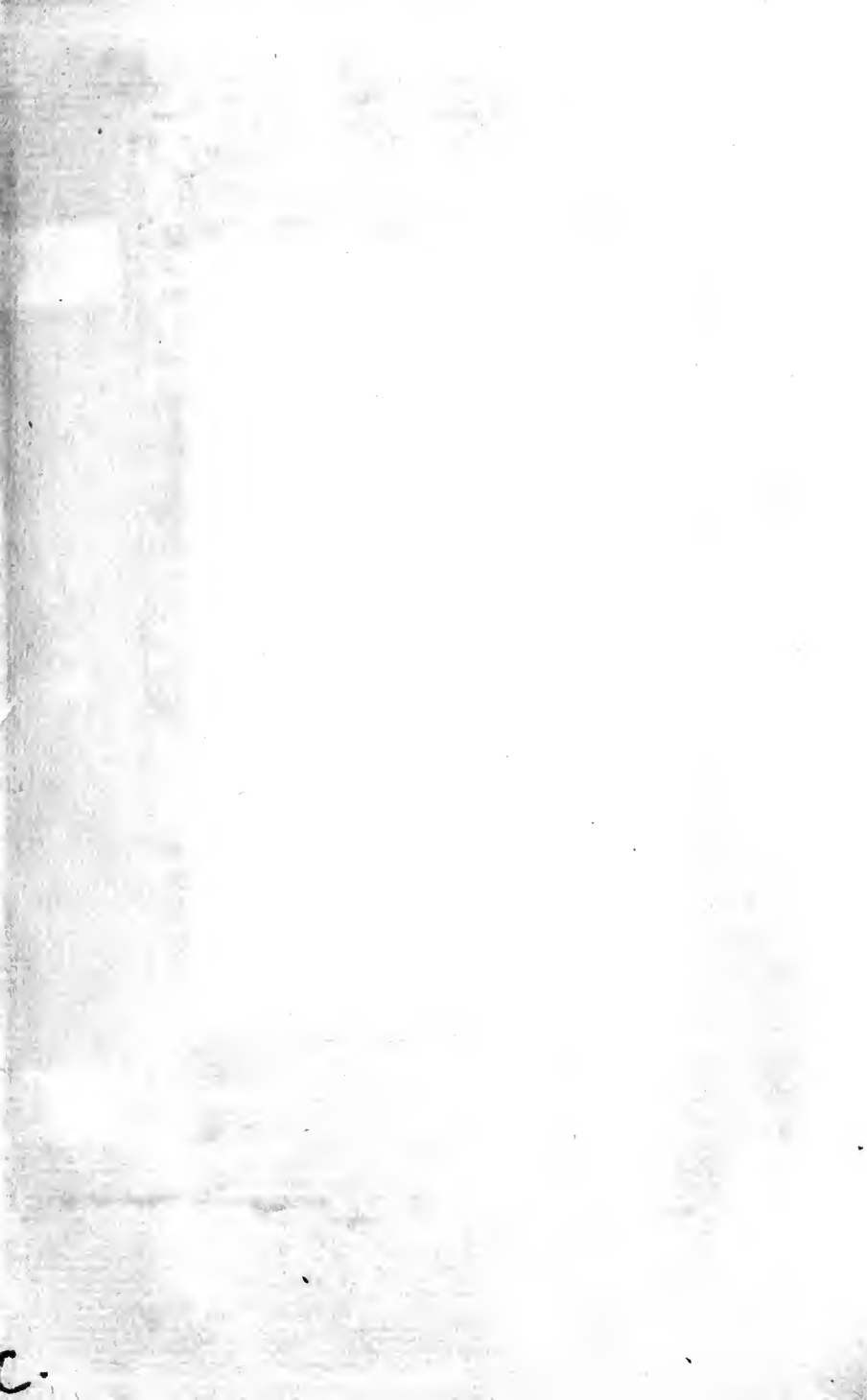


ETON  
IN THE 'EIGHTIES

ERIC PARKER

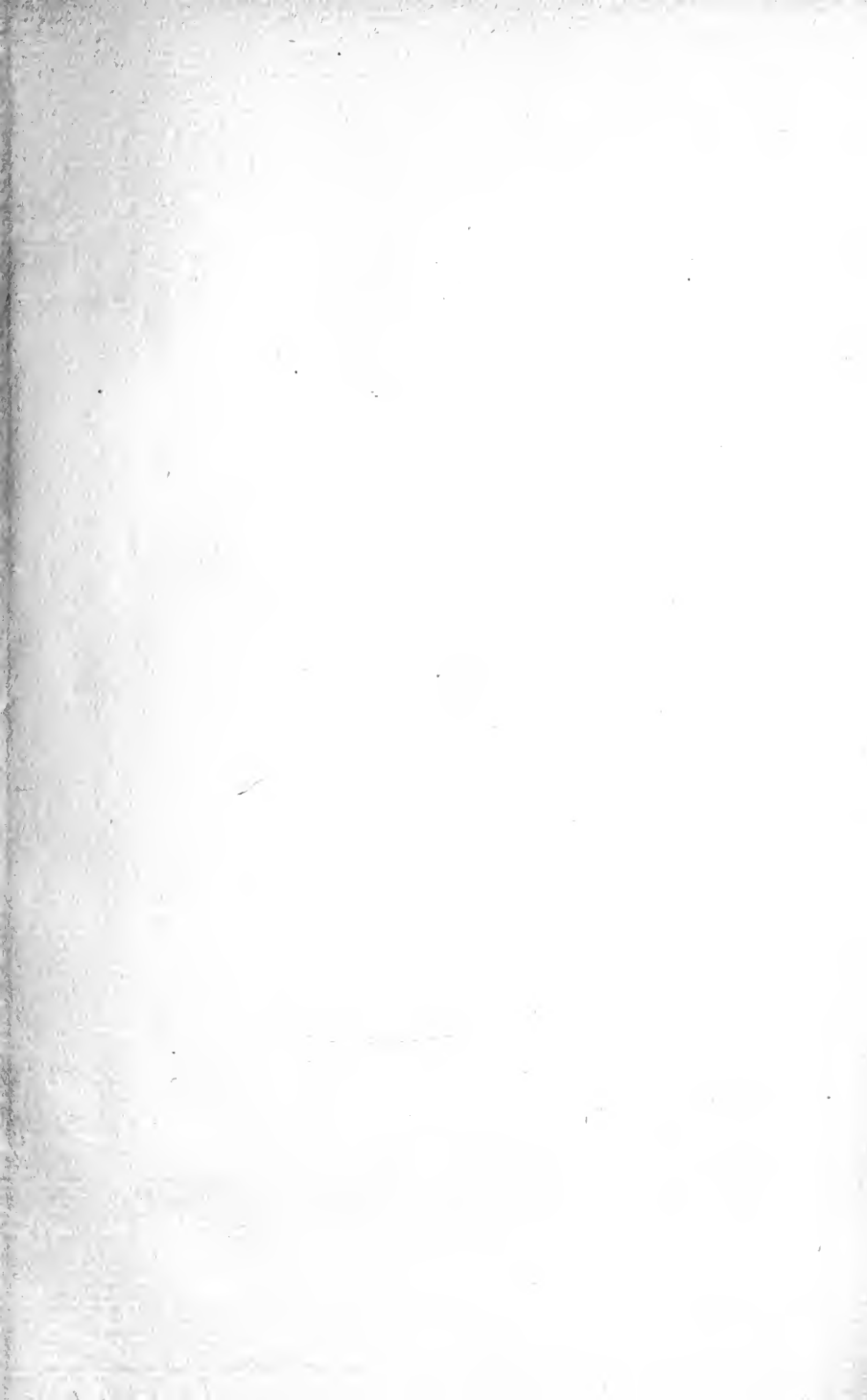
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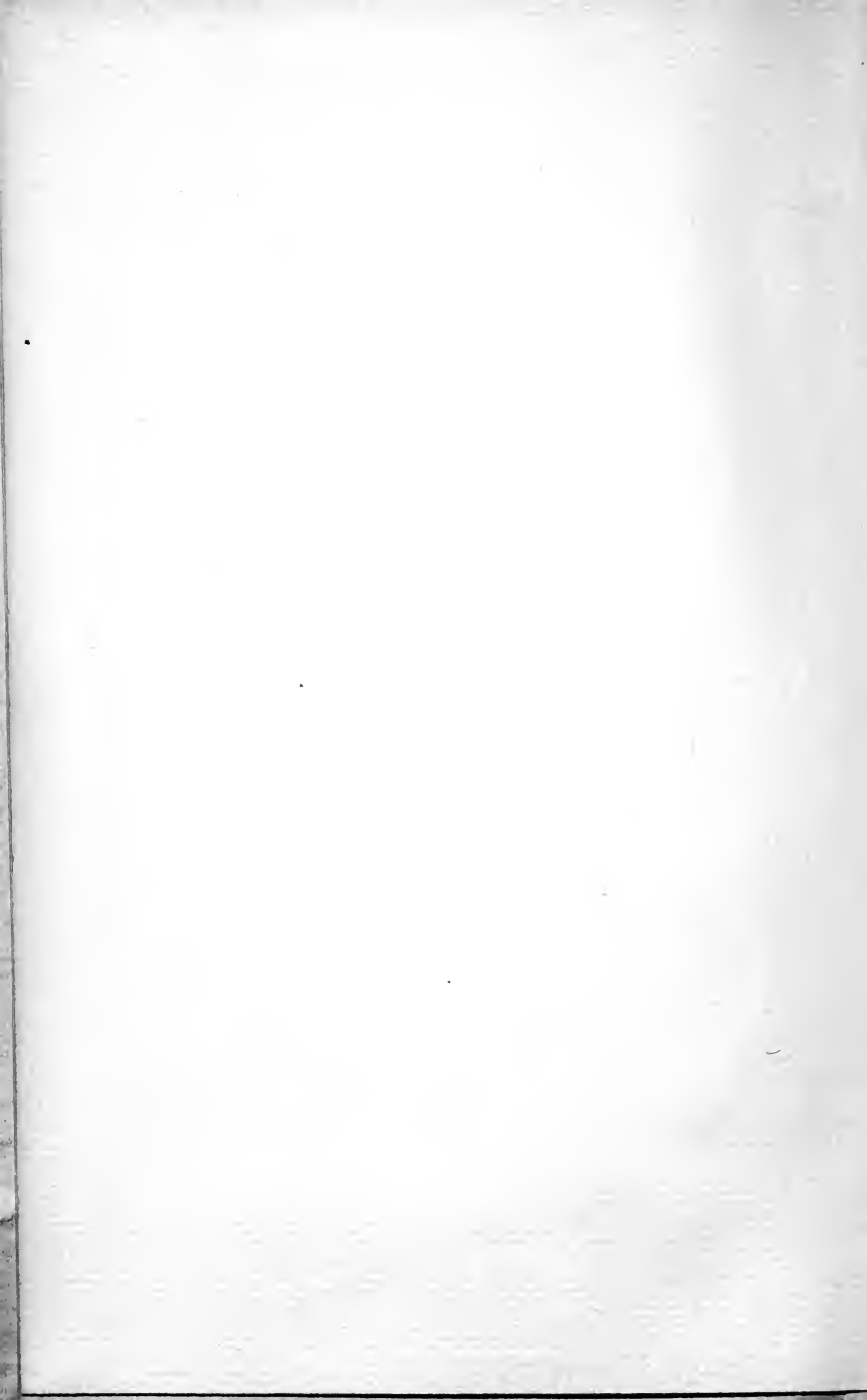




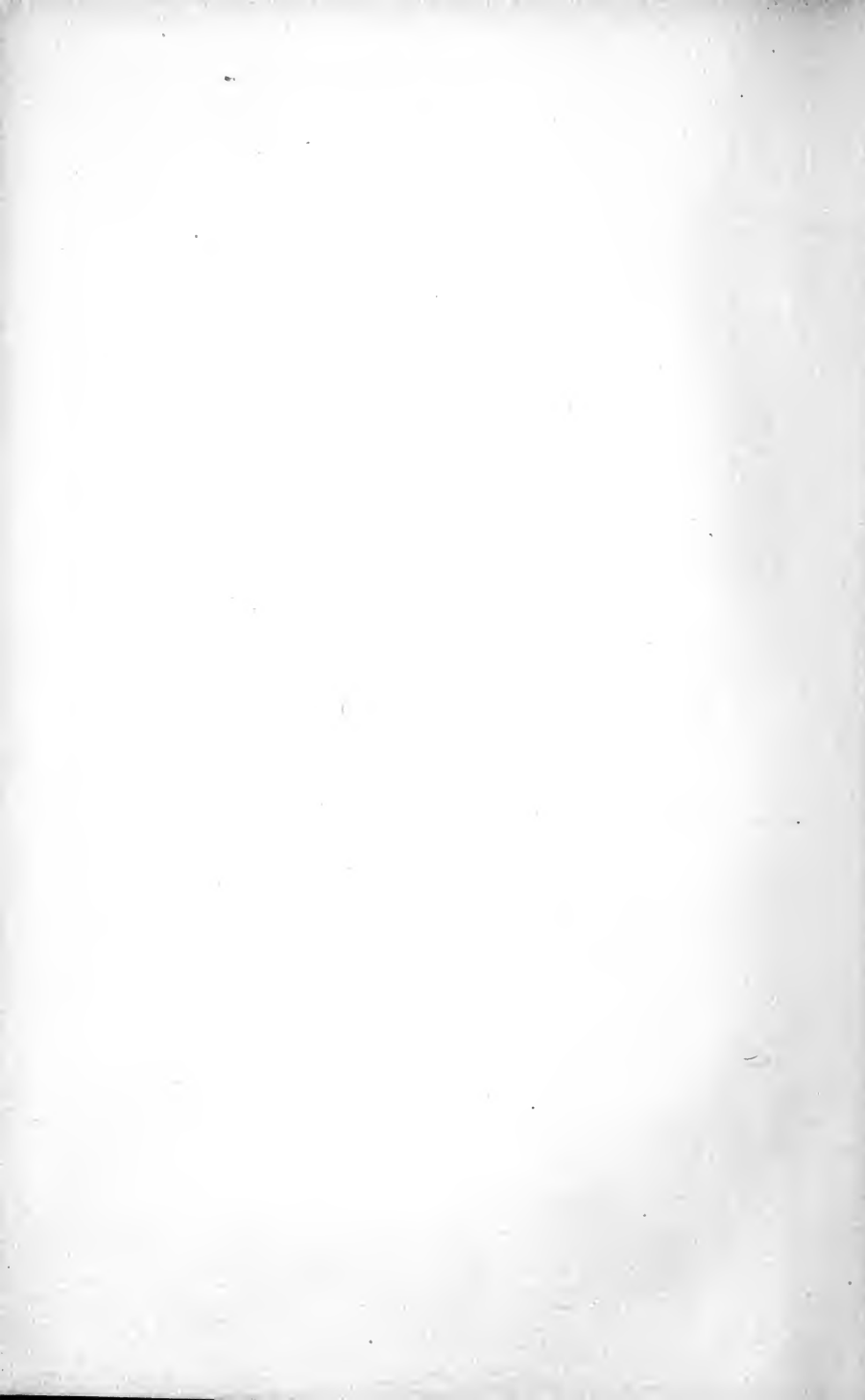
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# ETON IN THE 'EIGHTIES



THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK

FRONTISPIECE.



A RECOLLECTION OF ETON, 1883

From a painting by C. J. Holmes.

# ETON IN THE 'EIGHTIES

BY

ERIC PARKER

AUTHOR OF "THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM"

"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SURREY"

"PROMISE OF ARDEN," ETC.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*



LONDON

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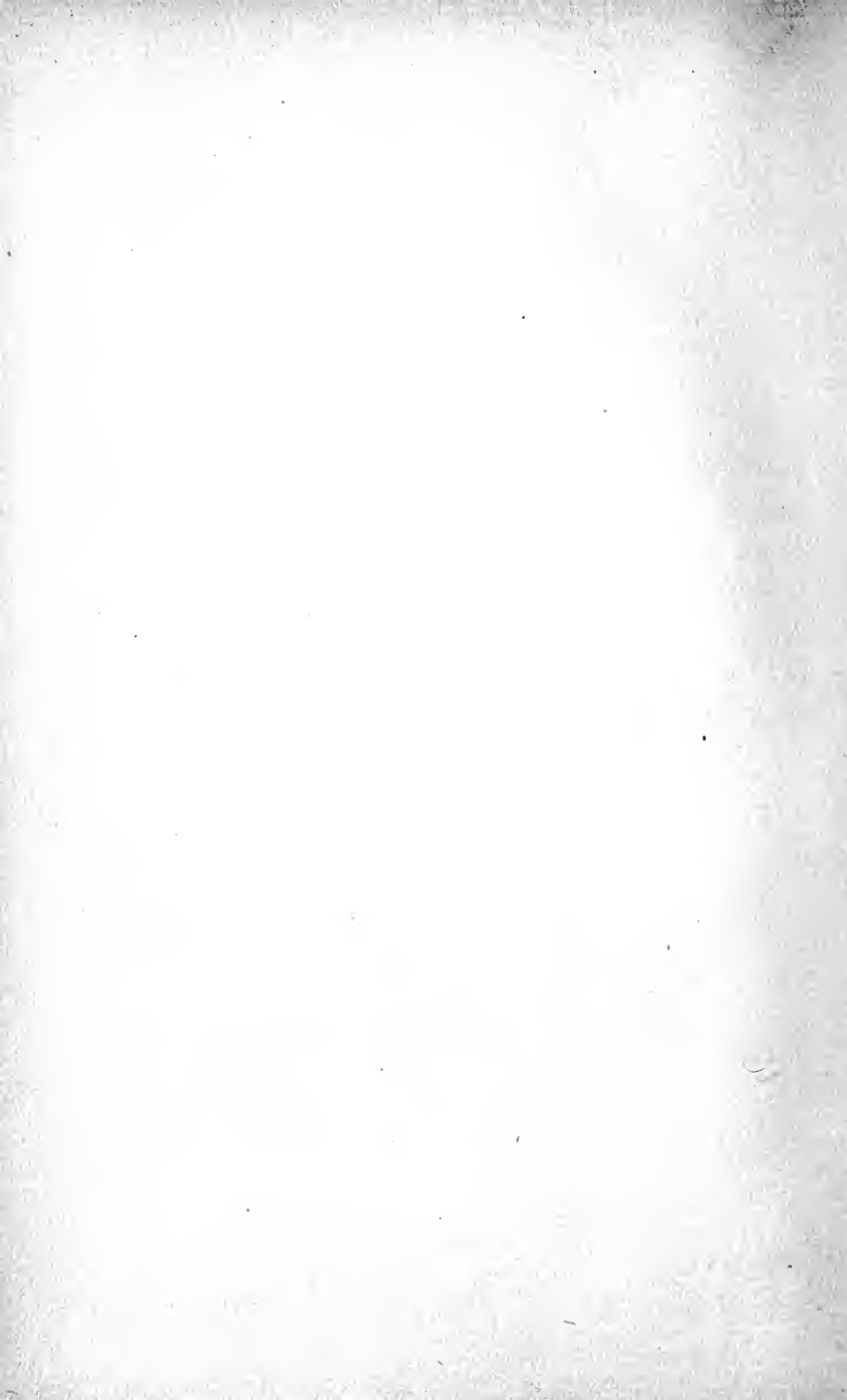


## PREFACE

I HAVE to thank Mr. John Tarver for his kindness in allowing me to make a selection from the drawings of his father, Frank Tarver. The frontispiece is reproduced from a painting given me twelve years ago by a companion of many hours spent by the river of the Playing Fields, the present Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery.

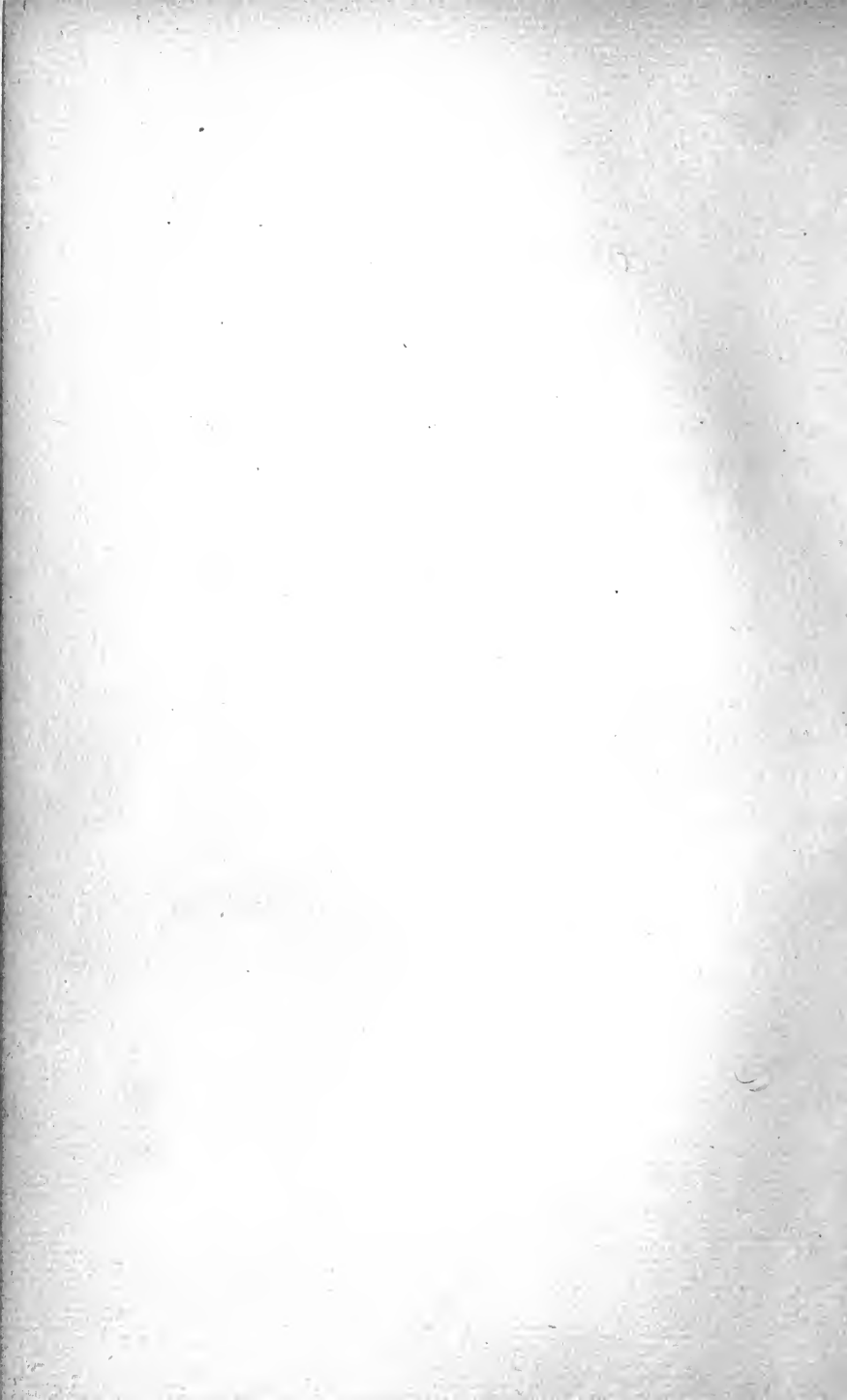
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*July 1914.*



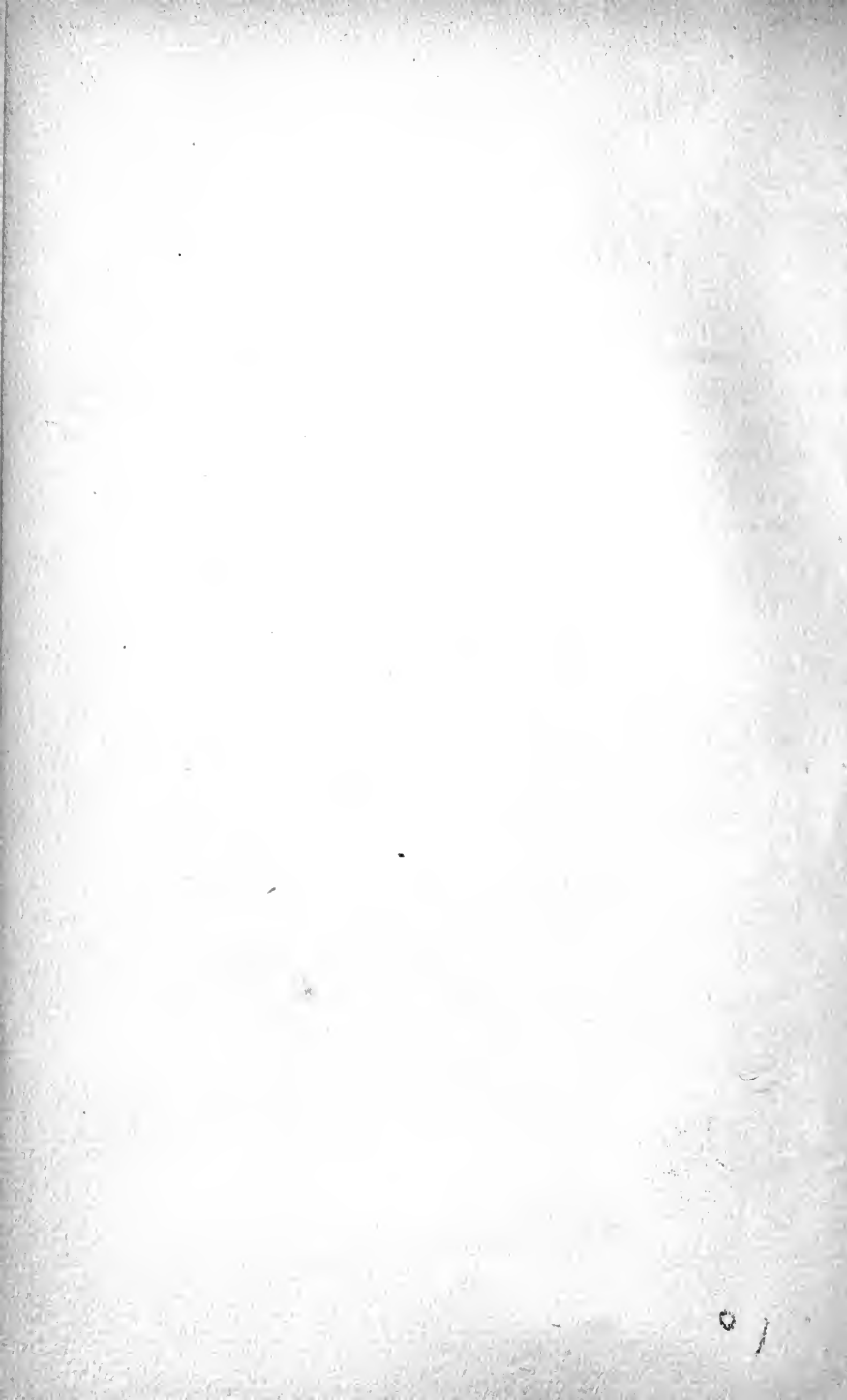
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# ETON IN THE 'EIGHTIES

## CHAPTER I

### CHAMBER

THERE are certain landmarks in life which all who have passed them are supposed to remember with distinctness; and one of them is the day on which a boy first goes to a public school. My own case must be different from others, for of that particular day I can remember very little. Perhaps it has become confused with other days; perhaps I do really remember it, but do not associate the memories I have with the day to which they belong. There is a dim mingling of recollections which must all date to pretty nearly the same time, but they are in no order—a disconnected incident of an afternoon, the first sight of a gateway, a drive in an unfamiliar cab, the unexpected, curtained stalls of Chamber, the stream of movement in the street, a vague, sudden realisation of space and freedom. There, somewhere, was the beginning.

That sudden sense of freedom came, I think, with walking out alone through the gate of School Yard a little before lock-up. Lock-up was at half-past six ; the very word lock-up set its hearer at once in a great place. Lock-up belonged to the school of books, the school of *Tom Brown*. He who had read *Tom Brown* found himself at that moment, in the dusk of a September evening, walking alive in the atmosphere of that very book ; he was there in that same stern plane of impersonal ruling, of unaltering hours and seasons, of huge doors inevitably shut. Yet until lock-up his time was his own as it had never been before. To wander out of School Yard was to find a street and lighted shops. To cross over to Williams's, and to present a signature at the counter, was to receive paper, pens, ink, books—the first purchase made at any shop which had not been paid for in money on the spot. There was a new air about the buildings, the street, the lighted shops ; they were not as other streets and shops. A new being surveyed them, not yet comprehending what he heard and saw. Return to school in other years had meant merely a resumption of the old and the known ; football instead of cricket, perhaps ; autumn games instead of spring weather. But this was something unknown and difficult to compare with other things. One predominant novelty pervaded every changed condition. For hours at a time during the day there was complete liberty. Leave of coming or



going was neither asked nor granted. This was the great difference.

After lock-up began Chamber. In order of actual experience, of course, Chamber came first of all. It was not until our belongings had been deposited in our separate cubicles, or 'stalls,' as we called them, that our school life began at all. In our stalls were our clothes and books, and from our stalls we went out first into school, or 'up town,' or into the playing fields. But the real life of Chamber did not begin, in those early days, until the evening, when we were all indoors and began to know each other, and to find out what we could do, and what others had done; in fact, what life in Chamber meant for us. And in one way, for our Election—that is, for the group of boys elected to scholarships in the previous July—life in Chamber began in a very complete and distinct way. Elections may be small or large in number. On an average, there are twelve or thirteen vacancies in College at the end of each summer half; there may be as many as seventeen, there may be as few as six; but the examiners, in any case, make out a list with more names than there are vacancies in September, and as a rule other vacancies are filled up during the year following. In our year there were fifteen vacancies, and as there are fifteen stalls in Chamber, our election exactly filled the waiting space. All fifteen, therefore, began together at the same point, with school, college, and chamber. Not

necessarily with each other, for it would happen in most years that some of the election would have known each other previously at a private school. In our year there were actually seven who came from the same private school, Parry's at Stoke Poges—a proportion of the seventeen on the list which I think was unprecedented: I do not know if it has been equalled since.

Most of the old customs of Chamber disappeared in the late 'forties, when Long Chamber, as it used to be, was broken up, and instead of all College living and sleeping under a single ceiling, the first forty-nine went to separate rooms in Sixth Form passage and the New Buildings, and only twenty-one remained in the original Chamber, shortened as it was by half its length. In 1863 the twenty-one became fifteen, and stalls were built for the fifteen; so that in that year Chamber became what we saw in the 'eighties—a different Chamber, then, from the Chamber of to-day. Then it was a long, lofty room, with yellow distempered plaster above the woodwork of the stalls; the windows which pierced the thick walls were heavily barred with iron; the ceiling was of oak rafters, and in the recess in which stood Chamber table, a wide hearth held Chamber fire, which was a fire with rules and penalties of its own. To-day the rafters of the ceiling have made way for fireproof slabs; the fire burns in a tiled hearth, electricity instead of gas lights the walls; the iron bars have been cut away, and

the windows open free into School Yard below. Is it a change for the worse? It is a change from old to new, but that is not always the wrong way. It could not have been the wrong way, after the horror of the fire in 1903, to change gas to electric light and to cut away the useless window-bars. But need the rafters have gone? The fireplace as it stood had no special beauty of its own, and perhaps the new tiles will not be thought more hideous fifty years hence than the old grate would be thought now, if it had been only put in yesterday. But the rafters? We are farther from the misery of the fire than we were when the change was made; to-day, perhaps, they would be left alone.

The older customs belonged to rougher days—to days when water-pipes were denounced as a luxury, and when cold, dirt, and bullying produced, if not a sterner, at least a much more uncomfortable race of Collegers. Blanket-tossing, rug-riding, Election Saturday, belong to the departed days when an evening might be spent in a rat hunt or in roasting a pig. Only the milder traditions survived. Chamber singing must have been one of the earliest, and that became milder in its manners even in our day. Chamber singing took place on a Saturday early in the winter half, and all the new election in turn were required to sing. Few could sing well, some could not sing at all, but a song was demanded, even from the voiceless, under threat of a very drastic alternative.

The threat, however, was all. The alternative to a song was a draught from a mug containing water, mustard, salt and pepper; and this draught, as all knew, had been prescribed by tradition from time beyond memory. I do not know when it was last drunk, but I remember that before Chamber singing in our year the Captain of the School prohibited it with some insistence, so that the stern usages of greater days were not so very far behind us after all. Other customs of Chamber singing, probably, came down to us unaltered. The singer stood on Chamber table; the rest of Chamber, and others from other elections, sat below in chairs; some of Sixth Form, even, listened from afar.

Few of the songs which were sung that evening remain with me; we must have been a not very talented body of singers. There was 'The Midshipmite,' I remember, and he who sang 'The Midshipmite' was required on a later occasion, as a penalty for some obscure transgression, to sing it again to his division master's pupil room, which he did to an admiring audience of lower boys. There were 'Three Jolly Postboys' and the sentry's song from 'Iolanthe'; but the performance which I remember best was not a song at all. It was the contribution to the music of the evening of one who in later years became an astronomer of world-wide reputation; but on this occasion the star of his fortune was obscured. He had neither a tune nor words, and could with

difficulty be induced to mount the table as others before him had mounted it. He was, however, suddenly found upon the table, encouraged to that position by pressure from below; and when, in response to the most urgent suggestions, he at length emitted an unprepared sound, the expressions of his audience were of complete unanimity. 'Tommy make Room for your Uncle' he ejaculated, with a truly appalling lack of melody, and with hurried protests all made room for him at the word. He was found at a distance from the table, and the sound which he had uttered remained with those who had heard it.

The laws which regulated the burning of Chamber fire were simple and direct. Fires began, if I remember right, on October 11, neither a day earlier nor later whatever the season might be, and when once the fire had been lighted in the morning, it not only might not be let out, but it might not even be reduced to part of a fire, or a smaller fire, or indeed anything but a full and complete fire as great as when it was first lighted. To preserve its flame a fire-fag was appointed, each of the fags in turn; and it was the fire-fag's duty to see that the guarded pile of coal fell never below the top bar, much less below the second, or even out altogether. Penalties were devised in order to emphasise the sense of duty. If so untoward an event should occur as that the fire fell below the top bar, there was a penalty for that; there was a

worse penalty if it fell below the second bar ; and if the fire actually went out—I do no more than imagine so frightful a circumstance—there was a penalty so full and prolonged, that the humane mind recoils from the performance. The Captain of Chamber saw that the penalty was enforced, and the weapon by which it was enforced was a hairbrush ; in those days hairbrushes had handles. As soon as the level of coal was observed to be below the line of the top bar (and since one fag differs from another fag, there were occasions when Chamber was more observant than on others)—as soon as that fact was fully established, the Captain of Chamber's attention was drawn to the deficiency. So also was the attention of the fire-fag drawn to his default ; unless, indeed, there was a desire that the level might fall lower than the second bar, or even—but the pen may not dwell upon the last possibility of all. The minds, then, of those chiefly concerned having been addressed to the situation events moved rapidly and in order. By the side of Chamber fire stood a mighty coal-box of solid oak ; a box so great that a sack of coal should scarcely fill it. One oak, surely, was felled to make Chamber coal-box and Chamber table. Before Chamber coal-box the undutiful took his stand ; over its gaping mouth he bowed himself abashed. He was approached by the Captain of Chamber, brush in hand ; seven times the brush fell. Seven times, if the level of the fire lay below the top bar ; if below the second bar, ten

times ; these were the rules of Chamber. If the last, the final catastrophe of the empty grate . . . All the rest of Chamber approached, fourteen in all ; each approached twice.

After fire, water. One of the severest of Chamber customs was concerned with water. In a corner of the cloisters, opposite the stone stairs leading up to Hall, stands a pump—a pump to be written of by Collegers with a reverence due to no other pump. Before that pump, for want of water-pipes and basins, a sterner generation of Collegers than ours stood and washed, winter and summer, every morning of the school year. Through winter and summer, from those early days till now, it has supplied Collegers of all degrees with the coldest and purest water. But for those in Chamber it had a special meaning. When Chamber in whole or in part, separately or collectively, desired water, it proclaimed its need with a shout. Either the captain or the next senior to him present shouted for ‘Cloister P.,’ and on hearing that echoing demand, the junior of those in Chamber knew that he must journey out to the pump and bring back a canful of water. That was a necessity which paid no regard to the weather. When the can was brought back filled, it was placed on Chamber table, and having been placed there, not a drop of the water might be spilt. If it should happen to be spilt, he who had to own to the fault suffered the due penalty. His head was

placed under the table, and the Captain of Chamber approached him after the manner of the rites of Chamber fire.

I do not know if these customs have changed, or whether Chamber fire with its tiles and Cloister P. upon Chamber table still exact the ancient penalties. The cans which carry Cloister pump water have changed, I think; I hear of enamel, whereas ours were of plain tin. There was another fashion which possibly has not survived from a ruder age into the days of tiles and enamel. This was a commingling of elements caused by the addition to the outer layers of Chamber fire of a mug of water. The result was a pillar of smoke which ascended to the rafters, descended from the rafters upon all below, and was briefly known as Chamber stink.

Two other customs had already in my day become legendary. They may have revived later, but I remember no instance of their observance while I was in Chamber, though both were spoken of as threats or possibilities overhanging the unworthy. One was a Chamber washing. The rule of Chamber demanded strict cleanliness. Each boy in Chamber had a bath of his own, and each was required to use it once a day, preferably with cold water in the early morning. If this necessary discipline were avoided, or even believed to be avoided, attention was drawn to the neglect in words. If words failed to enforce what was needed, the law prescribed that the offender should



be dealt with summarily and in public. The case was first put before the Captain of the School ; if he gave permission, a bath was placed before Chamber fire and filled with cold water, and all were invited to witness what followed. He who had refused soap was then disrobed, and all Chamber in turn laved him with a scrubbing-brush. At least, this was what we were told would happen ; I remember nothing more concrete than that. Another custom, which I think had lapsed, was the shutting up of one asleep in his bed. The beds in Chamber were not large, and folded up into a wooden chest or box, the mattress and bed-clothes being kept in their place against the iron frame with a strap. It was easy to imagine that if, at the dead of night, a bed containing an occupant asleep were shut up as if it were unoccupied, the sleeper on awakening would discover himself in a very unhappy predicament. But this, too, was a merely imaginary misfortune ; I do not remember any one being shut up, either in Chamber or out of it.

Each inhabitant of a stall might carve his name on the wooden partition, or on the panelling which lined the wall. Some carved well, and some very ill indeed ; some got others to carve their names for them. What none might do, however, was to carve his name or anything else on Chamber table. Chamber table, which was round and massive, was of oak black with age, and scarred deeply over its broad surface ; there was a single gaping wound in particular

which looked as if one of those before us had wrought mightily with such a poker as three men of the present day should scarcely brandish. But all the scars and wounds were smooth and polished ; Chamber table in our day had become a relic and sacrosanct. How old it might be in reality I cannot guess ; we certainly supposed it to be coeval with the Founder himself.

Chamber tea-room, as we knew it, has gone. It was a little room to which we went down by a doorway in Sixth Form passage. Two long tables stood by the two side walls ; between them, at one end, was a small table to seat three, and at the other end a fire, at which it was possible to make toast and probably to boil an egg, but not, I think, to do more elaborate cooking. For that, for the buttering of eggs and the frying of bacon and sausages, and for more elaborate achievements than these, the end of which was usually swifter and more frightful than the beginning, we went to an obscure and distant office known as Cross's kitchen. Charley Cross, who presided over a close range in his kitchen, and who exercised a sort of general supervision over the cupboards and their contents in Chamber tea-room, is a being who stands out from the background of those early days with a curious insistence. He was a thin, dark man with a hooked nose, who shuffled about in an apron and carpet slippers ; he seems to me to have invariably worn a cap, and he was oppressed with a profound and perpetual melancholy. He may have smiled

on some occasion during my time at Eton ; I think not. In Chamber tea-room he looked after the 'orders,' that is, the daily allowances of bread, butter, tea, sugar, and milk which we were given for breakfast and tea. At a stage later than Chamber tea-room we were supplied with these orders to manage for ourselves, quarter of a pound of tea in a lead paper packet and a pound of loaf sugar in a shiny paper bag ; these were to last a week. But in Chamber tea-room the tea was made for us in brown and generally spoutless pots, and the sugar was set out in basins from which it could be conveniently thrown. The bread was placed on our plates, and was either half a small loaf, or else a kind of large bun ; the butter we were given in D-shaped pieces about a quarter of an inch thick, which were really slices from a roll of butter cut in halves. Besides these orders we had nothing else, unless we added it for ourselves ; so that in the absence of funds it was a common experience to fare for many days on bread and butter alone—a very wholesome diet. Perhaps in the heroic days Collegers had not so much to eat as we had, but we, in our turn, were given less than a later and perhaps a heavier generation asks for to-day.

To Chamber tea-room belongs in my mind an odd association. Enthusiasms of early days generally carry at least an echo into years that come after ; but it is certainly possible to be unmoved in later life by the vicissitudes of the betting news, and yet

to look back upon morning after morning when the one absorbing topic was the favourite for the Derby. When Harvester and St. Gatien ran a dead heat in 1884, the Epsom crowd was not more interested than Chamber tea-room ; when Melton beat Paradox the next year, after Paradox had stood above him in the columns of the *Sportsman* for so long and in such confidence, those who knew most knew best what to explain to others. I do not remember that anybody made any bets ; what I do remember are sweepstakes, particularly one. It must have been for the Eclipse Stakes or the Kempton Jubilee, I am not sure which : at all events, I drew Bendigo. Unfortunately the money was only partly subscribed, and though Bendigo certainly won, he did not pay me the twelve shillings expected.

Of Chamber game, football and cricket, I have written elsewhere. Of other games, lawful and unlawful, there is less to write than there must have been in earlier days, when the formalities of rug-riding and blanket-tossing were added to the natural interest of tending dogs or ducks, or the traditional donkey of a Long Chamber masquerade. These with us were merely legends. Our amusements were less far-reaching in design. Of individual attainments, one which I remember watching was a performance of walking along the tops of the partitions and fronts of the stalls, which perhaps was not so dangerous as it looked. Another occupation, less acrobatic,

was stepping over the rafters of the ceiling used as a floor. This was accomplished by holding a looking-glass as you would hold a tray, and then by gazing into it as you walked the length of Chamber, during which progress, of course, the ceiling became a floor ; and when you reached the end of the passage between the stalls, quite an effort of will was needed in order to stride through the obstacle of the wall above the oak doorway into the darkness of the gulf beyond. Another method of entertainment required even more imagination, at all events from one of the parties chiefly concerned. Considered as a parlour game, it might perhaps have its disadvantages, but the rules at any rate were simple enough. The idea was that one side should select an occasion when Chamber fire appeared likely to need replenishing with coal, and should then place the shovel in such a position that the handle became uncomfortably heated. It was not to be red hot, of course, but just too hot to hold—an operation requiring skill and a precise touch. The proper temperature having been imparted to the shovel, the players on the one side would place it in a natural and easy posture resting against the fender, and would then draw the attention of the other side, consisting of a single player, to the fact that he was fire-fag for the day, and that unless he acted with promptness and decision the fire under his care would assuredly fall below the top bar, if not go out altogether. The other side would then advance

towards the grate, and if thoroughly familiar with the rules, would take the temperature of the shovel, at the same time rapidly comparing the players on the other side to various common objects of the country. If, on the other hand, he was unfamiliar with or had forgotten the rules, he grasped the shovel and dropped it with a single motion of the hand, this action on his part causing loud and prolonged laughter. On one occasion, however, laughter was short. There came into Chamber, bearing coals or some other burden, George Dew. George Dew was the College butler. He presided over coals, bread, butter, milk, tea. He pushed monstrous baskets of boots. He was large, heavy, bald, white-haired, and spoke from a wheezy throat. He was also extremely well used to the manners and customs of all ages of Collegers, and was very unlikely indeed to be deceived by the simpler forms of booby trap. When, therefore, he perceived three or four small boys observing with an intelligent interest his proximity to an inviting shovel, he grasped the situation without comment. He seized what lay nearest on Chamber table, which, for a reason which I cannot calculate, happened to be a pair of trousers, wrapped the trousers round the handle of the shovel, thrust the shovel into the coal-box, heaped coal on the fire, and then returned the trousers, considerably altered in appearance, to the protesting but baffled owner.

George Dew, and particularly George Dew's voice,

I connect with a practical joke of another kind. One of the occupants of Chamber being filled with desire to inflict a penalty upon another occupant, considered the situation from various points of view and decided to experiment in a novel fashion with his bed. He possessed himself of a pepper-pot filled with pepper. Then, in the temporary absence of its owner, he let down his adversary's bed, sprinkled pepper lavishly upon the sheets and bolster, and shut the bed up again. After surveying his work and adding a finishing touch or two of pepper elsewhere, he withdrew, and communicated the main facts of the situation to others. At nightfall, therefore, we awaited results. The familiar calls came from the stall of the Captain of Chamber, and in obedience to them in turn we retired each to his own stall, stopped talking, turned out the lights, and got into bed. Then a great silence fell upon Chamber. We speculated upon the progress of unseen happenings. In the corner of Chamber where the bed had undergone the experiment there was at first quiet. Then from the corner came a curious scuttling sound, something like the noise of a rabbit when he discovers the presence of a ferret in his burrow. Next came the sounds which precede sneezing; after sneezing these were repeated. Next was added a consequence which only the conductor of the experiment expected. He had pictured beforehand to himself what would be the immediate results following the laying of a head upon the bolster as

he had prepared it, and with the greatest possible foresight had proceeded from his adversary's bed to his washstand and there had liberally peppered his sponge. He, therefore, guessed with less difficulty than we the meaning of a renewed scuffling which was heard from the distant stall. His adversary, rushing for refuge to water, had received a further supply of pepper almost from the mouth of the tap. From the sounds which proceeded from the corner it was plain that matters had reached a crisis. And at that moment, while we listened perhaps a little remorsefully (but only a little) to the results which followed the refuge in the sponge, another sound was added. George Dew was coming along Sixth Form passage towards Chamber; he bore a great boot basket with him, and the withes of the basket creaked in time with his heavy tread. The occupant of the corner stall recognised that creaking from afar. It should here be mentioned that his philosophy of life differed from that of his companions in Chamber, in that, while they would probably rather have expired than complain about one or any of their number to a master or a servant, or authority in Sixth Form, he, on the other hand, conceived that every displeasing situation in which he found himself should be reported forthwith to pastors, masters, and all in authority over him. He, therefore, hearing the approach of the carrier of the boot basket, rushed to the door of his stall singularly deranged.



‘ Oh, Mr. Dew, my bed’s all soused with pepper ! ’ he exclaimed, and for a moment Mr. Dew regarded him.

‘ Your bed soused with pepper ? ’ came from wheezy depths. ‘ Mr. Broadbent shall ’ear of this.’

The boot basket was set upon Chamber floor, and the steps of George Dew grew fainter down the passage. Whether or not Mr. Broadbent, who was then Master in College, did hear of it I do not know ; possibly the person who really heard of it was the Captain of the School. At all events, it was not long before a member of Sixth Form strode into Chamber and demanded the name of him who had mistaken the proper purposes of a cruet-stand. From a stall in mid-Chamber came the voice of one who confessed that he, and he alone, was the author of the experiment. He was bidden to stand forth, and we others, who knew how to bear the appointed suffering when dressed as one should be dressed for such occasions, speculated each in his stall as to what the added penalty would be when the cane met merely a nightshirt. Fresh sheets were brought for the bed which had been the subject of the experiment, and while they were being laid upon the blankets, sharp sounds were heard in mid-Chamber.

The more noteworthy occurrences of that year in Chamber group themselves naturally enough round the same places and the same personalities. There was no bullying in Chamber, but it inevitably happened that the entertaining of so peculiar philo-

sophy of life by one of its members resulted in several stirring episodes. Of these I remember nothing which was not good humoured, in its beginnings as well as in its consequences, strange as that fact might have seemed at the time to those in authority, who certainly had to deal with a difficult situation. We were definitely told that we must in every case accept the consequences, and we did so, regarding the whole affair as so incredible as to be a joke. There was an egg, I remember, which flew from one end of Chamber to the other with astonishing accuracy, and hit the exact spot on the wall which it was aimed at; that had consequences, but the accuracy of the direction of the egg was a compensation. There was a strange conflict which ended in a gown burnt over a gas-jet. There was above all a large and glorious piece of architecture. The bed in a corner stall was selected for the site. Upon this site were piled with the greatest possible skill a considerable quantity of baths and Windsor chairs, bath after bath and chair after chair. When it was no longer possible to add another bath or another chair, we stepped back to survey our completed task. It really was a most ingenious and a most successful structure. It filled the eye. It could not have been better or more strongly put together. Unluckily the occupant of the stall thought otherwise. He saw it, and with one short cry he fled. Then a very painful situation developed itself, and after an interval we greatly

regretted that we had built so many baths and Windsor chairs into so solid a construction of zinc and wood. A tutorial eye surveyed the result, and, most unfortunately for the architects, entirely mistook its meaning and purpose. Instead of a tower, a spire, a belfry superimposed upon a bed, he took the affair to be a booby trap. The consequences were unhappy. Some of them were immediate ; others followed in reports sent to parents. It was near the end of the half, and my report contained a serious prediction, which I was duly asked to explain. I believe I remember the exact words . . . ' was responsible among others for . . . which if it had fallen on the child would undoubtedly have killed him. If Frederick goes on in this way ' . . . (Frederick is a name which was given me by my godfathers, but by which I have never been called) . . . ' If Frederick goes on in this way, he will assuredly come to the block.' . . .

Well, all that was in Chamber thirty years ago. If the kindly tutorial eye which gazed on that completed sentence should happen to light on this account of proceedings which at the time I fear must have seemed sadly puzzling, I hope it will rest at last reassured. There was no intention that genius should perish untimely in a cataract of Windsor chairs. We merely built a structure which we hoped would be admired. We always meant to take the thing to pieces. Now I have put it together again.

## CHAPTER II

### FAGGING

AN Oppidan coming to Eton might take a low place and remain a fag for years. A Colleger never took a low place and never had to fag for more than a year. That was the main contrast between the conditions of fagging in a house and in College in my time; and, indeed, the contrast might be put even more strongly. It was possible for an Oppidan, as a consequence of his entrance examination, to be placed as low in the school as Third Form, a position which it was credibly reported was assigned to those who could neither read nor write. I do not think it was possible to be placed lower than Third Form in the 'eighties; in the 'sixties, of course, you might be awarded a situation in Second or even First Form, but of the qualifications which were necessary for those who attained this distinction I am uncertain. Presumably at least they could speak. But even when Third Form was the lowliest seat offered to a new-comer, it was a lengthy journey through Fourth

Form and Remove to Fifth Form, where the name and status of Lower Boy were exchanged for the enfranchised independence of the Upper School. So lengthy a journey, indeed, was it, that some never came to the end of it at all, but remained Lower Boys and fags for the whole of their time at Eton. That was a mischance which could not befall a Colleger. On the other hand, it might easily happen that a Colleger in Fifth Form would still be a fag. In the early 'eighties, when the ages of the boys on the election list might vary from just over twelve to nearly fifteen, the custom was to place the twelve-year-olds in Remove and the others in Lower Division of Fifth Form. In 1885 a change was made in the regulations, and no boy was eligible for a scholarship if he was over the age of fourteen. I think, too, that in this year all of the election who came in September, twelve-year-olds and thirteen-year-olds alike, were put into Lower Division straight away, so that by the summer half, when they had been moved up after trials, practically the whole election was in Middle Division. But they were still fags in Chamber. They had to complete their first year as fags in College, although they were no longer Lower Boys, and could not be fagged by an Oppidan.

With these minor differences, fagging in a house and in College was probably very much the same. Each fag was assigned to a particular fag-master, for whom he performed particular duties, and all

fags could be fagged by those whose position entitled them to fag. In College, Sixth Form and Liberty—that is, the six members of Fifth Form who were in the headmaster's division—alone were entitled to fag. In a house it might happen that even a member of Middle Division might have the right. In a house, again, since there would generally be many more Lower Boys than fag-masters, it might happen that several boys would have two or more fags each, and the Captain of the House perhaps would have five or six. In College, since there might be only six or seven vacancies in September, there might not be in some years enough fags for each member of Sixth Form to have one of his own, much less two. In other years there would be more than enough to go round Sixth Form, and I think in these years the Captain of Liberty was allowed a fag. In the year in which I came to Eton there were fifteen fags, and as my fag-master, who was the Captain of the School, messed with the member of Sixth Form who was second in the school, we had four fags to the mess, and often very little to do in consequence.

Is the last year at school always the best remembered? I believe I remember most vividly that first year of fagging. The day goes by in its ordered sequence; very full as it seems to me, looking back; spacious enough, no doubt, for us then. A winter morning and gas-lit passages; seven o'clock, and school at half-past; the kitchen distant a hundred

yards or so, away down flights of stairs, beyond long corridors, by draughty, stone-flagged purlieus where the November wind came gustily through a door opening into dark and rain ; by those passages goes a slight and shivering figure in a long blue great-coat over a nightshirt, well aware of the wind through the door, and carrying two rusty tin cans, one for his fag-master and one for himself. That is the beginning ; the fag-master was to be called first, with hot water, and as he lived in a room in the tower, that meant other staircases and farther to go ; at the end of that journey waited in Chamber a cold bath. After early school came breakfast in Chamber tea-room, but before your own breakfast came your fag-master's, since he needed hot toast in any case, and might require some addition to the table from up town—sausages, bacon, kedgerree. Up town, therefore, sped one of his fags with a basin, and from Webber's, which is now Rowland's, came back with the basin inside a hot paper bag. How surely does the smell of that paper bag return in these later days, with the vision also of those sausages pillowed on potatoes ! There is no doubt at all that such sausages have never since been made or cooked for men. They were borne to the table in the tower, that ampler table than the tables of Chamber tea-room ; sometimes, since he who ordered them was generous, a plate taken to Chamber tea-room carried back a share. While the basin was being borne here and there, the

other fag made toast. He cut it, if he had moderate skill, in thin slices from a stale loaf, and in less thin slices from a loaf less stale ; if the loaf was smoking new, possibly he had no toast to make, and went to his own breakfast the faster. If he had to make toast, he went to the kitchen, and no vision remains with me more vividly than that of the circle that gathered round the kitchen fire those first winter mornings and evenings. There are easier businesses in the world than making toast at an open fire with twenty other boys, ten of them not in a hurry. Three, perhaps, sat on chairs as became their experience and dignity, for not only Chamber but other tea-rooms made their toast in the kitchen ; and they, preparing a meal for themselves, took matters slowly and at their ease, using the best and the brightest places between the bars. The others, and in particular those who brought their fag-master's toast with them, took their chances as best they might, inserting their slices into unoccupied positions as opportunity offered, or selecting quiet and smoky corners where bread changed colour and texture undisturbed. Their difficulties were many, for the toast had to be made quickly, since others waited for it ; but there was no hope in hurrying matters, as the over-eager learnt from swift and dreadful experience. If, by advancing your slice towards the brighter and more efficient spaces in the centre of the fire, you were so unfortunate as to draw the attention of one of the occupiers of



chairs to the fact that you shared with him the privilege of existence, that privilege at once became less. A dexterous sideways motion of a stronger and more secure slice of toast tumbled your trespassing bread into dust and ashes below the fire, or even, which was a worse fate, into the fire itself, where it blazed beyond rescue. After that there were two alternatives, both with serious disadvantages. One was to cut a substitute slice from your own order of bread, which meant delay and consequent inquiry ; the other, if the fallen slice was not entirely converted from bread into ash, was to brush, dust, and otherwise clean it, in the hope that it would be accepted without comment. There was generally not much hope. But even so, the lot fell not to all fags in the same ground. There were fag-masters and fag-masters. Some, on detecting the presence of toast which was not toast, were moved merely to mild protest. Others impressed upon the unhappy bearer of charred bread their sincere desire that such a thing should not occur again. One, I remember, threatened his fag with penalties which increased gradually to something appalling in their range and severity, and which were duly described to us, at first with awe, in Chamber tea-room. He threatened him for a year, and on leaving presented him with objects of art for the room which he would have next half. I was not his fag, but I remember that he gave me, too, a small oil painting which at the time

I certainly considered one of the finest works in existence.

Toast was the only addition which we were asked to make to our fag-masters' breakfast-table ; at least, I cannot recall any cooking of a more serious nature. I seem to recollect, however, an episode of boiled eggs, though whether the fag actually boiled or merely fetched the eggs, is a point which has escaped me. At all events he dropped them.

The labours of the day ended, so far as one's own fag-master was concerned, with filling his bath and letting down his bed. Letting down a bed could only be done in one way, unless, indeed, it fell upon the person who unloosed it. But the filling of a bath was a more scientific business altogether, and could be managed in several different ways. We had short lengths of rubber tubing, known as siphons, which were used to carry the water from the tap of the wash-basin into the bath. The siphon fitted over the mouth of the tap, then you pressed the top of the tap, which sent out water as long as you kept up the pressure. The plain and straightforward method was to stand by the bath and press. The more ingenious plan was to place weights on the tap, such as dumb-bells or a Liddell and Scott lexicon, and then to occupy yourself in congenial employment elsewhere while the lexicon or the dumb-bell supplied the proper quantity of water. The danger, of course, was that you might forget that you had left the lexicon ;

this happened on several occasions, with diluvial results of a singularly complete nature, which affected not merely the floor on which the bath was standing, but also the room below. It was easier to regret than to explain these lapses. So, too, if the lexicon fell in the bath. Indeed, the filling of baths at night and the emptying of them in the morning resulted probably in more catastrophes and more consequences after the catastrophe than all the other duties of fagging put together. Baths to be emptied had to be lifted from the floor and poured carefully down the waste-pipe of the wash-basin in the corner of the room. It took two to lift a full bath, and great care on the part of two lest the outgoing water should break bounds over the side. Baths, too, were easily dropped, even when full. When they were dropped, or at all events if they were dropped often, consequences followed with a cane. Here was a matter peculiar to College. Such consequences were not known as a caning; the operation was called 'working off'—a term not used by Oppidans. But Oppidans, too, did not always use a cane. Toasting-forks were used occasionally in Oppidan houses—the handles of long toasting-forks made of wire, which were said to have other properties beyond those of canes; that is, to hurt much more. One Lower Boy I remember seeing come to bathe at Cuckoo Weir, and the fact that he had met justice under a toasting-fork was plain for all who bathed to see. The image of the

toasting-fork, so to speak, remained upon the retina. We in College who saw reflected upon our other usages. Not, I suppose, that they were gentler of purpose ; they were certainly not intended to be gentle on most occasions. They were also invested in College with a certain dignity. As a rule the delinquent in any serious case of transgression was required to present himself before Sixth Form as they sat at supper. Fags in Chamber would probably be dealt with privately ; public appointments were reserved for those who were higher in the school. These solemnities were, of course, known beforehand, and preparations for viewing them were made ; not openly, for that might have frustrated the end in view, but swiftly and silently upon the spot. There was a certain staircase which led up to a passage window giving a view through another window of Sixth Form at supper, and Sixth Form about to exert authority or to pardon ill deeds. This staircase belonged to that part of the College buildings which was appropriated to George Dew and his family, and for that reason, supposing that George Dew might at any moment emerge upon his landing, and also believing that Sixth Form discouraged inspection, even from afar, we were at much pains to be unobserved. Lest Dew should become aware of strangers, we mounted the stairs in silence ; we reassured ourselves as to Sixth Form by reminding each other that it was easy to see out of dark into light, but that the opposite

process was difficult. I cannot remember that years afterwards, when I was in Sixth Form, I ever gave the window a thought, so that probably we were afraid of what did not exist ; but we certainly thought there was much of which to beware. There was a fearful joy in stealing up those stairs. Below, in Sixth Form supper room, there was a clear view of one side of the room. A little way out from the wall there was set a chair, or there was not set a chair ; that was the first point to notice. If the chair was set, the fate of the victim was sealed. If there was no chair, his portion was undecided ; he might escape. We waited. A figure in Sixth Form would be observed, addressing himself to a part of the room near the door which we could not see. Then the chair, if there was a chair, was obscured by one whose face we saw not ; either that, or Sixth Form resumed his seat, and we fled swiftly down the stairs from the window, contrasting the good fortune of the reprieved one with our own.

There were other sides of fagging to be considered besides possible discomforts. Fagging in one particular respect made the work of a boy in Chamber much easier. Chamber was not a room in which work was done at leisure and in repose. It is true that you could secure a certain amount of privacy by sitting in your stall and drawing your curtains (red, with a pattern of black fleurs-de-lis). But drawn curtains did not shut out noise. Nor did they guard against assault

from above. If you had work to do, and others had not, or did not wish to do it, it did not tend to a quiet mind and concentrated attention to sit down to quadratic equations with a game of passage football going on a yard or two away. Possibly a scientific calx bully was formed up against the partition of your stall; possibly the football arrived over the top of the stall among your papers and your ink. After the football would follow those who wished to kick it; after that, perhaps, another bully against the side of your stall, as being nearest the spot where the ball was found. This led to disturbed thoughts. But there were possibilities of escape. A good-natured fag-master would allow his fag to come and sit in his room during the evening, and might even help him with his work. There was no privilege that a boy in Chamber valued more highly than this permission to use his fag-master's room; it was escape from Babel. But it was typical of something more. Throughout his first year a boy in Chamber was in a real sense under the protection of his fag-master, and was advised and helped by him in difficulties large and small. A fag-master would not allow his fag to be bullied; he would keep him up to a certain standard of freedom from dust and ink; he would encourage his efforts in Chamber game, and would urge him to practice and training for Chamber Sports; he would give him a hint if he saw a hint was wanted. Or he might do so: of course there were fag-masters

and fag-masters. But I doubt if an average parent sending his son to Eton realised how much he might owe to another boy.

As for the more general duties of a fag, they might comprise anything. To his fag-master, a fag was a personal servant; to the rest of Sixth Form and Liberty, he was a messenger boy. He might be sent anywhere to do anything. He was selected for what was required of him by the simplest method possible. All that Sixth Form had to do was to go to the door of his room, or for that matter to sit in his chair without taking the trouble to move, and then and there in a loud voice to shout 'Come here!' Upon that loud sound all in Chamber ran. They ran to the sound; they ran hither and thither, if they knew not where the sound came from; they ran till they found the sound; perhaps fifteen of them ran, and the noise of their running filled the long and echoing passages of College. When, soon or late, they reached that door from which the command issued, they stood and waited till Sixth Form should choose out of them one to do his bidding. There was a rule that he should choose the last comer, and perhaps the last comer was most often chosen, but not always. For one thing, a boy would not choose his own fag; for another, he knew, particularly if his room was near to Chamber, that the last comer was not necessarily the slowest to obey the call, but might be last because his stall was farthest from the door. Or he might

know, or be told, perhaps, that he who came last had only just returned from some other message; so he would choose another, and the unchosen went grateful away.

These sudden commands, from Sixth Form passage, or it may be from rooms as far distant as the farther end of Upper passage, could make a very considerable inroad on the time at the disposal of a boy in Chamber. There was no limit to the number of 'Come heres' that a fag might have to answer in an 'after twelve' or 'after six,' and the mere answering and running took time, even if there were no actual fagging to be done at the end of it. There were occasions, however, when the call need not be obeyed; and there were also methods by which a call might be avoided. It was a rule that nobody need run who was changing his clothes—a rule plainly requiring to be observed. But it was not intended to be observed of set purpose and with forethought, which was the way in which some attempted to observe it until detected in their misdoing, when they suffered much. Their idea was to live temporarily without a collar, without a tie, with a coat partly on and with but one boot. This, of course, was a possible costume in which to be discovered once: not twice. Upon this point Sixth Form found itself in strict agreement with Chamber, or perhaps with those in Chamber who had done the duty of others. They inflicted due and highly undesirable penalties.



The Colleger's 'Come here!' of course answered to the Oppidan's shout of 'Lower Boy!'—and far be it from me to belittle or disparage the Oppidan formula. There is a rolling and full-throated volume of sound, not unmingled with a proper arrogance, about a rightly delivered 'Lower Boy!' which must commend itself to all who know how one boy should command another. But to praise the Oppidan form of summons is merely to reserve a far higher encomium for that which came to be used by College. There is a severity and a simplicity about the plain 'Come here!' which belongs to no other kindred bidding. 'Come here!'—how can you put it more shortly, more surely, with better emphasis than that? 'Lower Boy!'—it might be a mere exclamation the hurling of an epithet, the naming of a label. It is not a sentence, it issues no command, it asserts no authority. But 'Come here!' It compels. If one of my first year's Sixth Form, appearing at his door in some lengthy passage in, say, Whitehall or the Education Office, were to shout 'Come here!' and I were within earshot, I protest I should run there to-day.

There was a time—a time of which we should write almost with muted pens—when the ancient and honourable method seemed likely to fall into abeyance. It was decided—by whom, I know not; at whose initiative I cannot inquire—that 'Come here!' or more shortly and simply still, 'Here!'

was shouted too often, too loudly, at too great distances from Chamber. The statement may hardly be credited by Collegers of an older and severer generation than ours, but it cannot be glossed over, and must be openly published as a fact. It was decreed, in consequence, that any member of Sixth Form or Liberty who required the presence of a fag or fags, should no longer stand in the old ways and merely remain at his door or in his chair shouting 'Come here!' till a fag or fags came. Instead, he was to advance to within easy hearing distance of the fags whom he might require to employ—which might entail walking the length of more than one whole passage—and he was then to put the mild inquiry to the listening and deriding air, 'Is anybody in Chamber?' He was to do this, and the dignity of College was still to be preserved. Of course, it could not be done. For a time—for a season of which only the demands of strict historical accuracy justify serious record—the decree was enforced; the attempt to comply with it was made. Then the spirit of College returned, and 'Come here!' once more echoed in College passages.

## CHAPTER III

### THE RIVER OF THE PLAYING FIELDS

THERE are two rivers at Eton. One is the river above Windsor Bridge ; a river of summer, of flashing oars and shouts from the towpath ; the river that belongs to the Boating Song, and the Fourth of June, and the foam sailing down from Boveney Weir. The other river is a quieter stream ; it runs by the Playing Fields from Fellows' Eyot to the old oak and the railings, and to Black Potts beyond—Black Potts where Wotton fished, and Walton, perhaps, with him ; and where Wotton, I like to think, 'as he sate quietly in a Summer's evening on a bank a-fishing,' thought out those magical verses of a day in April :—

This day dame Nature seem'd in love :  
The lusty sap began to move ;  
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines  
And birds had drawn their valentines.

But the river of the Playing Fields is not a river of spring or summer only. It is a river of November and the winter, of the cold of February and March, and flood water out beyond the Slough road and

the bridge arches ; a river which I saw first on a day late in September, expecting something different, and suddenly realising that a door had opened into a new world. I was walking for the first time by the river in the Playing Fields, and the river I had expected to see was something vaguely resembling that shining reach of water with its boats in the sunset which I had gazed at three months earlier in the year, sitting at dinner (also for the first time) in the window of the Bridge House. It had not occurred to me that the river of the Playing Fields would be empty and quiet, without any boats ; and here, instead of what I had looked for, were level spaces of wet grass, fallen chestnut leaves, and a grey-green stream swirling under the planks and railings by a spreading oak. The surface of the swirling water was suddenly broken. Two great perch, fishes of bronze and scarlet, turned their flanks with a splash not a yard away from me. They were fighting, or both had rushed at the same morsel—I did not know. But the river had suddenly become a place not for boats, but to fish in ; and that is the river by the Playing Fields as I remember it and think of it to-day.

Fishing in those days was certainly not actively encouraged, either by authority or by other boys. There may have been eight or ten boys who occasionally fished either in the river or in Fellows' Pond ; I cannot remember more. Looking back upon those

'after twelves' and 'after fours' of early years, I discern a pursuit which was followed, if not with secrecy, at all events with the hope of attracting no undue attention. It was a pursuit to which no dignity was attached; it accorded with obscurity and with a scug cap. All who regarded the angler demonstrated his unworthiness to him. Only once do I remember that a master spoke to me when I was fishing, and then the lowliness of my condition was at once made plain to me. It was an 'after four' in the summer half; I was fishing for pike in Fellows' Pond, and I had caught two, which lay on the bank; one, perhaps, weighed three pounds, the other two pounds and a half. I was aware of one who approached and who from a fitting distance inquired in what way I might be employing myself. Having a rod in my hand which was connected with a float in the water, I answered that I was fishing. An index finger was pointed from above at my two pike, which were indeed the best and largest fish I had up to that time taken. 'And are these the noble quarry?' I was asked. They had seemed to me noble. 'What do you propose to do with them?' I had not considered this question, and could give no satisfactory assurance as to their future. I was left with them; they seemed less important than before.

It may have been that same summer half that I stood at the lower end of a small island which lay then a little distance below Fellows' Eyot—I believe

that a high flood washed the island away some years later—and fished for Thames trout with an Alexandra fly. I have a vague remembrance that this was an illegal act, and that Alexandras were not allowed, being too destructive and potent a lure for Thames waters ; however that may be, my Alexandra profited me nothing. It had searched the current below the island for some time when its work was suddenly interrupted by a number of stones, which fell round the line, the rod, and myself. Two small Oppidans, on the bank, having discovered a small Colleger upon the island, drew his attention to the disgust which his appearance aroused in them. The word 'scug' then, as on other occasions, rhymed with tug ; it rhymed more than once, and the correctness of the various descriptions applied to the fisherman was emphasised by stones. The prospects of Thames trout fishing became black. It then occurred to me that some of the stones had fallen on the island, and one of these, surely guided by Faunus, struck half the attacking party upon the shin. The party thereupon withdrew ; during the withdrawal, scug still rhymed with tug.

But disapproval of fishing was not confined to authority and to Oppidan lower boys. One who wore a Mixed Wall cap, and who on occasion directed the energies of small Collegers as seemed in his wisdom best to him, once extracted a not very confident account of the spending of an 'after twelve' on a whole holiday. 'You don't mean to tell me that

you could find nothing better to do than to fish?' he asked me, with a dire upraising of his voice on that final and despicable monosyllable. And as a fact, neither then could I nor can I now think of anything better. There was no cricket to be had; I had no money to go on the river; and there were the Thames trout waiting below Fellows' Eyot. It is true that I spent many hours and caught no Thames trout; but that, after all, is merely what others besides myself have done since.

Bambridge's shop was in those days first revealed in its full meaning. Other shops had preceded Bambridge's in my experience—in particular 'The Golden Perch' in Oxford Street, which then, I think, belonged to Alfred Young—but Bambridge's stood at once on a plane of its own. It was a shop which could be visited any day or every day; it stocked all tackle of the most desirable descriptions, from dressed salmon lines and split cane trout rods to float caps and shot, and its business was presided over by one of the most patient and cheerful of all practical fishermen. Bambridge I remember as a short, bustling, rather bald little man with very bright eyes, who seemed always pleased to see the most unprofitable of customers, and explained the virtues of particular rods, reels, and landing nets as if they actually belonged to those to whom he showed them. He would tell you what luck he had on Saturday or Sunday; he gave the fullest directions for using all kinds of tackle,

tying different kinds of knots, catching various sorts of fish. He would instruct you in the selection of the roundest and strongest gut. He would display to you a batch of a thousand lob-worms from Nottingham, pink and enwreathed in milk and moss. He once had an otter, which he somehow converted from a wild into a tame creature in a few days; he kept it in a box at the side of a tank, into which he threw live fish which the otter dived after, caught, and ate as we watched it. He re-varnished, re-whipped, re-ringed, and re-braided ancient and contorted fishing-rods; he even compared rods which had not been bought from him with rods of his own, and he showed me a dodge which I have found to be new even to mature and experienced fishermen—the way to compare rods for play or stiffness from the butt. He held a rod with its point at a little distance above a piece of putty, and struck as if he were striking a fish. The rod-point (which was an unexpected thing) always dipped down and hit the putty if it was held close to it, and a very whippy rod would leave the mark of the top ring on the putty if it were held several inches away; so that the measure of the stiffness of the wood or cane was the distance at which the top ring could be held above the putty when striking. These experiments took time, but time seemed to be his in plenty. Life was always 'after twelve' with Bambridge, and the Eton High Street surely became a different place when he ceased to preside single-



handed over those rods and reels, and when, in after years, B. R. Bambridge, fishing tackle maker, became Bambridge & Co. Limited.

The period during which fishing was possible did not last long. Probably only for the first two years of his school time, except during the summer half, would a Colleger in my time have been free enough during 'after twelves' and 'after fours' to fish; after those two years he would be claimed by football, fives, more football, drill, extra work. In the summer half, if he had no chance of cricket, and was not a wet-bob, he would have plenty of time on his hands; but there would be the growing attraction of bathing on hot afternoons, and for myself, at all events, there had been added a new discovery of possibilities of freedom—the fact that the surrounding country offered almost unlimited opportunities of birds'-nesting. But the early days of fishing, when I count them up, seem to hold a long series of memories of good and evil fortune. They began, I suppose, with hiring a rod from Sergeant Leahy, for I brought no rod to school with me my first half, and Leahy, therefore, was the obvious counsellor and friend to whom to apply. Sergeant Leahy was, I think, the oldest of the College watermen, and occupied a post on Fellows' Eyot, at which he kept a couple of punts, intended for ferrying passengers, no doubt, in the first instance; they were used more often to carry a small collection of rods, and a few roach and dace

in the wells. Sergeant Leahy was in some ways a remarkable person. He was very remarkable, indeed, in his own opinion, as you might learn by reading a little book of which I have forgotten the name, but which described the prowess of his younger days, when he was a soldier and was the champion swimmer of his regiment,—or was it the entire British Army? The book was primarily written, I think, as a treatise on swimming; and as such it had many readers in school library. It may be there still; if it is, possibly the remarks pencilled and otherwise inscribed *passim* in its pages still survive. One particularly assiduous scholiast, I remember, had annotated the book with frequent comments, interjections and exclamations, most of them highly derogatory to the author, and had concluded his criticisms with the explanation that they were made 'by one who has won both school and junior headers, and so is in a position to'—I forget the exact phrasing, but the gist of it was that he really was in a position to judge. To which comprehensive claim another hand added briefly enough, 'And this fellow talks about conceit!' Thus was criticised the critic of Sergeant Leahy; Sergeant Leahy who, I think, swam the Red Sea, or possibly the Black Sea, but who, when I remember him, was a rather shaky old person who pottered about in his blue livery on Fellows' Eyot, sometimes in and sometimes out of a little hut or shelter under the trees, and who looked as if, had he inadvertently

slipped into the water, he would undoubtedly be drowned.

He had the greatest confidence in the Thames in his immediate neighbourhood, considered as a sporting piece of water. Between Fellows' Eyot and Poet's Walk runs a small backwater, perhaps twenty yards wide in places. At the widest place is, or was, situated Perch Hole, so named, Leahy informed the youthful and the inexperienced, from its depth and the quantity of perch which it contained. In Perch Hole he advised the beginner to fish, and if unsuccessful at the first attempt, to fish elsewhere for a time and to turn to Perch Hole again. So did I fish, and so did I return ; the Hole, presumably, was too deep, or the perch were too great—none, at all events, were attracted to Sergeant Leahy's tackle. This was of a primitive description. The hooks were large, sometimes larger than the worm ; the float, as a rule, was an oak-gall with a wooden match stuck through it. There was little gut, and I do not remember a reel ; the cost of hiring I do remember, which was twopence an hour.

Yet fish were caught, if not by Leahy's tackle, by rods and lines which had done duty on other waters besides the Thames. My first catch, I think, was a large quantity of minnows, which I intended to convert into whitebait by the process of cooking ; this process, however, revealed unsuspected quantities of mud. Later came days of bleak, which cruised in an eddy or two between the willows and the old oak.

Later still came a great day when something like ten or a dozen large perch, weighing quite a quarter of a pound each, followed one after another out of the water and were laid on the grass below Sixth Form bench. They were fish of a noble appearance, and I can see them now, nosing about near the iron pipe which ran into the backwater opposite Leahy's punt ; their striped forms filled all who saw them with hope and anxiety, and they took the bait in full view. No such perch bite in the wider waters of to-day.

Those were fish taken when I was alone. But there were other days when two of us went fishing together, and some of those are the clearest memories of all. I think that of the two of us neither was a more enthusiastic fisherman than the other, but I was certainly the less scientific. The more scientific fisherman is now Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, and I hope he will not mind my recording the fact that he brought to his methods of fishing the same determination to get to the fundamental understanding of things which has since distinguished his work as a painter and a critic. If a line broke, he was at much pains to discover why it broke ; if he bought gut, he selected the strands himself. He made his own tackle ; he tried many experiments ; he tied many knots. He brought into my horizon new visions of fishing, for he knew the hills and the tarns of the north, which he somehow contrived to invest with a spell of their own in my imagination ;

I had seen nothing wilder than Hertfordshire. One dark and mysterious tarn I still remember, with trout not to be caught by common skill ; it abides in visions of those days as a hollow filled with black water, and over it the lonely sunlight of high mountain places—the same sunlight, surely, that the fisherman who described that tarn to me has since set in paintings of north-country lakes and the hills above them. He was older than I, and for that reason was claimed the sooner by the necessities of football matches and extra work, so that I suppose our excursions together were not very many in number. But we certainly caught fish. There were gudgeon which we took in a very scientific fashion from a swim near what was called then, and perhaps is called now, the umbrella tree ; there were roach which, illegally wandering on the Windsor Park bank of the river, we caught as Izaak Walton may have caught them before us, below Black Potts ; and there was a pike. He was a fish neither noble nor heavy, but he remains a great pike. The river was high and yellow above the planking by Sixth Form bench, and he, that pike of two or possibly three pounds, ran at a small red worm on Stewart tackle, and was drawn clean up the sloping bank on to the green grass. Then the hook came away out of his teeth, and he slipped back into the flood water.

But the best fish belong to Fellows' Pond—to the pond and to the stream which Jordan poured

through the channel under Sheep's Bridge. It was in the shallow pocket of water just under the bridge that, returning with goal-posts from Chamber Field, I and another lowly football player perceived a large and desirable tench. With goal-posts we pursued and captured it, a fish perhaps of two pounds ; and then, remembering Blakey's remarks on the inedibility of tench, restored it with some regret to the river. It was in Fellows' Pond that I caught all my pike. It was in Fellows' Pond, too, that there was tried one afternoon a remarkable experiment, which was nothing less than the attempted capture of pike with baits of goldfish. Pike, it was believed, might resist other baits, but could not resist goldfish ; three goldfish, therefore, costing fourpence apiece at Bailey's the naturalist in the High Street, were offered to the largest and heaviest pike in Fellows' Pond. The temptation, unfortunately, was resisted even by the smallest and lightest, and at about ten minutes to lock-up three goldfish were liberated by fishermen faced with alternative conclusions which were equally distressing—either the infallible bait was a failure, or the pike water contained no more pike. The second alternative must have been, at the time, unthinkable ; but I am not sure, on looking back at those hours of unadmired enthusiasm, whether it was not very near the truth. It must have been almost the last occasion on which the pond contained any pike for me ; almost the last experiment in baits,

Perhaps the last, though, was not made with a rod at all ; that may have been an occasion with a night-line. Night-lines in the Thames, of course, were illegal, but there appeared to be no law forbidding such lines in Fellows' Pond, and in Fellows' Pond, therefore, one was set, baited with a roach. It was duly pegged down with a coil of line to run out in case a pike should pass that way, and was left at dusk without any very high hopes of success, since pike for some time had caused nothing but disappointment. But that night-line, visited at about ten minutes past twelve the next day, provided an almost unbelievable spectacle. The whole of the coil had been run out, and stretched straight from the peg under water along the side of the pond. It was lifted with the utmost care. At a point about fifteen yards from the peg, and three yards from the bank, it appeared to be connected with an immovable obstacle. Pressure was put upon the obstacle, and the obstacle, there was no doubt about it, pulled. Then it jerked ; then it pulled steadily ; then it became once more an obstacle immovable as before. The line was gradually picked up from the water until, held in the trembling hands of one who was already doubting whether it had not fallen to his lot to land a pike greater than any pike landed by Mr. Francis Francis or Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, it stretched four yards straight into the deep of the pond. And there, in the dim depths, the line was caught fast. It was wrapped, interlaced

and entwined among the twigs of a fallen branch ; and into and round about and above and beyond the twigs of the branch there were the writhing coils, yellow and olive in the clear dark water, of a monstrous eel. It was an eel such as he who had hooked it had never dreamed of, much less seen ; an eel such as we who have seen many eels since that day, do not see in these days ; it was a very great eel. And its hopeful captor strode down the bank to it, into the water and out to the branch ; and the eel, perceiving in its cold soul that branch, line, and itself were about to be lifted from the deep of the pond, writhed with a great writhing, broke the line short by the hook, and sank down again into the deep, invisible, intangible, gone. It was the greatest eel I had known, and it was gone. It filled my mind for days afterwards : I think of it now. I do not exaggerate its size ; if anything, I have written of it as less than it was. To my mind, then, it weighed certainly ten pounds ; thinking over it to-day, I believe it was nearly eleven.

Night-lines in the Thames were illegal ; but one night-line, at least, was set. It was a line which terminated in six feet of green-stained gut, which was at that time esteemed as better than gut unstained ; it was held in the eddies by a flat leger-lead, painted green, and the bait on a crystal hook was the tail of a carefully cleaned lob-worm. It was set in the meeting of the currents at the corner below Sixth Form bench, in the dusk of a November afternoon ;



and in the dark of the next morning, a quarter of an hour before early school, it was visited and lifted. And there at the end of it, tugging and fighting, was a large dace. I do not guess at his length or weight, but he remains the greatest of all dace since taken ; he brings back to me, with the grey-green of his scales and the slender shape of him pulling at the green gut in the eddies, the cold and the dark of that November morning, the smell of the river water, the wind blowing on wet fingers and a soaked line. No such dace can be taken before early school by Sixth Form bench to-day. There is a school order which forbids all boys to leave their houses before five-and-twenty minutes past seven in the morning in winter ; a regulation which once more emphasises the discouraging attitude of school authority to all forms, even the most alluring and successful, of angling in the river in the Playing Fields.

## CHAPTER IV

### BEYOND THE PLAYING FIELDS

IF you examine the Eton booksellers' catalogues of to-day, you may possibly catch sight of an announcement of the '*Eton Nature Study Note-Book*, designed by Wilfred M. Webb, F.L.S.' If you take up the book to look at, you will discover that it opens with a brief but appreciative recommendation by Dr. Warre himself; and if, lastly, you happen to have been at Eton thirty years ago, you may wonder at the change.

There was certainly nothing like 'nature study' at Eton in my time. There was a Natural History Society which I think had flourished for a half or two before I came to school; in my time it existed rather than lived. But, speaking generally, there was no kind of encouragement on the part of authority for the boy who was interested in natural history; there was no prize or reward offered for an essay, a paper, a collection; I do not remember the name of any wild animal, bird, tree, flower, butterfly, fish, moth, grub or insect of any kind whatever being mentioned by

any master on any occasion at all. And, indeed, there was no visible field of enthusiasm waiting for seed and sowing. Authority or opinion in the school itself probably did more to discourage interest in out-of-door matters, with the exception of games, than even the silence or neglect of the masters. The Natural History Society itself, after a year or two, died a death which was unnoticed rather than unlamented. The fact was that any active interest taken in wild life was regarded, if not as 'scuggish,' at all events as beneath the notice of serious persons. The idea of a fellow in stick-ups noticing the existence of a bird's egg or a butterfly is to me even now unimaginable. When the stage of a particular shape of collars was reached, life concerned itself with greater things than these. This, no doubt, was natural and right enough, for cricket, rowing, practice at the butts, or for that matter competing for a school prize or reading for the Newcastle, could not very well go with desultory rambles over the fields round Datchet, Slough, and Dorney. That must be a constant fact in the life of the school at any time ; but to-day there is an *Eton Nature Study Note-Book* in existence, approved by authority, and possibly that means something more than mere assent to the enthusiasm of an individual.

Birds'-nesting round Eton meant a good deal of walking, probably some trespassing, possibly some breaking of bounds in the matter of railway property.

The longest walk I ever took was to Burnham Beeches ; and, indeed, since the distance from Eton to the Beeches is six miles or so, there cannot have been many longer walks that were possible in the time between three and six o'clock absences. The object of the expedition that day was a kestrel's nest, Bailey, the naturalist in the High Street, having displayed the day before a kestrel's egg taken from a hollow beech, and having expressed the opinion that there were other kestrels' nests in all probability to be found without more difficulty than his. For Burnham Beeches, therefore, I set out as soon as might be, and it did not seem to me unlikely that I should find a kestrel's egg such as Bailey's was, though, to be sure, there was very little time in which to do so, with six miles between the Beeches and School Yard. I believe I ran most of the way home, and decided that Burnham Beeches, on the whole, was an unprofitable hunting-ground. There were other doubts about Burnham Beeches, too, I remember, in other minds, for when I had nearly come there earlier in the afternoon, I met two of the masters riding. They stopped me, and demanded who I was, where I might be going, and with what object. To which questions I probably returned halting answers, for they left me apparently disturbed with the gravest suspicion. Burnham Beeches was not out of bounds, but perhaps it was regarded as beyond bounds ; it would seem scarcely fitting that authority riding abroad there should set

eyes on dishevelled youth in search of birds' nests. The distance from school struck me at the time, and as more than a distance of mere miles. There was a cottage garden and a bank of primroses, I remember, which seemed suddenly to belong to a different world from the world of school, where one saw no gardens and no flowers. But that sense of escape, of transition from one plane into another, belongs to all those memories of solitary wanderings and searchings: to the March sunlight on the blue eggs of a thrush's nest in a hedge of elder; to a morning on the outskirts of Ditton Park, where I found a long-tailed tit's nest in a blackthorn; to a day when in a rough grass-field near Datchet I found the first lark's nest of the year. It was on the day on which I found the lark's nest that, very hot from much searching in a May sun, I knocked at a cottage door and asked whether the householder would give me a glass of water. She happened to be peeling potatoes at the time, and seemed vexed at being interrupted; she handed me a glass of water partly full of what looked like pieces of the peelings, which, awed by her look, I drank.

But, above all, memory returns to morning after morning spent in a particular osier-bed running the length of the South-Western railway towards Datchet from the railway bridge over the river. Looking back upon those mornings, I have an idea that to enter that osier-bed must have been trespassing

or otherwise illegitimate, for I certainly was at pains to conceal myself whenever a train came by, lest the engine should hold a driver or the carriages authority which should forbid the osier-bed in future. I suppose those osiers must have been cut often since those days, but I do not remember them being cut while I was at school ; they made a sort of sanctuary, in which waterside and other birds nested closer within hail of each other than I have seen them anywhere else ; there were moor hens, reed buntings, sedge warblers—no reed warblers, I think—yellow hammers, whitethroats, lesser whitethroats : besides the birds' nests there were moths and caterpillars, eyed hawk-moths from the sallows, colonies of tortoise-shells and peacocks which I carried back in boxes to my room, where a very unsatisfactorily large proportion of them died. It was the most fortunate of all the hunting-grounds, and has filled many spaces in a cabinet of eggs. One particular addition to the collection, I remember, survived a difficult ordeal. It was on a Sunday, which was a bad day on which to collect eggs, because all day long one wore a top-hat and black jacket or tail-coat, instead of a cap and a change coat with roomy pockets. On this Sunday there were eggs being carried in the top-hat, for want of a better receptacle, and I was nearly home with them, when, just as I was turning from the Playing Fields into Weston's Yard, round the corner swept the majestic presence of the Head. There was no help

for it, the hat had to come off, and off it came, with its horror-struck owner gazing with the best appearance he could command at a head master walking about five miles an hour, and praying that the eggs might fall out on the far side of him, away from the majestic presence. By some astonishing piece of good fortune the eggs remained the whole time in the hat; the presence became afar off, walking still at five miles an hour, and a small boy, thanking Faunus for averting so serious a blow, slid as quietly as he might into College.

The osier-bed was the best hunting-ground, but there were others. The hedgerows of the fields between the Playing Fields and Datchet, which I believe are now golf links, produced many nests, particularly whitethroats'. There was also a partridge's nest in a bed of rushes, I remember, which with some fortitude I did not disturb. The cornfields beyond the railway arches were another valuable region; there I learnt the way to find corn buntings' nests, in the first instance by watching some 'cads' find one. Do 'cads' still survive, and do they still break all the bird protection laws unpunished? No doubt we were not guiltless ourselves, though the rule was to leave all eggs that were not wanted undisturbed, and to take only one or two of a clutch. That rule, too, I am afraid was sometimes broken. But if it was broken, it was because experience showed that a nest which was respected by oneself was almost certain to be destroyed by others. Possibly the village boys round

Eton—the 'cads,' as we benignly and comprehensively called them—were no worse than village boys elsewhere, but they certainly were bad enough. Some nests they merely tore from the hedges and threw on the ground; others they would try to sell, with their clutches of eggs—a bargain unclean and declined. They seem to me to have been occupied with but two desires, that those who came within range of them should either buy or give. 'Please,-sir,-throw-us-a-copper!'—the reiterated, Aristophanic chorus reels up even now from memories of the heat and the silence of Sunday walks. They must have been very hopeful in disposition; I never saw a copper thrown to them by anybody.

But those springs and summers were soon over. The end came with the claim of the school for more time and more work; perhaps also with a certain inevitable absorption into the spirit of the community which decreed that such creatures as birds and insects were beneath the enthusiasms proper to the mature. Datchet and Ditton became names in runs with the beagles; the osier-bed was as other osier-beds, merely part of the scenery. The roads ran straighter through the country; there was less time to waste on the way, and the fields lay behind the fence beside the road, if not unnoticed, at least unexplored.



## CHAPTER V

### UP TOWN

THERE were a few things which Oppidans and Collegers did a little differently, and one was the way in which they spoke of the High Street of Eton. Collegers went up town; Oppidans down town. Why there should have been this slight difference of phrasing I do not guess; it is less easy to understand than the survival in College of slang which Oppidans had never used. But whichever way either spoke of the High Street, both looked in the same way at the shops. Both came first to the same shop; both, doubtless, come first to that shop to-day. Now it is Spottiswoode's, and before Spottiswoode's day it was Ingaltton Drake's; before that it was Williams's. We went first to Williams's, in the early 'eighties, because the first necessary things to be bought on coming to school were books, paper, ink, and pens. I remember nothing better than obtaining my first 'order' of stationery, and marvelling at the quantities and kinds of paper which I was to write upon. Are all those kinds of paper bought and sold to-day? There

used to be broad rule, no rule, description or Sunday Q. paper, derivation paper, and I think we spoke also of imposition paper, which was narrow ruled foolscap ; and besides paper there were notebooks of various sorts and sizes, of which the best, Army Class notebooks, I think were not introduced until Warre's time, when army classes came into being. I can recommend Army Class notebooks as the best and pleasantest books in which to write. Only the ablest of stationers could have devised books so light, so white, so generous of measure ; I hope to write in many more Army Class notebooks. As good as these notebooks were the pens, the ink, the blotting paper. The pens might be holders and steel nibs, or—I write of spacious days—they might be quills ; quills with their nibs gathered together in a case of pale green cardboard, quills bound with pink string. Where do you see such quills as those ? Where do you see any quills at all ? Yet were the quills better than the ink ? The ink was sold in bottles ; quills dipped in it wrote bright blue. I cannot buy such ink to-day.

The shops in the High Street have changed their names and occupations since I first walked down the narrow pavements of 'town,' and perhaps the tastes of those who deal with them have changed too. Thirty years ago there was no school shop, and whatever custom the school shop gets to-day was distributed in different places. Which was the next

shop I came to after Williams's I am not very certain, but what kind of a shop it was I have no doubt at all. There used to be four sock-shops on the right of the street before you came to Barnes Bridge, one half-way up town, and another and a greater shop in Windsor. Each, I think, attracted a different kind of custom. There was one which was used by Lower Boys only ; indeed, I believe, by Fourth Form only, for no Colleger might enter it, and a Colleger in his first half would very likely be in Remove. A few doors from this forbidden entry was another shop, which, if my recollection is right, was of a vaguely enterprising character, and supplied food stuffs of every description. But it is not food which I associate with the name of Warrell ; it is Warrell's drinks I remember. He made lemonade, orangeade, raspberryade, pineappleade ; these and others were collectively known as ades, and as ades they were inquired for, criticised without enthusiasm, and drunk through straws. I am sure that whatever vicissitudes Warrell's shop has gone through since those early days, one mahatma of a question must still haunt that window. If I were to open that door to-day, whether it were to belong to a bookseller or a bootmaker, I could think of but one inquiry. ' What ades have you got, Warrell ? ' I should ask, and should look round for straws.

The two other distinctively Eton sock-shops were Little Brown's and Webber's, which before I left

became Rowland's. To both we came very soon after arriving at school, if only for the reason that it was from one of the two that a Lower Boy fetched his fag-master's breakfast. Here, however, I write not of fagging but of sock, and sock connected with these two shops meant two different things. It was possible to enter Little Brown's with a certain dignity. At Little Brown's, before early school, which was at seven in the summer and half-past seven in the winter, it was possible to break the morning's fast in an extremely comfortable manner with coffee and buttered buns, and to breakfast thus in a leisurely fashion and then to proceed into school was a transaction which might even comport with the position of Captain of the Boats. Many who filled serious offices broke their fast with buttered buns at Little Brown's. But Webber's was different. Webber's was for socking. Webber laid himself out for 'after twelve,' 'after four,' 'after six.' He realised that the gap between the hours of breakfast at eight or half-past and dinner at two was a long period, especially in the lives of persons between the ages of eleven and fifteen, and he set himself out to fill the gap. He filled it with a menu. It was a menu of which the composition must have been the result of long experience and careful trial, and it was a fresh menu every day. In one particular alone it never varied, and that was its length. A lord mayor might look upon such a menu between twelve and two, and be filled.

It began with soups ; clear, I think ; mulligatawny, I know. It went on with chicken patties, oyster patties, oyster scallops, sausage rolls, strawberry messes, banana messes, banana fritters, strawberry ices, all other ices except Neapolitan ; most of the last half of it I have forgotten, but it ended with -ades. This programme was at the disposal of all, and for a certain season most of us, I suppose, took advantage of at least part of it ; indeed, it was believed that there had been occasions when one or two among us had been able to sit down to the menu as a whole. But there came a later period when it was decided that socking was an occupation which befitted Lower Boys only, and with that decision we entered Webber's no more.

Two other shops, Layton's and Califano's, had reputations of their own. Layton's in Windsor was a confectioner's of large resources, rather than a mere sock-shop ; and Layton's, too, differed from the rest in its distance from school buildings. To walk three-quarters of a mile, nearly to Windsor station, was not so much a turn down a by-path as an organised expedition. Layton's was a shop for 'after four.' Califano, on the other hand, invited the shortest of visits. I have said that Webber made no Neapolitan ices. Califano made all ices well, Neapolitan ices best of all. But, except for the consumption of ices, his was not a shop in which to linger. It was not possible to converse with Califano. He knew very little English, and in the English conversation to which

he was accustomed he was always on the look-out for one particular topic. He saw it coming afar off, and made sudden and obvious preparation. It was a question, and to the best of my belief I never heard it asked ; indeed, there were very good reasons for that. Califano was believed to have held at one time a high position in the kitchen at Windsor, and to have vacated the position suddenly. He would not allow this episode in his past life to be the subject of any inquiry, however polished ; and it was asserted that if the fateful sentence, ' Cally, why did you get the sack from the Castle ? ' were ever completed, the questioner immediately found himself being pursued down the street with a carving-knife.

One association of sock-shops and the High Street which I do not forget is the presence of the sock-cad. There used to be two types of sock-cad. One was a respectable class of person who hardly deserved so opprobrious a name ; there were the Jobys, for instance, who had risen so far from the position of the itinerant vendor of buns as to own a shop at the fives-courts. Joby used to be a generic term for sock-cad, and I do not know or I have forgotten what the real names of the fives-court shopkeepers may have been. I remember chiefly their lemonade. They supplied a thin decoction of lemons which they sold in pennyworths. One pennyworth was about as much as would fill a tablespoon ; twopennyworth was perhaps half a teacup, and sixpennyworth was

a tumbler. Twopennyworth after fives on a March morning once was a valued refreshment ; and if there are three concomitants of early spring at Eton which I think of first, they are the blue tissue paper which wrapped a new fives ball, the smell of the gasworks behind the fives-courts, and Joby's lemonade. But Joby is not the sock-cad whom I have mainly in mind. The sock-cad whom I think of as personifying the whole genus sold his wares on the river bank at Athens. He was a dark-visaged, thin, stooping young man, with a cast in his eye, and I think the most villainous expression of countenance I have ever seen in a human being. He bore his character so plainly written in his face, that it is astonishing that we had any dealings with him ; but boys who have been bathing are hungry, and he stood with his basket of biscuits and fruit by the side of the path which took us home from the river. He also did his best to persuade us to start a tick with him. ' Pay me any time you like, melord,' was his greeting, and with it he produced from his pocket a dirty little black notebook. We did not pay him any time we liked. The tick went on to the end of the half, we came back at the beginning of the next half, and we found him waiting for us. Perhaps he did not catch us at first ; perhaps he had many to catch, and could pursue only one at a time ; perhaps he caught us when we had spent our money. He caught me one winter half when I had got rid of nearly all the small amount of money

which I had taken back to school. I believe I must have owed him about four shillings ; I saw him waiting for me at the entrance of Weston's Yard, and knew that I must pass him on my way into school. I wondered how much it would be. Fourteen shillings and twopence farthing, he told me ; he would let me off the twopence farthing. I had not got fourteen shillings. I would pay him as soon as I could, I told him ; but that would not do. I might not pay him any time I liked : I was a lord no more. ' I'll follow you,' he told me, and at the time I did not know what he meant. It was not long before I learned. Whenever I came out of College he was waiting for me. If I went into school, he was waiting for me by the arch of Weston's Yard ; he was waiting there for me when I came out of school. If I tried to escape by going out or coming back by School Yard, he was waiting by the wall ready for me. If I went up town—worst fate of all—there he was racing in the gutter along by the pavement, always with his hateful face and his horrible threats, waiting for me outside the shops, racing back beside me till I got into College again. I used to long for lock-up, to be free for a few hours till it began again the next day. How long it went on I do not know, though at this distance of time it seems to me to have been weeks together. Probably it was not so much ; it ended, at all events, with the visit of a kindly cousin. She does not know how fervently I blessed her, nor



would she have guessed how little of what she gave me was left a few minutes after she had gone. I dare say that man is still alive.

There were other shops besides Williams's and Webber's which seem to link themselves more constantly than others with memories 'up town.' There were the fruit and flower shops, Westbrooke's and a smaller shop opposite Tap, which I think at one time was run under the auspices of Mrs. Hobbs, the portly landlady of Tap, or one of her daughters. The strength of the link is the Fourth of June. Whenever I think of the Fourth of June, I think of those shops. They are part of the chain, the familiar and well-remembered chain, of the day's happenings. The Fourth of June dawned early. Breakfast was a meal of little account. Chapel saw us in everyday clothes. After chapel we went back to our rooms to dress; to put on all things new, if we had new things—white waistcoats, stick-up collars for those who wore turn-downs, patent leather shoes. After these there was a hat, either new or old, to be 'lushed,' which meant to be brushed, ironed, blocked, smoothed, ironed again, smoothed with velvet again, and in all respects made new from old, or newer than new. After the hat came the button-hole, which in later days was sent up from the shop in paper to await its owner on a slab; but which in the first early days, which I remember best, was ordered the day before and duly fetched by hand after chapel on the Fourth.

Those button-holes which were fetched that day after chapel were doubtless of the same make as any of the button-holes in any of the shops I see to-day ; but to me they are button-holes apart. For on the Fourth of June I wore a button-hole for the first time. There had been a grave choice the day before between tuberoses and a gardenia ; and now to pick up a gardenia is to be back at Westbrooke's again, with the sunshine on the street, the river flowing under the bridge, the gilt and the ribbons on the hats, the coxswains' bouquets, the flashing oars . . .

Tap is another link with summer at Eton. Tap was supposed to be the bar or some other appanage of the Christopher Inn, though, since it did not adjoin the inn buildings, but lay some distance from the inn down the street, its connection with the Christopher was merely one of name. Tap has survived when other institutions belonging to a ruder age have disappeared. Surly up the river has gone ; Bever in College Hall has gone ; Tap still remains. Tap sold tenpenny ale, which was the best beer to be drunk, and cider cup, which was the best of summer drinks, and strawberry messes, which were the best in Eton. There was a certain sanctity of privilege about Tap. No Lower Boy might swing the baize-covered door that guarded its portal ; and of other boys, none might pass from the outer bar to the little inner parlour beyond, unless his standing in the school assured him of coming and going as he pleased. In the inner

parlour on the wall was the long glass, and the long glass is the greatest of the possessions and traditions of Tap. I picked up a long glass in a London shop the other day, and discovered how much greater the tradition was than to us it seemed to be. When was the long glass first drunk at Eton? When was a glass first made so long? Who was the blower who first blew so deep a breath? He must have planned as long and as deep as he blew, surely, when he added a bubble to a posthorn, and held it a yard away from him, and thought of the ale he would pour to glow in the bubble, and the froth of the ale as it should rush from the bubble to his own thirsty gullet, and the foam that should hiss over his red beard and his leather apron. Only a man who blew on molten metal should drink ale from such a well as that. Were those the beginnings of the long glass? It was meant, surely, for a greater generation than ours. There, at all events, in Tap it hung, to be handled and filled and hung up again.

The shops which have changed least of all are the hosiers. Even the names are the same, or three of them are: New and Lingwood's is still there, and so is Devereux: so is W. V. Brown, but W. V. Brown in one particular, I think, changed during my own time at school. The interior of the shop was altered, or re-decorated, and a great feature of the old days disappeared. In a far corner of W. V. Brown's shop abode Solomon. He was an ancient and reputable

man of wide proportions who ironed hats. He ironed them in a little den of his own, behind a screen, and the den, although open to the ceiling, was enriched always with an atmosphere peculiarly its own, a smell compounded of hot velvet, hot paper, irons sizzling in water, and the heated nap of silk hats. Solomon wore a white paper cap and a white apron ; he ironed and blocked hats without ceasing, from morning till night, and from Monday to Saturday ; he was always cheerful, and always had a reply ready. I think he knew something about the records of horse-racing, and he probably would have made a fair guess at the position in a newspaper of the betting news. But what I chiefly associate with recollections of Solomon is the covering of the walls of his den. It was papered with extracts and portraits cut from sporting papers, comic papers, and most other kinds of papers ; in particular there was an account of a duel, to which I was introduced early, and in turn introduced others. It was a duel between two men, one of whom was named Shott and the other Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. Having learnt so much, you were invited to consider the situation which would have occurred if Nott had shot Shott, so that Shott was shot and Nott was not shot ; which was a situation developed through many lines of very small print. Was Solomon really a wise old man ? If so, it was he, perhaps, who schemed for the re-decoration of W. V. Brown's, involving the demolition

of his den. It would be easy to be over-familiar with the progress of that duel.

But the real unchanging feature of the businesses of those hatters and hosiers belonged to all of them. There are no gayer shops in any street than those, and none with more colour and life in them through winter and summer. Look at them beside a London hosier's! A London hosier puts in his window ties, socks, waistcoats, stockings—clothes that any man can buy if he has a few coins in his pocket. But you cannot buy what the Eton shops put in their windows. A window full of house-colours—at the best you can wear but one, and that must be given you before you may pay for it. Cloth caps in a London shop may be a good shape and made of good cloth; what more is there to them? But white caps, light blue caps—there is the roar of Henley and the whole of Lords upstanding in one of those. Could there be a simpler thing shown in a shop window than a folded scarf, white with red spots—a beagle scarf? You could not put in a London shop a scarf which meant the light of a February afternoon and the music of a pack streaming over Buckinghamshire ploughs. And what other shops in the world could dress their windows in May as shops dressed themselves at Eton? The boats are being filled for the Fourth of June; the *Alexandra* has come into the long list of them, between the *St. George* and the *Defiance*; and the hats are in the windows for all to see—hats with gilt and colour

about them, lettered ribbons, silver oars. Some of the old Fourth of June has gone ; the boats to-day row up to Surly no more, as they used to row ; the rockets no longer rush up opposite the Brocas ; but the ribbons and the hats remain.

Some of the changes in regard to colours were made simply with a view to economy, and no doubt were justified. In the early 'eighties each of the Lower as well as the Upper Boats had its own colour. The *Britannia* was white with narrow dark blue stripes ; the *Dreadnought* was white with thin red lines ; the *Thetis*, white with thin black lines ; the *Hibernia*, alternate stripes of white and green ; the *St. George*, red and white ; the *Alexandra*, black and white ; and the *Defiance*, white with narrow crimson stripes. There were too many colours altogether ; to be moved up from one boat into another meant buying another whole set—blazer, cap, scarf, and shirt. This was changed, and the *Defiance* cap was made the colour for all Lower Boats, with the *Britannia* cap for Lower Boat choices. The Upper Boats remained as they were. Some of the colour went out of the shop windows ; however, they had plenty left.

But were the hosiers' shops ever better worth looking at than during the very first few days of a summer half ? They were filled then, or so I remember them, with the lightest and coolest of all the things they sold, which were the caps and the patterns of canvas that any of us might wear, particularly the caps. The

'scug' caps of the winter, striped blue and black and violet and black, were undistinguished and even ugly ; but the summer 'scug' caps were as good as any caps could be. They might be made of any of a dozen different patterns of striped canvas, white and pink and grey-blue, and so might the shirts that went with them. I have never lost that sense of unexpected freshness which came with the realisation that we might wear what we chose with so much to choose from. The winter scug cap was a badge which might not be avoided ; here was the choice of freedom.

For these choosings and buyings we had to get permission ; we were given 'orders' on the shops by tutors or dames—in the case of Collegers by the Master in College—which were duly entered in an order book, and checked with the bills at the end of the half. This was no doubt a well-advised and valuable system, of which those who paid the bills saw the convenience more clearly even than we did. Occasionally the system was avoided. I do not know whether there was any penalty which might be incurred by the tailor or hosier if it was dispensed with ; at all events, the risks must sometimes have been thought worth running. One tailor, I remember, considered himself justified in supplying a particular boy whose parent, presumably, was supposed to be unlikely to make any objection, with a quite amazing stock of clothing ; he sent in a bill which included some such

items as fifty pairs of trousers and as many waistcoats, and added to it a note of more than one separate loan of cash. The parent to whom this modest account was submitted refused to pay, and the case came into court, with the result that the bill was reduced ; also, that there was a large amount of ' copy,' gratefully accepted, put at the disposal of those who had anything to say against Eton and Eton doings. But instances of such superb extravagance as this were rare. The tailors, as a rule, knew their clients well enough. On one occasion, I am reminded, the client was introduced. He was not a boy, but a parent, and he was complaining in his son's hearing of the deficiencies and incapacities of his own London tailor. The son willingly put his experience and advice at his father's disposal. He had been at Eton a year ; he knew what tailors should be and do. ' Why don't you go to Tom Brown ? ' he suggested to his parent. ' All you've got to do is to walk in, and say you're Mr. M——'s father, and he'll make you anything you want.'

There were other shops into which we wandered, often less with the idea of buying anything than of looking round and passing an odd quarter of an hour. With one or two shops we may have done this on too many occasions. There were Herbert's Supply Stores, for instance, which were out of bounds, and which I think I was told at school were forbidden because they sold wine, but which I afterwards discovered



had requested that none of us might be allowed in the shop, because we got in the way and spoiled their regular business. But with some the regular business was merely standing about. There was French's, the curiosity shop. French was a good-natured man who had accommodating views on art, and allowed us to examine all in his shop at leisure. He was harshly criticised by his neighbour, a rival, who accused him to us of selling as genuine antiques what he should have labelled as recently manufactured by himself. 'You can 'ear him sitting up at night making Damoakles swords,' we were told. There was Hills and Saunders, where most of us at some time or other were photographed, and where we inspected a strange volume in which there were most undignified representations of the masters: the heads of the genuine photographs had been cut off, and placed upon bodies which were absurdly small or in very ridiculous situations; then the manufactured picture was photographed and reproduced so as to appear a genuine piece of work by the camera, which could not lie.

Of Bambridge's, best of all the Eton shops I knew, I have written elsewhere. I come last to Bailey's, the Eton naturalist. I call him the Eton naturalist because there was a Windsor firm which dealt with scientific entomological apparatus and other well-appointed stock-in-trade in an airy and rather empty shop not far from the Castle gates. Bailey's shop

was neither airy nor empty. It was a dark, poky, crowded little place of which the walls were lined with cages containing budgerigars, redpolls, cross-bills, canaries, linnets, goldfinches, other finches, other birds which were not finches, lizards, rats, mice, snakes; there were a puppy or two, and probably guinea-pigs, ferrets, and rabbits. There used to be shops very like it in Seven Dials. Over these cages Bailey presided, and with Bailey I had dealings at intervals through my early years at school. It was in Bailey's shop that I was shown a kestrel's egg, which I was assured had been taken from a pollard in Burnham Beeches the day before, and which set me that same afternoon walking to Burnham Beeches to find another. It was from Bailey that I purchased goldfish in a bowl, which were to lure the greatest and most epicurean of pike from the depths of Fellows' Pond. From Bailey I bought a bullfinch, which I kept for many months and preserved from strange perils of rats in my room in College. From Bailey another of his customers bought a grass snake, which we set to swim in my bath; then, finding that we were late for school, we left the snake in the bath and shut the door. When we came back the snake had vanished, nor was it ever seen again. It was from Bailey, finally, that I and others bought mice. They were black, white, piebald, and skewbald. We kept them in the small drawers in our burries, where they surprised us by adding continually to the numbers of

their species. At last we decided there were too many mice, and that all that we had should be set free. So we opened our burries and turned the contents of the drawers loose into the passage ; the black, the white, the brindled mice galloped down the boards and round the corners, and we saw no more of them. Are there piebald mice in College to-day ? If so, it was we who loosed their fathers. Yet it was Bailey, in the end, to whom College owed her gifts of these stray creatures : Bailey, from his dingy little fastness up town, stretched unconsciously a guiding hand over the wild life of the College cellars. Who is Bailey's successor and counterpart to-day ? Has he a counterpart ? I do not know. I walked up town the other day to see how many of the old shops still remained ; and Bailey's, I was told, had gone long ago.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE RIVER

BOVENEY Weir is on all the maps, and Cuckoo Weir upon none that I have, but Cuckoo Weir must come first. Cuckoo Weir is part of the beginning of things. For most of us, it was the beginning of the river ; for those of us who came to Eton first in the summer half, it must belong to the very beginnings of school. Most of us learnt to swim in Cuckoo Weir, and I remember nothing better than the first time I bathed in that narrow, familiar, slow-moving stretch of water. It was in the summer half, the first Sunday after the notice had been put up in Williams's that bathing was allowed, and the time, of course, was before breakfast on Sunday. On Sundays we had a 'long lie,' with prayers at nine o'clock, and on sunny mornings in June and July a long lie was not so attractive as the river. What could be newer or fresher than the first bathe of all? Cuckoo Weir to-day, perhaps, cannot give quite that same sense of freshness, for now that all the preparatory schools have swimming baths, boys know how to swim not much later than

they learn to walk. But ours were the old days, and many like myself never bathed at all until they came down to the river at school. There we came, then, that first morning to Cuckoo Weir. We opened the wooden door in the corrugated iron fencing, and stood looking at the dark water under the wooden planking of the bank. It was not a sunny morning in June, but a cool and windy morning in May. We undressed in the wind and strode across the grass to the steps that led down into the water. I remember the wind and the lapping of the little waves under the steps, but nothing so well as the lift of the water as I stepped into it deeper and deeper, the soft mud of the bottom, the sharp edges of the mussel-shells. In water nearly shoulder deep we were told that it was imperative when bathing to dip the head under water, and under water, therefore, in mid-stream the head was dipped, to emerge with rapidity a moment afterwards, realising that life yet remained. We went back to the bank and sat for a decently prolonged period in the wind on the steps ; we walked down again into the mud and the mussel-shells, and came out at last upon the bank to dry. Life had given us a new experience ; school had shown us even one more way of liberty. We had bathed in the river for the first time ; and henceforward, at any time, on any day in the long summer half that lay before us, we might do this thing again.

That was the only time, I believe, that I bathed

at Cuckoo Weir, for Remove and Lower Division bathed at Upper Hope in the river itself, and it was at Upper Hope, splashing in a strap fastened to a pole, which was held by a waterman sitting in a punt, that many of us learnt to swim. I cannot remember being taught to swim; only that one day it was suddenly discovered to be quite easy to swim, and after that impossible to sink. But we all of us, sooner or later, came back to Cuckoo Weir for passing. There was passing every week through the summer half; notice that there would be passing in Cuckoo Weir was posted in Williams's, and those of us who thought our attainments sufficiently advanced, or who, possessing no attainments, had been commanded by those in authority over us, put our names down as candidates. There were fag-masters of truly Roman austerity who bade their fags enter for passing until they passed; one thus bidden, who could not swim, stood up among the rest when his name was called, fell into the water, and was fished out with a pole. But most of us required no urging to pass, and so have our names removed from the list which proclaimed to the school *Non nant*—they do not swim, and therefore are forbidden boating and the river. As soon as might be we joined the towel-clad band who stood week by week on the big dredger that lay across the head of Cuckoo Weir: we waited for the word from the judges who sat in their Leander coats and caps on the raised ground above us; we cast aside

our towels and took headers, or worse, into the stream ; we swam to the rye-peck and back, trod water, took the hair out of our eyes to show that we could keep afloat without hands, and were ordered to the steps. Later, the names of those who had passed were read out from the seat of judgment, and if ours was among them, we waited to hear no more ; we were off to the Brocas for a boat, and to try whether we were less or more successful than others in managing a pair of sculls and in learning the sides of the river.

Upper Hope was not a bathing-place of distinction. It lay almost at the mouth of Cuckoo Weir, and was near to Cuckoo Weir, too, in its character ; the current was slow and the water was shallow. If the river ran low you could walk all the way across at Upper Hope ; and another point in which it was undistinguished was that it gave no opportunities for headers. You walked into the water, or could do no more, at all events, than enter the water head first from the steps at Upper Hope. Very different were the headers you might take at Athens, which was the main bathing-place of Upper School, and which lay farther up the river, opposite the Windsor racecourse. Athens was not the best of the Eton bathing-places, but assuredly it was and is a great bathing-place, and has seen fine headers and strong swimming. The bed of the river has possibly altered a little during thirty years, but in our time there was deep water where we bathed. The bank of the river, on the Eton

side, was built up into terraces, which were naturally named the Acropolis. School headers were taken from the top of the Acropolis, and a good running header from the Acropolis, which would carry half across the river, I shall always think of as one of the finest sights any bathing-place could see. Few of us attained to those heights, but the lower stage of the Acropolis was easier, and running headers there were common enough. But to think of Athens is to remember not so often the rare occasions of school headers as the long, everyday mornings and evenings spent in the wind and sun in and out of the water on that green river-bank; diving for tin plates and china eggs, floating with the stream, swimming across the river and running up to Rushes to swim home again. Rushes has gone now; that noble clump upstanding in mid-stream was swept away by a flood, and is a landmark, or a water-mark, no more. Athens is changed in other ways. In our day we bathed naked and unashamed, as boys should in the River Thames. Nor was there anything to be ashamed of, either for us or for anyone else who might row by; there was a full view up and down the river, and as soon as a boat came in sight we were all at a word in the river, or behind the screens on the bank. But Athens is not so Greek to-day. There was a venerable gentleman who used to row up and down river and who wrote to the papers about us. He rowed different boats, and he



wrote to the papers under several names, but he was the same person whom we meet to-day at vestry meetings and County Councils and in the House of Commons ; he proclaimed himself for what he was, and he is now, presumably, looking out somewhere else for what others do not see.

Athens was a great bathing-place, but Boveney Weir was the finest bathing-place in the world. I say 'was,' for the weir at Boveney has been or is to be shifted higher up the stream ; and Boveney can never again be quite what it used to be. Boveney was a haven for only a few. Sixth Form, the Eight, the Eleven, the Twenty-two, the Upper Boats, and, of course, Pop might bathe there : I think a friend might be brought if he was not lower than Division II. Lower than that it would not have been possible for him to be worthy of Boveney, which was better bathing and a more beautiful place than any I have come to since. There was everything there that a river could give to boys and men. There was the sound of the water pouring through the sluices, which is one of the fullest sounds of high summer ; there was the sunlight on the bubbles racing down from the fall, and sunlight on the short grass of the bank ; there were the shadows of alder leaves and poplar leaves flickering over the level spaces where we dressed and undressed ; and all through the wind and the air about the place was the smell of water and weeds and wet earth, which is the true smell of the Thames

that blows from weirs. Part of the bank was raised and built up with planks, so that you could take running headers that carried you clean into the bubbles of the weir-race ; you could swim up the still water between the streams from the sluices and get to the wooden planking of the weir, and you could lie there by the planking with a curtain of green water pouring down in front of you, and the full noise of the weir in your ears ; then you could push out into the spume and be swept down to the tail of the race without a stroke of swimming. But the headers out into the bubbles were the best. At other bathing-places on the Thames, and at seaside places where little is known of what bathing should be, they build wooden stages with a single plank jutting out a free end over the water, and the play and up-thrust of the plank as the bather runs over it is supposed to make the taking of headers easier and more graceful. But the broad run of grass, I am sure, is the better way ; there is a resilience of solid Thames turf under one's naked feet that is nowhere in planks and matting. A board, too, is a noisy thing ; the thump and slap of a jumping plank belongs to covered baths and paying-at-the-box ; the real thing should be silence till the fingers touch the water, and then the crash, and the water hissing in the sunshine, and you out in the bubbles. One of the points which used to be noticed in the awards for school headers was that the dive must not be too deep ; it must be in and

out with the hands and head up almost as the water closed behind the body. Walter Durnford one day, judging at the swimming games, told us of the Bishop of Salisbury (I think it was) who was said to be able to take a header in a soup-plate.

The swimming games were held in the last week of the summer half, but they were rather an irregular institution. As a rule there was a full programme of school and junior swimming, headers and diving; but there might be only school swimming, and once or twice there were no games at all. School swimming was from Rushes down to Athens, which was a distance of perhaps 250 yards; junior swimming was about a hundred yards shorter, but even that distance could be a long enough race, as I well remember. I suppose the best swimmer of our time was S. D. Muttlebury, who went on to win whatever swimming races were to be won at Cambridge. A winner of school headers of higher attainments than most was H. B. Christian, who won in 1889, and I believe chose an opportunity during the summer half to take a header from the railway bridge over the river. But the most inspiring item in the games of 1889 was not the winning, but the losing of school headers. Among the unsuccessful candidates was one of whose achievements the reporter of the *Parachute* remarked that 'some unique performances have recently been witnessed at Athens, but the palm must be awarded to that of an illustrious sportsman, who thrice hurled himself bodily from

the Acropolis, alighting once on his right side, once on his left, and once on the small of his back.' Thus were criticised the efforts of the present Bishop of Pretoria, who was believed at the time to have entered for the event with the praiseworthy object of encouraging others. The *Chronicle's* reporter was an equally interested observer, and wrote at the beginning of the following half that it was a matter for regret that there were so few present to witness the races, and that 'the walk to Athens would have been amply compensated by the sight of Furse's ornamental headers.'

The main record of the river, of course, must be of rowing and of the Eight, and of Eton rowing perhaps only a wet-bob ought to write. But others besides wet-bobs watch the Eight at Henley, and look as quickly for the light blue oars coming up the course as at the scoring-board on Lord's cricket ground. General statements are sometimes dangerous, but I should hazard not very much, perhaps, in saying that the standard of Eton rowing was never higher than in the middle 'eighties, at the end of the long era of Dr. Warre's coaching. It is not a personal opinion, which would be worthless; it is the record in the files. Eton won the Ladies' Plate in 1882, 1884, and 1885, and almost certainly, but for an accident, would have won in 1883. Only in 1881 does there seem to have been a slight falling off; otherwise the record of the earlier years is of almost uniform success, so far as turning out a good crew is concerned, apart from the question of actually winning. In 1880 the Eight

reached the final heat, but were beaten by Trinity Hall by a length and a half. There were two noticeable points in regard to this race: one was that bow side pulled stroke side round, which made the steering difficult all the way up the course; the other was the great weight of the Eton crew. They averaged just under 11 stone 9 lb., which is extremely heavy for a boy crew of those days, and, oddly enough, were beaten by a College crew which was exceptionally light, averaging only just over 10½ stone. In 1881 the school's luck was out; there were accidents during training, and the Eight lost their 7, G. C. Bourne, owing to an injured knee, until a few days before the race. They rowed a heat for the Grand with Leander, but without rowing to win; and in their heat for the Ladies' Plate, with the worst station, they were beaten by First Trinity by a bare length. But the next year, 1882, they came into their own. The Eight met Trinity Hall in their heat and Radley in the final, and won by more than six lengths from the former and by five lengths from the latter. It was the first occasion on which Eton had won the Ladies' Plate for twelve years, and there was more even than that to their credit. One of those best qualified to judge, the critic of the *Chronicle*, wrote that the crew 'must at least be ranked as equal with, if not better than, our champion crews of '68 and '74'; not only that, but that 'they turned out in point of finish and style, the best crew at Henley.'

The year 1882, as it proved, was the first of a series

of great years. In 1883, if it had not been for an accident, the school would almost certainly have won the Ladies' Plate again. Eton drew the bad station against Christ Church in the final, and in paddling up to the start No. 5 broke his stretcher. It was patched up while Christ Church waited at the post, but broke at the first stroke of the race: yet even so, Eton were only beaten by a little more than a length in 7 min. 51 sec.—only a second longer time than the final heat of the Grand Challenge Cup. The following year they did better, winning from Caius in their heat and from Radley in the final. In the next year, 1885, came the climax, when Eton in their heat beat Oriel easily, and in the final drew the outside station and won by six or seven lengths from Corpus, Oxford, in 7 min. 21 sec., which was actually one second faster than the time in which Jesus, rowing a hard race the whole way, had won the Grand from the best station. Of the eights of these two years, which was the better crew? The critic of the *Chronicle*, writing after the race of 1885, made up his mind only with reservations. This was his comparison:

'The Eton eight of last year established a very high standard of excellence. In some respects it was the best eight the present writer has ever seen, worthy to take its place for all-round excellence with the two best University eights of recent years—the Cambridge eight of 1876, and the Oxford eight of 1878. It is therefore no small praise to say that the Eton

eight of this year was little, if at all, inferior to its immediate predecessor. Judged in practice by the time test simply, it was, we believe, even faster; but if it be permissible to criticise, we should say that, although the oars were perfectly together, yet the bodies were not so uniform in movement as last year, and in one or two instances there was a certain want of elegance about the finish and the recovery. Perhaps, too, this crew looked hardly so well fitted to bear the strain of a very close race as last year's crew; but, of course, it must be admitted that this is a mere opinion without substantial evidence to support it, as both the races were won this year, as well as last, with ridiculous ease.'

One of the good omens of 1885 was that the crew had been coached for the first time by Dr. Warre's successor, the Rev. S. A. Donaldson. But the Warre tradition plainly survived, and that long record came to its true culmination in the victories of the crews of those two succeeding years. The two—'the best eight the present writer has ever seen' and its successor—shall be set side by side:

1884		st. lb.	1885		st. lb.
Bow, M. E. Bradford	10	8	Bow, W. F. C. Holland	10	2
2 C. T. Barclay	10	0	2 C. Bell	9	9
3 W. P. Mellor	11	3	3 M. E. Bradford	11	1
4 S. D. Muttletbury	12	2	4 G. Nickalls	11	4
5 H. McLean	12	2	5 A. F. H. Ferguson	12	10
6 S. R. Fothergill	11	8	6 S. D. Muttletbury	12	8
7 G. E. Hale	10	10	7 C. Barclay	11	2
Stroke, C. Barclay	11	2	Stroke, C. T. Barclay	10	6
Cox, F. P. Barnett	8	0	Cox, Hon. W. Edwardes	8	0

After 1885 the crews for a year or two were weaker. In 1886 Eton made a magnificent race in the final with Pembroke, but lost by a bare half-length. In 1887 they lost their second heat to Trinity Hall, and in 1888, also on their second heat, to Pembroke, their antagonists of two years before. But the great disappointment came in 1889, when they lost to the eventual winners, Christ Church. With better fortune they should have won the Ladies' Plate as it was won in 1884 and in 1885 ; but the crew owing to some accident started badly, so that their opponents were clear at Fawley Court ; then Eton spurted again and again, crept up and up, and lost on the post by a third of a length. It was a great effort and a great race, worthy of the traditions of the name of the Eton captain, E. L. Churchill, and the stroke, Amyas Warre.

The names of the old lists increase their attractions as the years recede. One would naturally expect many of the names of the Eton eights to be repeated in the eights of Oxford and Cambridge ; and so, of course, they are repeated. Bourne, Pitman, Churchill, Muttelbury, Nickalls, McLean—the annals of University rowing set these on page after page. But there are other pages with other names. Bourne is a great rowing name ; it also belongs to the Linacre Professor of Comparative Anatomy at Oxford. H. L. B. McCalmont, who with Bourne at 7 rowed stroke in 1880, commanded the militia battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in the South African War ; F. C.



Meyrick, who was 2 in the same crew, is now colonel commanding the South Wales Mounted Brigade of the Territorial Force ; in South Africa he had the 5th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, and was wounded at Venterskroon. Of the crew of 1881, F. I. Pitman is one of the great names of Putney and of Henley ; D. H., 'Ducker,' McLean, adjutant of the Sussex Imperial Yeomanry, died of fever in the South African war ; and number 6, St. Clair Donaldson, is now Archbishop of Brisbane. Hector McLean, younger brother of D. H., came into the 1882 crew as 7 ; like his brother, he became Captain of the Boats, and he too died young. He was President of the Oxford University Boat Club, and combined with his rowing an enthusiasm for missionary work and preaching ; he actually preached at Hammersmith on the evening of the day in which he had rowed in the Boat Race. He died in January 1888, less than four years after leaving school. It happened that members of the crews of both 1881 and 1882 were connected with mission work ; for St. Clair Donaldson was head of the Eton Mission in Hackney Wick for ten years, and for a long time the genius and organiser of the boys' games in Hackney was Gilbert Johnstone, coxswain of the eight in 1882.

Of the crew of 1883, E. Douglas-Pennant is now Lord Penrhyn, and was M.P. for South Northamptonshire from 1895 to 1900. C. Barclay, who rowed 6, and was Captain of the Boats the following year, served as a captain in the 10th Hussars in South

Africa, where he held the post of Assistant Provost-Marshal. A name of distinction is that of bow, George Redmayne Murray, who since he took the highest degrees at Cambridge and London Universities, has held many lectureships, has an encyclopædic record of writing, and is now Professor of Systematic Medicine in the Victoria University of Manchester. He was followed in 1884 by another doctor, Geoffrey Hale, son of the mathematical master, who rowed 7, and was one of the school doctors until he died untimely of scarlet fever in 1907.

Of the later crews, A. F. H. Ferguson, 5 in 1885, is now lieutenant-colonel commanding the 2nd Life Guards. W. Edwardes, coxswain in the same year, also entered the 2nd Life Guards, became Lord Kensington in 1896, and died at Bloemfontein in 1900 of wounds received at Vaal Krantz. W. F. D. Smith, who rowed 6 in 1886, is now Lord Hambleton, and was member for the Strand Division from 1891 to 1910. T. T. Pitman, 3 in the following year, served in South Africa as major, 5th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry. W. A. L. Fletcher, 3 in 1888, gained the D.S.O. in 1900 as lieutenant, Lancashire Imperial Yeomanry, rowed in the same Eton eight with Lord Ampthill, and stroked the Oxford eight of 1890, in which his former Captain of the Boats rowed 5. Lord Ampthill's record of rowing must be one of the longest of his time at Eton. He first had an oar in the *Dreadnought* on March 1, 1885; next year he rowed 6 in

the Eight, and in the two following years he was Captain of the Boats. At Oxford he was President of the O.U.B.C. and of the Union, and after being for three years private secretary to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, he was made Governor of Madras in 1899, and in 1904, during the absence of Lord Curzon, filled for a time the office of Viceroy and Governor-General of India. It is already a long record of higher matters than rowing.

The Eight practised 'below locks,' that is, below Windsor Lock, and the banks of those reaches were out of bounds except to the privileged. The only eight-oar racing which most of us who were not wet-bobs saw at Eton was the trial eights race in March ; and the wind blowing up stream and the sunlight on the rough water are one of the most constant associations of memories of an Easter half. But the Eight, although we saw them in a racing boat only, perhaps, at Henley, rowed at school in other races, and those are the races I remember best. There were school sculling and school pulling : those were the races to run with. Not all of us ran all the way, but we began to run : we were down at the start, and the start was a high-spirited thing to see. Were there greater names than the Captain of the Boats, the second Captain of the Boats, Captain of Lower Boats, Captain of the *Prince of Wales*, Nine of the *Monarch* ? There they were, in their pairs for the pulling, strung across the river at the railway bridge

waiting for the word. They were off; we rushed up the towing-path. Did we get farther than Upper Hope, Lower Hope, even Bargeman's Bush? We turned back as the racing pairs grew more and more hopelessly ahead, and made our way back to the rafts and Windsor Bridge, to see the winners come in after their twenty minutes' row. There, for the finish of that first pulling of all I saw, we stood as Lower Boys perhaps stand to-day, with no doubt in our minds what we should see; and when we saw, our astonishment was deep. Ahead of all the others came a pair we had hardly thought of. The Captain of the *Defiance* and the first choice in the *Victory* pulled steadily on; behind them—indeed, several lengths behind—pulled the Captain of the Boats and the Captain of the Lower Boats. Was such a thing possible at all? What had happened, that these could win and those be beaten? We went back to College wondering: it was long before such a result could be grasped and understood. The *Chronicle* at last supplied the reason. The Eight had only a day or two before rowed two hard races at Henley, and members of the Eight could hardly be expected to row their best so soon again. That explanation sufficed: we knew who would have won.

Lower Boys who looked on at the pulling in a later year, were perhaps more at a loss to understand what they saw even than we were. In 1888 Lord Ampthill was Captain of the Boats, and he, with

R. E. R. Brocklebank, was expected to win the pulling : among others who rowed in that race, and who afterwards gained Blues, were E. L. Churchill, G. Francklyn, and W. A. L. Fletcher. Ampthill and Brocklebank came in third ; Hambro and Hodgson, neither of whom were in the Eight, won ; and this was the conclusion of the *Chronicle's* comment on the race :

‘ But while we congratulate the winners on their well-earned victory, we must condole with Ampthill and Brocklebank on their misfortune, for the former was suffering from an attack of measles. A few on the bank were aware of the fact, and among them the magnificent fight under such adverse conditions, which Ampthill and Brocklebank made, excited the greatest admiration. If under such circumstances they rowed in such a manner, it might reasonably have been expected that if all had been well they would have won the race. . . .’

‘ Fletcher was also laid up with the same complaint on the following day. . . .’

A later and a weaker generation, reading that paragraph, may perhaps wonder who were included among the ‘ few on the bank.’

After school races came hoisting : a proper end to such evenings as those were. How far do you go back with the custom of hoisting ? No new school could invent such a business ; only an old school could keep so young and joyous a thing alive. ‘ There will be hoisting to-night,’ we read in the notice in

Williams's window, and having read the notice, the school stood by the wall in front of the chapel and Upper School. Most of 'Pop' gathered in the road by the Christopher Yard; a few, with canes, walked up and down to keep the line. The winner of the race was hoisted, the second, the third: each in turn was seized, and threw his arms round the necks of two; each was grasped by the trouser-leg by two more, and run from the Christopher Yard to Keate's Lane and back again, 'Pop' running beside and cheering as they ran; then the winner was hoisted again back to his house. This was for winners of school races, for the Eight if they won at Henley, and the Eleven if they won at Lord's. It was the last school event we should see and remember of a summer half: the heat of a July evening, the street filled with the school, the group running, the dishevelled form with his white flannels borne along, the shouts, the hats waving. . . .

But the great link with the river for a dry-bob was, of course, the Fourth of June, and of the Fourth of June the evening more than the rest of the day. With six o'clock absence the day took on its full meaning. We who came to the Fourth of June for the first time, knew that the best was to come at the end. We had already found the beginning of the day very different from other days, but the evening was a new possibility altogether. By half-past five the School Yard began to fill with sisters and cousins

in muslin and blue sashes ; before six we found ourselves walking among sailors in ribboned straw hats, striped shirts, gilt buttons, white ducks ; midshipmen with peaked caps and bouquets of roses, admirals with cocked hats and bigger bouquets. If we had read or seen pictures of Montem, here was its counterpart alive before our eyes. We went from School Yard down to the river, and there from the rafts the gay crews floated out one after another on the stream ; where they went I am sure that I, when I first saw them, neither asked nor waited to be told, so new and unexpected was the whole magical business. Enough that they were to return, and so, when at last the sky grew dark above the Castle, and the first rocket roared up over Brocas Clump, they did return ; their oars tossed, all the crew standing, and the sparks from the fireworks raining about their hats. We watched the shells, the rockets, the set pieces, the elephant waving his trunk, the ship sailing, the Eton arms, Good Night. We went back to school, and even then the greatness of the day had not gone. Lock-up was disregarded ; we went in late and unquestioned through the open door of School Yard.

Is the Fourth of June unchanged ? To those who see it for the first time, it must still mean what it meant to us. But to us who come back to school to-day after many years, there is one insistent difference. Our people used to come down to Windsor by train, and

we walked about with them or were driven in ancient cabs. To-day the motor-car holds the roadway from end to end. It has its uses, but it has spoiled the cleanliness and the quiet of the Fourth of June.

One of the Fourths of June of our time suffered a serious bereavement. On a fatal day in May 1888 the *Monarch* was launched for the last time. He was not run down nor stove in ; he was neither scuttled nor burned ; I believe he simply went to pieces in the water from old age. His fate inspired the poet of the *Chronicle* to a dirge.

. . . . How chanced it ? Fell he in the fray  
Of battling ships on Eton's festal even,  
When flags and plumes bedeck the proud array,  
And smashing sculls in heaving locks are riven ?  
Did hostile *Prince*, with his tumultuous crew,  
Press on the *Victory* and the *Ten* pursue,  
When mad *Defiance*, rushing at thy realm,  
Stove in thy stern and crashed upon thy helm ?

Not so, ye Muses, for the month was May.  
Or did that noxious monster, breathing fire,  
Behemoth erst, but later Steam-launch hight,  
Roaring destroyer of each sweet delight,  
Churning our river's reedy ooze to mire,  
Loom unawares and plunge thee into night ? . . . .

. . . Alas ! no more with long and measured sweep,  
With martial band-boats heralding thy way,  
Shall Ampthill urge thy timbers through the deep,  
While punier Eights precede the proud array,  
As to thy praise the echoing Brocas rings,  
The last and longest of a line of kings !

A new *Monarch* was built, but not in time for the day. On that darkened Fourth of June, if I remember



rightly, four-fifths of the crew of the *Monarch* rowed up to Surly in a mere eight-oar ; the two lowest choices walked up the bank.

We in College held a haphazard and unofficial festival of our own on the river in the summer half, shortly known as College Sweep. We were drawn in pairs, strokes and bows, and on a well-remembered day I, a slight and insignificant toiler with an oar, found myself bow to a great man in the boats. He cannot have been pleased, but he took his seat in the heavy gig : he had engaged a friend to steer him who was actually a coxswain of one of the boats, so that I sat behind him, abashed as a youthful and colourless scug should be in such company. The word was given, we were off ; we came to the crowd at the rye-peck, where oars crashed as at Aegospotami ; we rounded the rye-peck, coxswain extricated us from the crowd, we pulled out for the winning-post. Coxswain urged me to severer and severer efforts ; I pulled as a scug should pull, commanded by Upper and Lower Boats ; my exertions were prodigious, my heart thumped at my ribs, breath left me ; we were second. We had won second prize, and my stroke gave me part of it ; what, I have forgotten, but I remember it seemed to me much.

The river was a river of spring and summer, from the first of March to the end of July. But it could make its influence felt at other seasons of the year. Floods were a diversion of mid-winter, and added

much to the interests of life. It was a valuable experience to be punted to school, as one might be to the science schools ; it was the most natural thing to be late with a punt, and who could refuse the excuse that the punt had failed its would-be passenger ? There were other ways in which floods changed the aspects of things. Once the water got into the College cellars and College was invaded by rats. Rats swarmed in all our quarters ; rats ate our boots. We set traps for rats, and caught them by night ; then in the morning night-shirted figures drowned rats in baths. One luckless youth was sent a hamper containing among other delicacies a ham ; he made his choice as to what he would begin with, and left the ham in the hamper standing in his glory corner. A week later he sought the ham. Rats had gnawed holes through the floor beneath the hamper and through the wicker bottom of the hamper itself ; then they had eaten the whole of the inside of the ham from below, so that when the ham was needed for breakfast, its owner gazed on an empty rind. I had an adventure of my own with these rats. I owned a pet bullfinch, which lived mainly in a corner of my room near the window. I was awakened one night by an unusual noise ; my bullfinch was fluttering wildly in its cage, and in the dim light by the window sat two large rats, which had somehow managed to get at the bird's seed. I reached out for a fossil stone which was an ornament on my burry ; I hurled it at the scuttling forms, there was a crash of

glass, my fossil fell into the yard below, and the rats were nowhere to be found. Those two rats cost the price of several window panes ; and what the cost may have been altogether in boots and other forms of damage, who shall say ? A rat-catcher was sent for, who brought ferrets and a dog, which killed half-a-dozen or so : but I suppose the end only came when the floods went down and the main body went back to their old quarters.



## CHAPTER VII

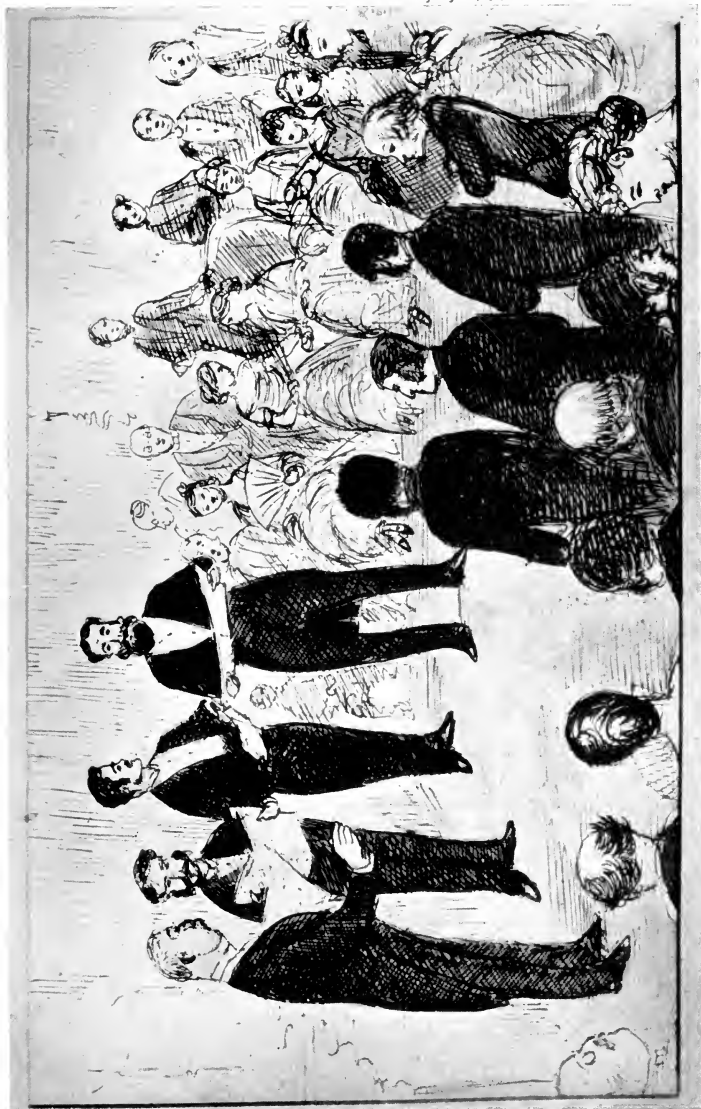
### LORD'S

'ETON V. ORIEL COLLEGE. This match was played in lovely weather on May 24.' . . . Thirty years ago the score was in the *Chronicle* ; it was the first school match I saw, and it stands for all, as I look back at it—the chestnuts in bloom, the shade under them, the light-blue and black Twenty-two caps, the mown grass in the sunshine. Agar's Plough was plough then, and all our school matches were played in Upper Club—surely the best of all cricket grounds to watch a match in as it was then, before the chestnuts were blown down and the green beauty of it broken. Is the Winchester match on Agar's Plough what it once was in Upper Club? School matches with us had something of a ceremonial in them. We attended them in top-hats, and nothing seemed to me newer or better than that 'after twelve,' when we first set out through the playing fields with chairs and rugs, to watch the game in the sun. To watch a school match from a rug on a May morning—what would be better than that? I remember every

innings of that first match : R. J. Lucas's 55, H. W. Forster's glorious 102, the dismay with which we, as small Collegers, saw H. J. Mordaunt bowled for a duck. He was the only Colleger playing, and he was playing for the Eleven for the first time ; it was a most disastrous thing for small Collegers to see. But almost as well as the duck he made I remember his cap, and the caps and trousers of the others who were playing for the first time. They all had been given their Twenty-two colours for the match ; not to wear when they pleased, but for that day. ' Twenty-two flannel ' was of a lighter grey than the flannel we others wore, and the Twenty-two cap, Eton blue and black stripes, I always thought the prettiest of our school colours. ' Look, he's got Twenty-two bags on '—that awed comment holds all the sunshine of Upper Club.

In 1883 and 1884 the Captain of the Eleven was R. J. Lucas, whose death in the spring of the present year (1914) saddened many Etonians who did not know him as a friend. Besides being a cricketer he was an author, and he contributed to the *Badminton Magazine* of May 1896 some amusing reminiscences of Upper Club as he knew it in the five years 1880-1884—a long experience of the best of Eton cricket. Lucas played first for the school when he was fourteen, and describes how he was put on to bowl when Walter Forbes and Alfred Lyttelton were well set. ' Mr. Lyttelton, with such a smile as might cheer even an Armenian, warned me on no account to get short.

Mr. Forbes, not less genially, bade me not be afraid of pitching them up. It mattered little where the ball was pitched.' A reminiscence which is not of a school match is of the present lessee and manager of the Garrick Theatre, to whom the world was a stage from the beginning. 'He generally had one of French's books secreted about his person, and invariably apostrophised the umpire in pure Shakespeare when he was given out.' As might be expected, he mimicked the masters. 'One day he had conceived the appropriate notion of representing a much liked and respected master undergoing the process of being "cut over." In the middle of the performance the master appeared. We scattered, leaving Bouchier in a state of preternatural attention to the scoring-book.' Who was the master? Not Mike, I should guess; perhaps Austen Leigh. A reminiscence of Austen Leigh suggests other aims than ordinary cricket practice. 'He never seemed to weary of bowling at us, declaring that all the "good 'uns" with which he defeated us were rubbish, and that all the "loose 'uns" which we punished were dead on the middle stump. Half the pleasure of playing him at a practice net arose from a dog. "Nip" was a little elderly and lethargic; but, being very properly devoted to her master, she always lay coiled up somewhere near mid-on; and it was a point of emulation to drive into her. It counted as much as a bull's eye to send her yowling off the ground.'



THE FREE FORESTERS' CONCERT, JUNE 11, 1881

Quartette : Messrs. Ratliff, Bray, E. Lyttelton and S. G. Lyttelton  
W. Durnford

From a drawing by Frank Tarver.

J. Barnby

F. W. Cornish





Of Mike himself, and of his dogs, a captain of the eleven should have reminiscences of his own. Boney has his meed on another page, but Boney was not the only difficulty in the way of a captain anxious to discuss candidates for the eleven. There was another dog, Bob, and he was 'a dog of mean spirit ; a retriever of gloomy aspect and no character. It was vain to walk with Mr. Mitchell to talk of cricket matters ; no conclusions were possible, for when he was not apostrophising Bob for lagging despondently behind, he was shouting at Boney, who was careering indefinitely ahead.' Mike's way was always direct. 'One of us used to persuade himself that it was a bad omen to put his bat immediately at "middle" or "two leg," or whatever guard he wanted. Once, having got out, he declared that it was bound to happen because he had taken middle at once. Mr. Mitchell's retort was uncompromising : "You'll get out with that stroke whatever guard you take."' Another observation was founded on experience. He used to declare that if a batsman failed to take an obvious and easy run, it often followed that he got out immediately afterwards. Mike had seen many schoolboy batsmen, nervous and otherwise. Of one who perhaps was as little a victim to nerves as any, the Captain of the Eleven of 1884 writes as a friend may of a cricketer of genius. Lord George Scott, of all the Eton batsmen I have seen, has always seemed to me (who indeed looked on from very far off) as the most commanding and

magnificent figure ; he was very tall and long-limbed, he drove superbly, and he hit to leg like Mike himself. ' One evening at practice Mr. Mitchell said, " I can't teach that fellow Scott anything : he's got no faults." ' That night,' relates his captain, ' I dined with his tutor, and repeated the remark. The comment was laconic : " I can't teach him anything either, but that isn't the reason." '

Scott was the mainstay of the Eleven at Lord's in 1884 ; out of the Eton total of 82 he made 32 and H. W. Forster 23. It was a disappointing match, spoilt by rain. But the next year's match—was there ever a finer finish than that ? The hush, the roars, the hand of the clock creeping up and on ! We had won the toss, and on a good wicket in fine weather we had made 265 ; and that seemed a good enough score for a first innings. It seemed better when the first Harrow wicket fell with only four runs on the scoring-board ; but then came the turn of the match. A. K. Watson joined E. Crawley, and when stumps were drawn the two of them had raised the score to 219 for one wicket. Watson 119 and Crawley 94. Next morning they had added 20 runs when Crawley was bowled by E. G. Bromley-Martin for 100 ; the Harrow captain, E. M. Butler, was out for 2 ; and at 250 Watson was caught, he had scored 135. The innings closed for 324, and Eton went in against a lead of 59. They could only score 151, and at five minutes past five Harrow went in with 93 to make in just short of two hours, which

looked easy enough. But the bowling was better than in the first innings. Bromley-Martin and H. W. Forster kept the batsmen playing from the first ball, and when the wickets began to fall the rate of scoring grew slower and slower. Of the first pair Dent went at 13 (13—1—6), and Crawley followed him one run later (14—2—7); then in came Butler the captain, and every hit was cheered. Forster and Martin bowled maiden after maiden, and every maiden was cheered. The score crept up to 32, and Watson was bowled for 5 (32—3—5); and the hands of the clock were past six. Sanderson came in with a hush all over the ground; the bowlers bowled maidens; Philipson, our wicket-keeper, was cut over and badly hurt, and part of the crowd (not Harrovians) jeered as he lay on the ground. He got up and took his place again: the score went to 39, and Sanderson drove a ball to Forster, who just reached it; Sanderson fell flat, run out (39—4—4). In came Daughlish, and runs were added more quickly; then at 65 Gosling caught Daughlish (65—5—6). As he went in Ramsay came out, running to the wickets to save time; hit Brand, who had gone on for Forster, for 3, and the Harrow stand rose at him; slogged out at Bromley-Martin next over, and hit him to long-on; the Harrow stand rose again, and saw that the ball was going to Scott; Scott caught it on the boundary (69—6—4). Out ran Kemp to take Ramsay's place; Butler hit Martin for 4; Brand spread-eagled Kemp's wicket (73—7—0). Seven wickets for 73; 20 runs

to make, and seventeen minutes to make them in. Young joined his captain ; before every ball the ground hushed dead ; after every ball there was a gasp, after every hit a yell. And Young played as a man should ; he and Butler added run after run, but the hand of the clock crept on ; between each ball the ground looked at the clock. A run came ; it was a tie ; the minute hand was almost touching the hour. Butler looked at it ; jumped out and banged Martin for 4 at two minutes to seven.

We do not get finishes like that every year, nor once in ten years, else we should surely look at fewer matches. The nearest approach to Harrow's win in 1885 was the draw between Eton and Winchester in 1888, when Eton played up to the end of the extra half-hour agreed upon and had but two wickets to fall with 75 still to get. This match led to an unfortunate discussion and difference of opinion in the newspapers between various Eton and Winchester correspondents, the Winchester contention being that the year before they had promised an extra half-hour, up to seven o'clock, if it was necessary, and the Eton plea being that this was a mistake, and that the only time agreed upon was six-thirty. There was no record kept of the offer of the previous year, and all reference had to be to memory, which is seldom satisfactory. As things turned out, I think Eton as a whole would have been better pleased if Winchester had been allowed extra time to finish the match ; but the Eton captain had

to make his decision alone, and he considered that his side had done well enough in playing out time. After all, it is true that when the time for drawing stumps has once been settled, time becomes an essential condition of the match. If time had not to be considered, there would have been little excitement in the fourth innings of the Eton and Harrow match of 1885.

The twenty matches of the 'eighties against Winchester and Harrow probably did not show Eton cricket at as high a pitch throughout as it has reached at other periods. We beat Winchester five times and were beaten three times, and virtually lost one of the two drawn matches. We won twice against Harrow, drew three times, and were beaten five times, usually pretty handsomely. Only in 1886 and 1887 did we win both matches. In 1886 Mordaunt was captain, and took twelve Winchester wickets for 65; H. Coventry made 119 against Winchester, and C. P. Foley 114 against Harrow; we won the two matches by eight and by six wickets. In 1887 T. W. Brand, now Lord Hampden, was captain; W. D. Llewelyn made 124 and not out 41 against Winchester, and we won by nine wickets; against Harrow Lord Chelsea, who had not been chosen for the Winchester match, hit up a fine 72 not out, and we won by five wickets. This match will always be remembered for the fact that Chelsea's innings was the deciding point in the game, and that he would not have been played if it had not been for

the unselfishness of an old choice, W. R. Hoare, who decided that he was out of form and gave up his place in the Eleven. He must have been pleased at the result of his action ; yet he may have reflected, too, that he might have made 72 not out if he had played.

Of players whose names occurred frequently in University and county cricket later, there were in the earlier matches P. J. de Paravicini of Cambridge and Middlesex ; A. E. Newton, Oxford, who still keeps wicket for Somerset ; H. W. Bainbridge, Cambridge and Warwickshire ; F. Marchant, Cambridge and Kent ; F. Thomas, Cambridge and Sussex ; H. W. Forster, Oxford and Hampshire ; Lord George Scott, Oxford and Middlesex ; H. Philipson, Oxford and Middlesex ; W. C. Bridgeman, Cambridge and Northamptonshire ; H. J. Mordaunt, Cambridge and Middlesex ; R. C. Gosling, Cambridge and Essex ; C. P. Foley and H. R. Bromley-Davenport, both in the same Eton eleven, and both of Cambridge and Middlesex. Middlesex—is it the London residence qualification?—seems to predominate.

Besides our own, there are the names of other elevens to look back at on the old scoring-sheets, notably the score-sheets of the Harrow matches of 1888 and 1887. Two England captains playing on the same side—that was Harrow in those two years. In 1888 A. C. Maclaren made 0 and 4 ; his fielding the *Chronicle* describes as 'most brilliant.' F. S. Jackson

made 21 and 59, and took eleven wickets for 68 runs. In 1889 A. C. Maclaren made 17 and 16; Jackson made 68 and took five wickets for 81. It was Jackson's cricket in the match of 1888 which inspired E. E. B. and J. F. with 'A Gentleman's a-Bowling' of the Harrow School Song Book :

'O cabby, trot him faster,  
O hurry, engine, on!  
Come glory, or disaster,  
Before the day be done!  
Ten thousand folks are strolling  
And streaming into view;  
A gentleman's a-bowling,  
(More accurately, two).

Light Blue are nimbly fielding,  
And scarce a hit can pass;  
But those the willows wielding  
Have played on Harrow grass!  
And there's the ball a-rolling,  
And all the people see  
A gentleman's a-bowling,  
And we're a-hitting he!

Ten score to make, or yield her!  
Shall Eton save the match?  
Bowl, bowler! go it, fielder!  
Catch, wicket-keeper, catch!  
Our vain attempts controlling  
They drive the leather—no!  
A gentleman's a-bowling,  
And down the wickets go.'

It is, I believe, a fact of cricket history that F. S. Jackson's father before the match of 1888 promised him a shilling for every run he made and a sovereign for every wicket he took. Many of us afterwards calculated that sum with respectful interest.

Did Lord's take as high a place among school festivals as the Fourth of June? Not for all, of course; some of the wet-bobs were supposed, rightly or not, never to go near the ground. But to others of us, and particularly, perhaps, the less distinguished, it was a greater occasion. There was the match, to begin with; there was the Friday night in town, with perhaps a theatre; there was possibly 'long leave' to follow the Friday. There was the same thought for the best clothes, hats, ties; we wore Lord's ties of white and blue, silk and satin; we bought button-holes; we fastened blue tassels and blue silk acorns to umbrellas, which it was well to wave. There was the novelty of the London cricket ground, the scoring-boards chronicling every run, the clapping and the shouts round the ground; the lettered stands, the drags with the luncheon baskets, the strawberries, the popping corks; the buying of correct cards; perhaps above all, there was the rush across the ground at the end of the match, if we won (or if we lost); there were umbrellas to be waved then, and hats for them to be waved over; there were hats which, as one of the descriptive writers of an Eton magazine put it, collapsed 'owing to undue pressure from above.' Those are the scenes to look back at; but is it looking back? Lord's is changed, or partly changed, since those early days: there are new stands, there is the Mound. We are sure of seats in these days; in those, perhaps, we



had no seats. But not all changes. There is still the blank negation of the entrance gates as we drive up ; we can see nothing till we pass in and strain to catch a glimpse of that high black scoring-board. There is still the same sudden sound of moving men and women, of tramping feet, as we come from the gateway to the path ; the same shout all round the ground as a wicket falls or a boundary is hit, and we, unable to see from behind a stand or the pavilion, wonder whether it is a boundary or a wicket. We do not, it is true, still applaud quite so loudly as we did ; or if we do, we are a little surprised at ourselves (or our neighbours are) ; except, perhaps, for the last hit of all. When the last hit gets the one run wanted, or the last wicket is bowled down, particularly if it has been a close match and we have been looking at the clock, we forget how long ago it was when it all really mattered, and when the ground suddenly becomes black with racing figures and waving hats, we, too, walk rapidly to the pavilion

## CHAPTER VIII

### WALL AND FIELD

Of the four great schools, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and Winchester, which have kept their own rules and their own games of football, Eton is the only one which has two sets of rules and two games. Of these two, the Wall and the Field, an old Colleger must always consider the Wall game as the best and greatest game of football in the world; but I should certainly claim that as a game for a school, fulfilling certain conditions and offering at the same time opportunities for the highest class of play, the Eton Field rules give as fine a game as could possibly be devised. The Harrow game must be a great game to have made so great a song as 'Forty Years On.' The Winchester game is spoken of by Winchester men with veneration, though to the uninitiated descriptions of it appear to dwell with undue insistence on the capacity of the human frame for enduring physical agony. The Rugby game has given us one of the best chapters in all 'Tom Brown,' and is plainly great in essentials. But the Eton Field game is pretty

nearly perfect. It fulfils all the conditions, and its opportunities are limitless. It needs, to begin with, the simplest conditions for its playing—merely a field, boys, and a ball. It can be played on a ground of any size, large or small ; it can be played by any number of boys ; and it gives, or may give, the hardest possible exercise in the shortest space of time. It is the fastest game of football in existence, and it can be the most brilliant. All the players on both sides have equal chances, but in no game is there greater scope for the individual. There are the necessities, in ten lines, of a good school game.

Perhaps the virtues of the Eton Field game are not always perceived with immediate recognition by the beginner. I have memories of certain games which were played without exceptional enthusiasm.

Lower Boy house games, which I seem to see again as groups of grey and white figures straggling over distant and uneven fields, could occasionally present dispiriting spectacles, and the middle of the three College games. Lower College, undoubtedly lacked zeal at intervals, particularly when inefficient captains captained insufficient sides. But the lowest of the College games, Chamber, I remember as being as keen as College game itself. In Lower College were gathered those who were too old for Chamber and too bad for College game ; but Chamber was merely College game five years younger, and within that limit just as good. The keepers of Chamber game

made out a list of choices, which was nailed on Chamber door at the end of the half, and that list very fairly represented the names of the College Field eleven even a few years later. The small Colleger with these beginnings had a better introduction to the game, I think, than the Lower Boy Oppidan, but whether the average house game would have compared well or badly with College game it is impossible, of course, for either a Colleger or an Oppidan to say, since he could only play in one of them.

To me the beginnings of football in College stand out with an extraordinary sharpness and precision. The first few games both at the Wall and in Chamber Field—those are the scenes which come back again. It was in Chamber Field that the small Colleger first hung up his coat and his blue scarf, and walked out in his new blue and black scug cap, to join for the first time in a game played under genuine Eton rules. Even a blue scarf and a scug cap seemed to be things of virtue on those early afternoons. In Chamber Field he first chose the bough of a willow tree on which to hang up his new belongings, and to that willow tree in the corner by the Slough road he returned at the end of the game, to find an unexpected person holding a curious pewter can with a long spout, through which beer was poured into small pewter mugs. He drank the beer, unconvinced that it was a pleasant drink, and the mug was replaced upon the spout. I think of that beer now, and I am

reminded of John Nyren's memories of Broad Halfpenny, its cricket and its ale. 'How strongly are all those scenes, of fifty years bygone, painted in my memory!' he writes, 'and the smell of that ale comes upon me as freshly as the new May flowers.' The beer in the pewter can in Chamber Field was cold and flat, and I am sure few of us liked it; but the smell of it comes upon me with the smell of mists and wet grass, and Jordan's mud, and falling elm-leaves blown over the Slough road.

It was by that willow tree, under the bank of the Slough road, that I first saw old Powell. He belongs to the great days; he might himself have talked to John Nyren. That is my first memory of him, standing by the willow tree, in his brown velveteen coat, with his toes quaintly out-turned, and with his tall silk hat above his wrinkled face and his long grey locks; he carried a white canvas bag, out of which he produced a new football, which he gave with due formality to the keeper of Chamber game. He had then seen thirty-six matches played on St. Andrew's Day, and the name of Powell will always be associated, chiefly, of course, with the Wall; but I do not know whether I think of him oftener as standing by the row of coats by the goal in good calx, or by the willow tree in Chamber Field.

In Chamber Field the Colleger began to realise, though perhaps not fully at first, how much he had been given in College football. Cricket, as I have tried to

show elsewhere, meant much less to him ; the genius of College decided for football from the beginning, and directed its most careful energies towards making the most of its material. For Chamber, there was a field game every long after four and a wall game every short after four ; Lower College played after twelve, and College after twelve and after four too, on certain days ; besides the regular games there was kickabout on short after fours, and on whole holidays you could get as many as three games, if you could stand up for the third. College football, summed up roughly, came to six games a week for Chamber, and six or more, including kickabout, for everybody else. Most Oppidans, and Lower Boys in particular, had nothing like those chances.

College kickabout is an abiding memory. All College, except Chamber game when playing at the Wall, came to kickabout, and possibly half a dozen masters would be there too, so that there might be perhaps fifty boys and men standing in a large circle in College field, with the 'colours' in the centre. Only an old choice at the Wall could start kickabout, and as we were not out of three o'clock school till quarter to four, and most of the choices used to get into 'full change' for kickabout, treating it as seriously as a game ; it did not last for much more than half an hour or so, but while it lasted nothing could have been better. There were about fifteen footballs for the fifty, and the sound of the fifteen thumping and bumping,

and the sight of them rising and falling, volleyed up like the lights of a Roman candle, and volleyed again before touching ground, remain one of the most joyous of all my school recollections. The Eton ball is a very small one: it needs far more accurate kicking than the Association ball, and I do not think there is in any game a keener sense of sudden satisfaction than in a perfectly timed volley with it. One should keep Eton footballs to kick about in later life: growing old would be a slower process. The masters who came to College kickabout grew old more slowly than the others. They, no doubt, helped to make it what we certainly believed it to be, far better than school kickabout. There was the present Head Master, for instance: he used occasionally, returning from a walk, to join kickabout black-coated and top-hatted, generally carrying a marvellous walking-stick—such a club as Briareus should brandish. Another master who attended in a top-hat was the author of the School Song, and the kicking of both was not less wonderful than their composure. Top-hats, doubtless, belong to the great days, the old games; but they do not suit kickabout well. They were frequently removed from behind by chance balls, which would have done no damage to a cap; and to have your hat struck suddenly from your head by a muddy football must surely be a most exasperating experience. But they knew how such blows should be met. A vision remains with me of a small boy

standing behind one of those hats—I do not remember to which of the two it belonged—and having the misfortune to kick a ball very hard full at the hat, so that it fell a yard or two away. He paled with horror. However, the owner of the hat, volleying a ball as he stepped forward, picked up the hat without turning round to see who might be the offender. The small boy, for his part, finding vent for his confusion in a wild display of energy, was at that moment rushing at another ball. Just as the hat was replaced he kicked the ball: there was a terrific concussion, and the hat again flew forward, plastered with mud. Again it was replaced, again without comment, and wonder succeeded horror on the face of the small boy. This, surely, was greatness.

An even more vivid recollection of a new master who was not a Colleger, and who came to kickabout for the first time. He did not know the etiquette of kickabout, which is that you may take up what place you choose, but that having gone there you must stay there, and must not take balls that are running to someone else. However, he enjoyed himself immensely; he gave an admirable exhibition of energy and perseverance, and kicked every ball within reach and in every possible direction. His neighbours, meanwhile, suffered. One of them, an original soul who would have been equally content if footballs had never been invented, looked on, resigned to fate. Walking up to College back from the field, he meditated apart. ‘A



thousand shall fall beside thee,' he murmured, 'and ten thousand at thy right hand ; but it shall not come nigh thee.'

Was College kickabout as good as we believed it to be, or was school kickabout better than it was supposed to be ? School kickabout certainly had its critics among Oppidans. I remember two letters appearing in the *Chronicle* in November 1888, protesting against a state of things in which there was no one in authority, and no one to keep a ring. One of the writers of these letters, who signed himself περιλακτίστης, according to the Eton custom of veiling personal identity in decent if unclassical Greek, could see no better prospect for school kickabout than ' a confused gathering, useless and profitless to those who wish to improve their behind play.' That was certainly never true of the kickabout in College field. But there the superiority of College stopped, so far as the Field game was concerned. It was the exception in my time for a School Field eleven to include more than one Colleger, and there were years when the Field choices were almost entirely Oppidans. In 1880 G. E. Hitchcock was next choice to twelfth man, though he had played in every school match ; in 1881, however, he was more lucky, and got his colours last choice. The next year was a good one for College, for both F. Marchant and T. C. Weatherhead were in the Field eleven ; and in 1884 A. M. Goodhart and in 1885 H. J. Mordaunt were College's single representatives. In 1886 the only

Colleger in choices was twenty-third ; the next year the single choice was twenty-second ; in 1888 there were two choices, sixteenth and twentieth ; finally, in 1889, A. V. Houghton was twelfth man. But this lack of representation in the School Field teams did not always necessarily imply that the College Field eleven was a weak one. In 1888, on the contrary, it was exceptionally strong, and I believe would have made a very good game with the School Field eleven. If I remember rightly, the question of this match was something more than a vague suggestion, though probably there was never any likelihood of a challenge being accepted.

But in the Michaelmas half of 1888 football at Eton—and indeed the school itself—went through a crisis. It was a crisis which had been foreseen ; it had been long in coming, and possibly those who had watched it develop were considerably relieved when it was over. Masters who had themselves not long left school could best appreciate what it meant, and among them opinion seemed to agree that the storm—if it could be called a storm—had been brewing for fifteen years or so, and needed only a slightly more electric atmosphere to burst. Early in the football half College definitely applied to be allowed to enter for the House Cup. The application was refused, and on looking back I believe that most Collegers of my day would be glad that it was refused. But the story of the application and the refusal is a curious little

piece of Eton history, and is worth its separate record.

The reasons which prompted College's request could be, and were, set out plainly enough. I cannot put them in a more convincing form than that given them by the *Chronicle* leader writer, whom I think we may guess to have been on this occasion a master who had himself not long left College :

' Why should seventy Eton boys be kept out of one of the greatest pleasures which an Etonian enjoys ? were they not made of the same flesh and blood as the Oppidans ? were they not, so to speak, the basis of the school ? was there any reason why they, an integral part of the school, should be forbidden to contend for one of its most cherished distinctions ? were not Oppidans and Collegers on the same footing as regards house cups at other public schools ? were they not at present in the invidious position of parishioners who paid the usual rates without the privileges which other ratepayers enjoyed ? '

To these arguments were added others. College would not, it was pointed out, be pitting the whole weight of her seventy against an ordinary house's thirty-five or forty, for it was proposed to divide the seventy into two fortuitous thirty-fives, by taking the names alternately down the school list ; picked elevens from these two halves would play each other, and the winning eleven would engage with the houses for the House Football Cup. Next, it was urged,

the admission of College into the House Cup competition would only be repeating history, for Collegers at one time were excluded from the boats, and their admission had never been regretted. It was true that history was against them on one point, for when the House Cup was originally given, it was limited to Oppidan houses, and there would be constitutional objections in most cases against altering the condition of competition imposed by the giver. But the appeal, in any case, was to equity rather than constitutional precedent; and it was strengthened by the fact that those who made it were not asking for themselves, but for their successors. They did not plead to be allowed to enter for the House Cup for the current year; they asked, merely, that the concession should apply to future years.

So much for points of abstract justice. But the appeal failed. And if it is possible to view the fact that it failed without regret, it is also easy, at this distance of time, to see why its failure was certain. It was made in the wrong quarters. For whatever reason, it was decided to take the sense of the school by putting the matter before the house debating societies. A note, in which the claims of College were stated for consideration, was printed and sent to the House Captain, and the debating societies gave their verdict. There was a large majority against the proposal. Perhaps, on the whole, that was expected; but I am not sure whether College—which means, of course,

the few leading spirits who determined on the appeal—would have taken the course they did, or indeed would have made the appeal at all, if they had thought that the reply would be given in the way it was given. They probably believed, when they put their request before the house debating societies, that the questions raised would be debated seriously. And so, in some of the houses, they were. In a few cases the appeal was soberly and generously considered in all its bearings, and the debating societies returned a vote unanimously in favour of it. In more than one case, after the arguments had been more or less carefully weighed, the adverse decision was arrived at only by the casting vote of the president. But in other houses the question at issue received scarcely any consideration at all, and in some it received none whatever; the subject was merely mentioned to be dismissed with a negative off-hand. In short, the appeal to Caesar failed, and not until it was too late could College have realised that they had chosen the wrong Caesar.

The appeal, no doubt, would have been better addressed to the athletic committee, whose decision, whichever way it had gone, would have been accepted implicitly by the school as a whole; but it is likely enough, in any case, that the decision of the athletic committee, or of any other body to whom College had addressed their request, would have been substantially the same as that which the school recorded. The feeling of the majority of the school was against the

change, and that feeling would probably have been reflected. However that may be, I believe there are very few old Collegers who had any share or interest in the consideration of the House Cup question in those days, who are not grateful that the decision went against College. For there was one point which was not fully debated at the time, but which was really a far more important matter than the playing of an extra match or two under Field rules, and that was the position of College in regard to the Wall.

There can be no doubt that if College had been admitted to the House Cup competition, her relation to the Wall would have been profoundly affected. As it was, and as it has always been, the Wall belonged and belongs to College. In games, and in more than games, the Wall is College's greatest possession. In games, and in more than games, the Wall is College, and College is the Wall. But if College were at any time to enter in games upon a footing of absolute equality with the rest of the school; if Collegers were placed on an equal standing with Oppidans in regard to the House Football Cup, then College's privileges at the Wall would have to be given up. There would be no gain, but a great loss, in that. There is no comparison of the rights which would be conceded and the privileges which would be taken away. The House Cup matters nothing, if the Wall game and St. Andrew's Day remain.

Of the match on St. Andrew's Day, and of the

THE REV. E. HALE CELEBRATES VICTORY



THE REV. E. HALE CELEBRATES VICTORY

In fulfilment of a vow to jump over his hat in School Field in the event of his house winning the Cup

From a drawing by Frank Tarver.





separate meanings which St. Andrew's Day must always have for Collegers and Oppidans, I have written in another chapter. The series of St. Andrew's Days of 1880-1889 opened with a great game. The Oppidans were the heavier and stronger team, and were expected to win, but though they got into calx, they could not score. Yet they made a memorable match of it, and the finish must have been one of the finest seen at the Wall. Only a few minutes remained for play, nothing had been scored by either side, and a draw seemed certain. The Oppidan captain tried a last experiment; Armytage was changed from third to second, to see if he could get the ball. I quote from the *Chronicle*:

'For a long time he was unsuccessful, and the half-hour had already struck, when suddenly the bully broke and a most exciting scene ensued: Armytage, with a good charge, ran the ball down close to calx, where it went out but twisted in again; he continued his course and got the ball into calx, where he got it up and claimed a shy. The umpires, however, gave their decision that the match was over, one saying that the ball had gone out and been touched, the other that a bully had been claimed for sneaking—in either case terminating the contest. Thus the match ended in a draw, although the Oppidans had much the best of it, especially during the last half-hour.'

In 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, and 1879 the match had ended in a pointless draw, so that another ending of the same kind in 1880 added to the monotony. But it

was the last draw for six years. The next year the Oppidans won, for the first time since 1871. They were one of the biggest and heaviest teams that had played at the Wall, and College, though they fought hard, were beaten by five shies. In 1882 College turned the tables. They won by seven shies, and the ball was in good calx most of the second half—a state of affairs which led to a pacific comment from the *Chronicle* after the match. ‘We would hope that it was only the dislike of seeing themselves compelled to remain inactive whilst the vigorous struggle was going on in the bully that induced some of the outsiders to indulge in a *little* free kicking ; for anything like ill-feeling between the Oppidans and the Collegers has for many years been so conspicuous by its absence in this match, that we feel sure that this brisk and useless “skirmishing of outposts” cannot possibly be attributed to that.’ No doubt ; but I remember hearing about this match the next year, when I saw the game played on St. Andrew’s Day for the first time. The names of the outsiders of the year before were familiar to Collegers who had never set eyes on the players, as those touched by a tradition of the past.

Tradition cannot come closer to a small Colleger than it comes on St. Andrew’s Day. I remember that first St. Andrew’s Day as if it were last year. For weeks we had talked and thought about the match ; each member of the team, as he was given his colours, was gazed upon with respect ; yet each, too, was

appraised ; we knew very well what we thought about each, and what others thought about him. We, for our part, had our own duty to fulfil ; we were not to play, but we were to shout. We were to be early on the field, we were to stand near good calx line, and as soon as the game began we were to shout very loud. We were not to stop shouting ; we were never to allow a cry of ' Oppidans ' to be unanswered—indeed, all such cries were to be answered by louder and conquering shouts. And so, in top-hats and great coats, as all Collegers dressed themselves to watch the match on St. Andrew's Day, we went down to the wall ; it was a very great game to think of, and a very great match to see.

We had a wonderful match for shouting that year : indeed, it must have been one of the closest games in all the long series. I do not remember every bully, but much of the game I remember well ; nothing better, perhaps, than the silence which fell all along the wall when we stood waiting for the half-hour to strike and the ball to be rolled into the bully. The sense of that silence has never lessened, in all the matches I have seen ; it is a tenser form of expectation than belongs to any other game I have played. But this match was a tense fight from the beginning. The Oppidans won the toss, and, of course, kicked to ' bad.' A little before half-time College got the ball into calx, and out of the resulting bully claimed a shy. It was disallowed, and with a few minutes only left for play another bully

was formed, and another shy claimed. It was disallowed. A third bully was formed, and a third time a shy was claimed. This time, within a few seconds of the clock striking, the shy was allowed. But the match was by no means over. After half-time the Oppidans were kicking to 'good,' with their right shoulders to the wall, and they had changed ends only a few minutes when a long outside kick took the ball into the Collegers' calx. The bully was short, the ball was got out by the College furker, and Dupuis, the flying man, one of the Keepers of the Wall, sent it back nearly to the middle. Again the Oppidans pressed, and again they were within a few yards of calx. And then came the crisis of the match. The ball ran fast to Mordaunt, the College long behind, and he made a fine kick which took the bully down the wall away from calx. Again the Oppidans pressed, and a second time the ball went to Mordaunt, who made a second fine kick. A third time the Oppidans pressed, and a third time Mordaunt made a kick which set his side out of danger. 'We cannot recollect ever to have seen three such magnificent kicks made in succession by a single behind'—so ran the official comment on the match. But to us, who had seen the game played on St. Andrew's Day for the first time, comparisons and precedents were not the abiding thought. We had seen the match and understood how the game was to be played, not this year only, but for each year while we were at College; we knew what Collegers had done, and what they had to do

That was the sum of it—a shy hard gained, and after that hard fighting to keep what we had won, with first this Colleger and then that coming to the help of his side. We knew what it was to be Collegers when we went into Hall that day, to wait for the eleven to come in and to greet them as Collegers have always greeted their eleven.

The next year College lost. They were expected to win, and it was a match of great disappointments. Philipson, the Oppidan flying man, won the match if any single player can be said to have won it, but the College behinds were not at their best. The Oppidans got their two shies just before time; perhaps they might have been prevented from scoring if all the College eleven had been playing as they had played in the trial matches, but three of them were injured. As it was, if the superhuman exertions of one player had been enough to make good such losses, the match would have been saved by the College captain, A. M. Goodhart.

But the great year was to come. In 1885, when H. E. Cotterill was Keeper of the Wall, College scored a goal. On St. Andrew's Day, in the match between Collegers and Oppidans at the Wall, the Collegers won by a goal and two shies. There is the plain fact of history set down in black and white, and I suppose that only those who have played the Wall game themselves can understand a tithe of what that fact means: I am quite sure that only a Colleger knows all that it

means. To see the first shy gained on St. Andrew's Day is much ; to see it gained by your own side is more ; to watch your own victorious eleven leave the field is more still ; but to see the supreme, the impossible thing happen before your eyes on the greatest day of the Colleger's year—this was beyond the belief of a matter-of-fact world, and this we with our own eyes saw happen within a few yards of where we stood. Of that part of the match which came before the throwing of the goal there is little to be said, even though in the first half Mordaunt, the College long behind, made a left foot volley such as is seldom seen at the wall. A volley is merely a volley ; Mordaunt in the second half of the game made history. It was not long after change had been called that the College outsiders rushed the ball into good calx ; a bully was formed and Mordaunt claimed a shy, which was disallowed ; another bully, and another shy was disallowed ; then came an allowed shy, a disallowed shy, and another shy allowed ; then the Oppidan long behind had a chance of kicking out, but was charged down. A sixth bully was formed, and before the Oppidan outsiders had realised what was happening, Mordaunt had got a shy and had thrown the ball hard and straight, hitting the door in the centre low down.

You can see his initials, H. J. M., carved by himself, on the door. Once before, in 1842, Marcon, also a Colleger, threw a goal ; and once of late years, in 1909, Creasy, a Colleger, catching the ball thrown to him

by the furker, Finlay, threw a goal in bad calx. (Finlay had nearly hit the tree himself with his first two shies.) But neither of these are quite comparable with the goal of 1885. Marcon's goal even then belonged to a distant and fabulous past ; there is no doubt that it was thrown, or 'bossed,' which is the proper expression, for Frank Tarver saw it ; but the whole thing was so long ago that it had almost come to be regarded as a myth. Creasy's goal, again, was the work of two, not one, and it was in bad calx—none the easier to get, for that reason, but good calx has an aura of its own. The real point which separates Mordaunt's goal from the others is that the mythical possibility became for the first time an historical fact, witnessed by players of the Wall game of to-day. Other goals may be 'bossed' in years to come, but that goal stands out first and alone.

The match of 1886 is described by the *Chronicle's* correspondent as 'unparalleled in the annals of the wall.' The description, to judge by internal evidence, is that of a master, but it is possibly a little over-emphasised. 'When we say that the entire game, with the exception of one insignificant bully, was contested against *one half* of the wall, that *all* the shies obtained were obtained in *bad calx*, and that the victorious progress of the Oppidans in the first half-hour was almost precisely paralleled by the progress of the Collegers in the second—except that the latter were less victorious—we have merely

hinted the most extraordinary features of this extraordinary match'; thus the commentator of the day. But in reality, except for the odd coincidences of the play, it was not an extraordinary match. It was a disappointing one, for College were expected to win. It was noticeable for another fact, which was that for the first time for thirteen years the names of the umpires are different. It is characteristic of the way in which the game was managed that the umpires and the referee, who were, of course, masters, were invited to their position with a formality which left each succeeding keeper free in his choice. The College Wall book of the preceding year contains the following passage :

'The umpiring was hopeless. I may mention for the information of posterity that the senior Keeper of the Wall has to ask the umpires every year, so that if the Keeper of the Wall in future years has the courage of his convictions, he will be able to remove the blemish of long standing, which I was not able to do this year, not knowing the custom.'

The Keeper of the Wall in 1886 presumably did have the courage of his convictions, for the new umpire invited was the Rev. F. J. Tuck, who had himself played three times on St. Andrew's Day, once as College goals in 1872, and in the next two years as second and first wall. He was without any doubt a fine judge of the game, and his name appears as one of the two umpires for fourteen years—



a record equalled by that of Frank Tarver, and only beaten by that of the College 'third' of 1857, J. P. Carter, who umpired as a boy in 1858, and as a master in 1865, 1868, 1870, 1873-87, and 1889-91. Of late years changes in the umpires' names have been more frequent than they used to be. But there can be no question that by the middle of the 'eighties the custom of asking always the same two masters had rooted too deeply. The Wall game demands from umpires as well as players an active body and a keen eye, and without them there are too many shies disallowed. Oddly enough, the new umpire in 1886 had a chance at once of justifying his choice. In the second half of the game the ball was sent to the Oppidan long behind, 'who caught it and sent it back over the wall some thirty yards to the good; nevertheless, a bully was formed where he had kicked it. It afterwards transpired that he had punted the ball instead of allowing it to touch the ground, as he was bound to do. It reflects great credit on Mr. Tuck's ruling that this was seen and promptly given.' The *Chronicle's* correspondent, who is obviously a player of experience, apparently did not notice the mistake himself—an odd point, if he was a Colleger.

The year 1887 produced, if not a new record, one which was long talked of. Collegers and Oppidans were very evenly matched, and neither side were very strong outside the bully. It was the bully which produced the record. For six years running

College possessed remarkably fine seconds in A. M. Goodhart, George Marshall, and R. A. S. Benson, and Benson's performance of 1887 remains one of the great pieces of play in the history of the game. College, soon after change, had been forced within ten yards of good calx. They were weaker than the Oppidans behind, and though in a calx bully they would probably have got the ball at once, it was not safe to risk the chance, and the captain gave the order to hold. Benson went into the bully and got on to the ball close to the wall. There he stayed. He knelt on the ball while the Oppidan seconds tried to turn him off; he knelt while the Oppidan walls strove above him; he knelt while they drew back and hurled themselves upon him; he knelt while the flying man added his weight to the 39 stone 2 lb. of the walls; he knelt while the smoking bully heaved and groaned. For nearly twenty minutes he knelt there on the ball, and we who watched proclaimed in sonorous syllables that Collegers were greater than Oppidans. At last, and when only five minutes more remained for play, he was ordered to turn the ball out, or he decided that he had held long enough. He came out, the ball went into calx, was kicked out, and the match was over.

College won the next year by seven shies; we were in bad calx after the second bully, and had matters pretty well our own way throughout. In 1889 College won again, by three shies to one; this was also a fairly

easy win. The match in 1888 was noteworthy for another reason besides the play. Old Powell, for the first time for forty-one years, was absent. He had lost his wife, and he never recovered from the blow. He died in 1899, and a stone stands to his memory — 'For 52 years the faithful servant and friend of Eton boys.'

To turn back through the pages of the *Chronicle* to the St. Andrew's Days of those ten years is to light at once upon names which have long been familiar to all Etonians. Among the Oppidans who played in 1880 were H. W. Bainbridge, captain of the Eton and Cambridge cricket elevens, and afterwards for five years captain of the Warwickshire County eleven; P. J. de Paravicini, a cricketer of equal fame; W. Bromley-Davenport, afterwards member for the Macclesfield Division of Cheshire, Financial Secretary to the Army Council, and colonel of the 4th Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, 1900-1901; Arthur Polhill-Turner, who played a fine not-out innings in the Lord's match of 1880, when everything was going against his side, and who, with one of the greatest of all Eton cricketers, C. T. Studd, decided that his life's work lay before him as a missionary in China; D. H. Maclean, the elder of a famous pair of brothers, who went to South Africa as adjutant of the Sussex Imperial Yeomanry and died of fever at Johannesburg; F. E. Churchill, one of four brothers, three of whom were in the Eight;

and G. C. Bourne, who added to his name as an oar at Eton and Oxford the distinction of the Linacre Professorship of Comparative Anatomy, and was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1910. There are equally well-known names in the College eleven of the same year. Their first wall was H. F. W. Tatham, for many years an Eton master, who met a sudden and tragic death in the Alps in the summer of 1909 ; the second wall was Arthur Benson, one the most honoured of all Eton names ; outside, third was H. V. Macnaghten, with a classical record at Cambridge seldom surpassed, and skilled in graceful verse which has reached a wide English public ; and two other members of the side were C. M. Knatchbull-Hugessen, a name of the great traditions of College, for he was three years in the school cricket eleven, President of the Eton Society, Keeper of the Racquet Courts, and Keeper of the Wall ; and H. B. Smith, now Sir Henry Babington Smith, once Secretary to the Post Office, and now President of the National Bank of Turkey.

The Church and the hunting-field are prominent among the Oppidan names of 1881 and 1882. St. Clair Donaldson, one of the heavy walls of those years, was for ten years head of the Eton Mission in Hackney Wick, and is now Archbishop of Brisbane. Other names are those of J. Hargreaves, master of the Cattistock and of the Blackmore Vale ; A. E. Parker, at one time master of the Warwickshire ;

and Lord Apsley (twelfth man), master of the Vale of White Horse. There was also C. A. Grenfell, member for Bodmin in 1910, and the rider of Father O'Flynn in the Grand National of 1896. Among the names in the College teams of the same years are those of F. Marchant, the Kent County cricketer; M. R. James (twelfth man in 1881), who will be recognised by a later generation as the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, one of the most distinguished of English antiquaries, and author of the two best collections of ghost stories of our time; N. Waterfield, whose signature after 1890 became familiar to newspaper readers as that of the private secretary of Lord Rosebery; L. J. White-Thomson (twelfth man), canon of Canterbury; and H. G. Fitton, colonel commanding the Royal West Kent Regiment, and now Brigadier-General and Director of Recruiting and Organisation at the War Office. General Fitton has seen service and added distinction to the annals of College on many fields—in the Soudan, with the Egyptian Frontier Field Force, with the Dongola Expeditionary Force, and as D.A.A.G. of the 7th Division in South Africa in 1900-1904; but nothing in his record is more familiar to those Collegers who were near his time at Eton, and who know much of what is in the College Wall book by heart, than the description of his capacities as a wall. I therefore record, with a due sense of the distance between one who was a member of Chamber game in 1883 and one

who played on St. Andrew's Day in 1882, that 'Fitton was a fine stopper, natural laziness alone excluding him from the first class.'

In 1883 the Oppidan goals was G. R. Smith-Bosanquet, who hunts his own hounds in Hertfordshire; and long behind was F. Thomas, now Lord Willingdon of Ratton, who was afterwards captain of the Cambridge eleven, master of the Eastbourne Foxhounds, member for Bodmin from 1906 to 1910 (when he was succeeded by the Oppidan 'fourth' of 1882), Junior Lord of the Treasury from 1905 to 1912, and who in 1913 became Governor of Bombay. 'Line' in after years found himself in the same House of Commons as 'long,' but on the opposite side; W. C. Bridgeman, a member of the Cambridge eleven, was member of the London School Board for Hackney from 1897 to 1904, has been member for the Oswestry Division of Shropshire since 1906, and is now one of the junior Opposition whips. 'Third,' Ian Murray Heathcoat Amory, has also taken part in politics, having stood for the Tiverton Division in 1910; he hunted Sir John Amory's harriers from 1880 to 1895, and his staghounds from 1895 to 1911, and since 1911 he has been master and huntsman of the Tiverton Foxhounds.

On the Collegers' side the first name I look at is the last on the list, L. G. Hatchard, who played goals. He was my fag-master, and no small Colleger ever had a kindlier. Indeed, I cannot imagine greater good fortune for a boy just come to a public school

than to be chosen by a fag-master such as he was ; he seemed really pleased for his fags to sit and work in his room in the evenings ; he was full of enthusiasms, and I remember in the winter he got up quartets to sing Christmas carols, which we practised in his room with A. M. Goodhart conducting ; and his readiness of invention and humour came very near to genius. An evening in his room might be just as much amusement as work : other members of Sixth Form would look in to talk, and we listened to their appreciations of high affairs far removed from us, from happenings in the head master's division or the *obiter dicta* of the master in College, to new and ingenious experiments with white ties, which on one occasion, I think, were manufactured of writing paper instead of the regulation linen, and thus designed escaped official censure for as long as a week. But the chief and abiding outcome of those evenings was a work which is more fully described in another chapter, the composing of 'Eton As She Is Not.' Hatchard was the chief author and beginner of the paragraphs which were sent to the guileless editor in London, and the author of 'Eton As She Is Not' would surely in later life have written something more. But he died within a few months of leaving Eton. He was Captain of the School, and Oxford lay before him ; but before the end of his last summer half he was sent home suffering from what was at first thought to be sunstroke, and after five months' illness he died. 'Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν—it is set down often enough in the old school magazines.

The Collegers' team was captained in 1884 by one of the great players. J. K. Stephen, of course, stands out in the records of the game as the great wall ; H. C. Goodhart is another Colleger whose name is a tradition, and A. M. Goodhart, his younger brother, has established the name more surely still. It was in vain that a single player disputed possession of the ball with A. M. Goodhart ; it was in vain that two, three, five others included themselves in the dispute. How should five withstand the sinews of seven ? All were borne away. All, thirty years ago ; and still the *Eton College Chronicle* publishes accounts of matches at the wall between College and Oppidan elevens and ——'s, Esq. XI, with the name of A. M. Goodhart as ' first second ' of The Scratch. But the record since 1884 is of more than football, for the name of Goodhart belongs to concert programmes as well as to the *Chronicle*. Even while at school Goodhart composed a glee which was sung at a school concert—a setting to ' Pack Clouds Away.' Since those days he has added cantatas to glees and preludes to cantatas ; in particular, he has written the music of a second series of Eton School Songs.

Both in 1883 and 1884 the Collegers' team contained future lawyers of eminence. F. F. Liddell in 1883 was ' second second ' ; he is now second Parliamentary Counsel. In 1884 the twelfth man was Wasey Sterry, who since 1901 has been Chief Judge of the Sudan. The name of Wasey Sterry is familiar to Etonians for another reason, for in 1898 he published ' Annals of



Eton,' one of a group of four works on Eton which must have offered a difficult choice to booksellers and librarians. 'Annals of Eton' was followed by Lionel Cust's 'History of Eton College' and Arthur Benson's 'Fasti Etonenses' in 1899, and in 1900 by another book on a smaller scale, Arthur Clutton-Brock's 'Eton' in Messrs. Bells' series, 'The Great Public Schools.'

The Oppidan eleven of 1885 reads like the names on a political platform in 1909. H. J. P. S. Roper-Curzon, third wall, is now Lord Teynham; G. H. D. Willoughby, 'first second,' is Lord Ancaster; F. Thellusson, 'fourth,' Lord Rendlesham; and behind the bully were Lord Southampton, at one time master of the Grafton and now master of the Hurworth; and Lord Chelsea, who became member for Bury St. Edmunds in 1892, but died in 1908. The Oppidan first wall was A. F. H. Ferguson, now lieutenant-colonel commanding the 2nd Life Guards, who in the South African war was adjutant to the Composite Regiment of the Household Cavalry; and playing opposite him in the College team was another wall whose career has taken him to Africa for other ends—M. B. Furse, Archdeacon of Johannesburg in 1903 and now Bishop of Pretoria. A third name belongs to African history in another part of the continent. George Marshall, 'second second' in the College team of 1885 and Keeper of the Wall in 1886, was one of the garrison of Kumasi when it was besieged by rebels in April and

May 1900. While the main body of the British Army was engaged in fighting over the whole area of South Africa, and while messages, short and doubtful, were reaching London as to the fate of Admiral Seymour and the Legations in Peking, a little British force was cutting its way south from Kumasi to Accra. The Governor, Sir Frederick Hodgson, was being escorted from the beleaguered town, and before the escort had gone far it was necessary to carry a stockade. George Marshall, leading his men, was hit by a poisoned arrow, and a day or two later died of his wound.

Service in Africa, as it happened, claimed no fewer than seven out of the two teams of 1886. The opposing 'second' to George Marshall was N. Malcolm, who saw almost continuous service in India, Central and South Africa, from 1897 to 1904. In 1897, as a captain in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, he served on the Indian North-West Frontier, and left India to gain the Distinguished Service Order in Uganda: in South Africa he was severely wounded at Paardeberg, and three years later took part in the Somaliland campaign. Four other members of the Oppidan eleven served in the South African war. Goals within five years of leaving school saw fighting in the Chin country in Upper Burma, went through the Boer war with the 19th Hussars, and is now Colonel Sir Philip Chetwode, D.S.O. The other three, by a coincidence, were the three walls: C. N. Watney, who was a captain in the Volunteer Service Company of the Royal West Kent

Regiment ; Lord Charles Cavendish Bentinck, major 9th Lancers, Special Service, who was wounded at Mafeking ; and T. W. Brand, now Lord Hampden, major 10th Hussars. The three College walls in this match were Leonard Cotterill, who served with the West Kent Imperial Yeomanry ; M. B. Furse ; and Arthur Clutton-Brock, now of *The Times* newspaper, and author among other writings of a brilliant piece of literary criticism, ' Shelley : the Man and the Poet. '

On the Oppidan side the next year was one of the few Etonians who served in the Boer war with colonial troops other than those raised in South Africa. This was A. Bailey, who was a lieutenant in the Queensland contingent ; he left England for Australia soon after going down from Cambridge. He played flying man ; and others in the eleven whom he may have met again in Africa were the second wall, F. E. Hervey Bathurst, who went through the Soudan campaign before serving through the Boer war as a captain in the Grenadier Guards ; P. W. Chetwode ; and H. A. Tagart, who played ' fourth, ' and is now lieutenant-colonel commanding the 15th Hussars ; in South Africa he was brigade major, 4th Cavalry Brigade, gained the D.S.O., and was invalided home after enteric fever. Fate was less generous to College. The name of R. A. S. Benson, one of the College ' seconds, ' belongs to the recorded story of the wall, for his was the historic ' hold ' which defied the whole Oppidan bully in the match

of 1887. But he knew that fame for only a few years; he went to South Africa as a captain in the Coldstream Guards, and he died of fever at Wynberg before even getting up to the front. He would have done something more, surely, had he lived, for he had tenacity and humour and a queer original way of looking at things which would have taken him far. Those who knew him may perhaps recognise a little of him in one of the characters in 'Seven Summers,' in which the name Witstock seems to suggest the two main points of his character. It is not a portrait, of course, but I remember the author telling me that he was thinking mainly of Benson when he wrote of Witstock, the Vice and the B.B. Club.

The ties between the Wall game and the army seem to have been peculiarly strong in the late 'eighties; no doubt the South African war, coming when it did, added many volunteers. In the Oppidan teams of 1888 and 1889 were M. H. Tristram, captain, 12th Lancers (afterwards adjutant 7th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry), who was wounded at Modder River; H. B. Christian, Imperial Light Horse; W. V. Dowling, of the Australian Bushmen's Corps, who, like Bailey of the year before, fought with a colonial contingent; E. H. C. Bald, captain 15th Hussars, adjutant Pietersburg Light Horse; T. G. Matheson, captain and adjutant Coldstream Guards; and W. A. L. Fletcher, lieutenant Lancashire Imperial Yeomanry, who gained the D.S.O. for his defence

of a small farm which he successfully held against a large force of the enemy. It was a characteristic piece of fighting, and I think it was his Oxford tutor who commented shortly on it : ' I would trust Fletcher with a Division.'

On the Collegers' side, in these two years, the names in the record of the war are not so frequent. In 1889 C. G. St. Maur Ingham played goals, and ten years later served with his battery in South Africa. In 1888 S. C. Peel played ' fourth,' and as the result of his experiences in 1900 with the Oxfordshire Yeomanry produced what I have always thought was the best book of the war, ' Trooper 8008, I.Y.' Other names belong to other fields and other books. One of the College ' seconds ' in 1889 was C. C. Bigham, who after four years in the Grenadier Guards went as special correspondent for *The Times* with the Ottoman Army in the Graeco-Turkish war in 1897, and in 1900 served as A.D.C. and Intelligence Officer to Admiral Seymour in the first Peking expedition. He had written ' A Ride through Western Asia ' before sharing the fortunes of the Turkish Army ; the campaign of 1897 gave him the material for ' With the Turkish Army in Thessaly,' and the Peking expedition produced ' A Year in China.' A fourth name is that of R. Carr-Bosanquet, who in 1889 was second wall. Of Bosanquet I have written elsewhere ; here he shall be connected solely with the Wall. There is a chapter which he contributed to ' Seven

Summers' which describes as well as may be the climbing of the wall at the place where the ladder should have been, but was not; however, this is climbing and not football. But the Wall game itself suggested to him some stanzas which have proved sufficiently a *locus classicus* to be quoted twenty-five years later in *The Times*. They were published in the form of the *Chronicle's* leading article, which was an interview with the Eton prophet, of November 30, 1888.

Beneath the centre of the wall  
The teams are met to play;  
Proud men are both the Keepers  
Upon St. Andrew's Day.'

Thus the lay in its opening stanzas, and thus of an Oppidan wall, the main feature of whose face was set prominently in the centre :

We all know well the long stern swell  
Who wears the Roman nose.

That, it is true, has probably not been quoted since. But other lines have been, and none more surely recall to me the moment before the match when we watched for the appearance of old Powell, and the pause which followed his production of the ball for the match :

And thither comes the Patriarch, |  
The Guardian of the Wall;  
To this his forty-second fight,  
In immemorial velvet dight,  
He bears the bag of spotless white,  
He bears the burnished ball.

And now the bland photographer's  
Ungrateful task is o'er,  
And loudly crow the veterans  
Who roost above the door ;  
And face to face the bullies  
Leap with a mighty roar.

There is just the right ring in the doggerel, and I do not believe I have ever thought about the match on St. Andrew's Day without remembering those lines. But they are not the first which have been written of the match ; and their priority in my mind is only due to the accident that I did not read the others until after I had left school. The author of the School Song, on November 30, 1881, published in the *Chronicle* his ' St. Andrew's Day,' which was later set to music by Barnby and was included in ' Eton Songs ' in 1891. To-day, no doubt, the song is familiar to all :

Of glory won 'neath summer sun  
Let other poets sing ;  
There's many a tune for the Fourth of June,  
The birthday of the King ;  
But though November's turf be wet,  
November's sky be grey,  
There's something worth recording yet  
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

One of the things worth recording is the presence of old Powell :

See where the match he stands to watch,  
Who many a fight has seen,  
Cheerful and fat, with high-crowned hat,  
And suit of velveteen ;  
He blew the ball, he knows them all,  
The Homer of the fray,  
He sings the heroes of ' the Wall '   
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

The curious thing is that though that song was published in the *Chronicle* in 1881, I do not believe it was generally known to have been written at all. I am pretty sure Bosanquet had not read it, or had forgotten it, and I do not myself remember seeing it until I bought 'Eton Songs' many years later. Certainly it was not one of the school songs set to music in my time; which was a loss, for we needed a good song of football. But was Barnby at his best in the tune he gave to the words? It is hard to judge if you have not sung the song as a boy. Perhaps those who have heard it more often hear more in it than I can.

Not all that is worth reading of the Wall game has been written in verse. There is a good deal of vigorous English to be found scattered through the correspondence columns of the *Chronicle*, particularly one or two letters over the greatest of names of the Wall, J. K. Stephen. Here, dated November 17, 1887, is a protest against what he conceived to be a misconstruction of the rules. To players trained in a milder school it may be illuminating:—

'When I used to play at the Wall, and indeed until a very few years ago, the rule was that you might use your elbow to inflict pain on your adversary. But the use of the forearm, and still more the use of the hand as a weapon of offence, was entirely illegal. But during the last few years I have been surprised at receiving vigorous shoves with the forearm, and severe blows



with a partially clenched fist, and at being told that this was quite in accordance with the rules. Only the other day I observed a member of an eleven against which I was playing steadily endeavouring to efface the principal features of one of the masters with his knuckles. I remonstrated, but remonstrance was in vain ; I leant forward over the head of the victim, and applied my right elbow—we were kicking to good calx—to the windpipe of my opponent, in a way which I knew to be effective, and believed to be legitimate. At once I was accused of breaking the rules.'

To this three players then at the school—the two Keepers of the Wall and another—made reply, among other comments, assuring the maker of the protest that 'if J. K. Stephen ventures again to play at the wall, and if we happen to be playing against him, we will answer for ourselves and any others over whom we have any influence that we will be very gentle with him and not deal any severe blows with partially or entirely clenched fists.' One of the signatories to this assurance being the present Bishop of Pretoria, it must be owned that it was conceived in a highly proper spirit. In the following number of the *Chronicle* J. K. S. delivered his soul thus :

'SIR,—As I am going to play at the Wall on the 10th of December, I receive with satisfaction the assurance that I shall not be hit in the eye by any one of the School Walls. Personally, however, I have no fears

on the matter. Long experience of the Wall game has enabled me to make pretty sure of two things : first, always to avoid receiving the injuries intended for me by my opponents ; secondly, to cause discomfort to a large proportion of those who endeavour to inflict discomfort on me. I have not been hurt, or even seriously inconvenienced in a Wall game for upwards of ten years ; and I rely for personal immunity on the roth quite as much on my own ingenuity as on the generous pledges of your correspondents.

‘ I leave to your readers the question whether the rule which permits pushing with the hand and forearm is a good one. I think it vile. The fact that the best Walls in the school are ready to undertake that they will not avail themselves of their legal right to its full extent, supports my view.

‘ I am, yours faithfully,

‘ J. K. STEPHEN.’

After reading that letter, one turns hopefully to the pages of the next number of the *Chronicle* to find out the result of the match of December 10. Alas ! the *Chronicle* is silent. The words of the old football books alone fit the gap—*hiatus valde deflendus*.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE E.C.R.V.

BEYOND the end of Common Lane, a little apart from the road running to the railway arches, lies a stretch of rough grass field which must be associated in the minds of many with a very momentous occasion. It was here that the squad of recruits, who had finished their preliminary course of drill in the New Schools Yard, stood to fire their first round of blank cartridge. We stood there, as I remember one of those occasions, about a dozen of us, on a morning in May, some, no doubt, already skilled in arms, others, like myself, holding for the first time a weapon with a live cartridge in it. More than a month before, Sergeant Rushworth had told us what we were to come to ; every day for a week past Sergeant Burton had impressed upon us the rigid necessity of a volley being fired as a volley and not as an indication of separate personal existence ; and in his portly presence our twelve Martinis, fired without cartridges, clicked as one. Now, standing apart, he took us with due caution to the solemn moment. Objects were selected on which the sights

were carefully aligned ; there was a proper interval after the word ' Present ! ' and upon a sudden with a great sound the world became a different place.

We joined the Volunteer Corps for different reasons. Some, no doubt, became soldiers following a long set purpose ; some, perhaps, on a sudden impulse, urged by the spell of those Monday morning parades in the summer half, when the corps was drilled as a battalion in the playing fields, and marched past to the strains of ' I'm Ninety-five.' Did the march past gain most of the recruits ? The drums were the thing, and the steady tramp of the companies on the solid turf of the cricket field. That always fascinated me ; ' I'm Ninety-five ' always came to an end with a crash on the drums, and after the crash and the silence the beat of the marching battalion sounded out separate and loud. But for a few of us, at all events, the beckoning spell which was strongest was not the marching or the drums, but the rifle. The rifle range was the place to get to ; we had no hope then of so high a company as the Shooting Eight, but we knew that practice with a rifle on the range was an occupation within reach, and the rifle range became the magnet from the first. And the rifle range for me has counted some of the happiest hours of all, from the moment when Sergeant Burton first bade us each in turn look along the sights into his very critical eye, to those later days when there were tents on the range, and we met in person by the Chalvey Brook the names we knew so well in the files

of the *Chronicle*—the Victorias, the Inns of Court ; to that day when we left the butts by Chalvey for the long lines of targets on Wimbledon Common.

The shooting was for the summer half, the field-days for the winter. Field-days, or marches out as we called them, were the best way of all of spending a whole holiday in winter. There was the full day out of doors, and there was the journey away from school by rail, which means much to a schoolboy ; there were the packing of haversacks for lunch and the serving out of packets of ammunition. The railway showed us new scenery and new places, the bracken bronzed along the line to Virginia Water, the pines and the heather of Chobham Common. I have been many times to Chobham Common since, and tried to get back to the things we heard and saw on those first days there, but I never do get back ; it is a way one loses. Perhaps in the heat and dust and thirst of another field-day one might find it, but I do not know ; there ought to be somewhere the steam from wet pines, and the smell of shandy-gaff, and the stinging reek of black powder. Or is it the haversack that is missing, and the unwise mixtures it carried ? A pigeon pie, with the bird's pink feet stuck for distinction in the crust, I took once ; chicken sausages more than once ; butter once only, for the dye mingled in it from the red covering of the sausage. A broken cartridge could find its way into a haversack and mingle powder with all else. We do not regain such plates as these.

Other accompaniments of a field-day were the songs we sang on the march home. Some of these were from our own book of Camp Choruses, some of them ancient catches, such as 'Uncle Ned' and 'The Gallant Duke of York':

O! the gallant Duke of York!  
 He had ten thousand men,  
 And he marched them up to the top of a hill,  
 And he marched them down again—  
 A-AND when they were up they were up-up-up,  
 And when they were down they were down,  
 And when they were only half-way up,  
 They were neither up nor down.

The gallant Duke of York had ten thousand men; the Emperor of China had a hundred thousand. He was one of the most popular of all of whom we sang, and there was a single time-honoured way in which his men were added to him and taken away again. The tune was 'John Brown,' and each successive line of singing lopped off a word, until we sang merely the word 'The,' filling in the blank space with the rhythm of marching, until the chorus broke out again in the fourth line:

As we go marching along.  
 Glory, glory hallelujah! (*three times*) . . .

The Emperor of China had a hundred thousand . . .

Besides the Emperor there were 'One more river to Jordan,' and 'Green grow the Rushes,' and 'Flairshon swore a Feud'; but I think that a song which was sung as often as any was a variant of a music-hall song popular at the time, of which the chorus began with

the observation that ' They're all very fine and large.' Our version, I think, was written by R. A. S. Paget, and one of the bodies whose fineness and largeness we applauded was, of course, the Eton Volunteer Corps ; the last verse celebrated the stature and vigour of the Headmaster.

And there never was a better Head  
Than the Reverend Edmond Warre !

FOR—He's all very fine and large . . . .

' ! So we sang on the march, without the *litotes* usual in boys' praises.

Marches out possessed a special value for those who knew best how manhood should be employed. In the solitude of a railway carriage there is security from observation by the eye of authority, and in railway carriages haversacks were found to contain other sustenance besides materials for lunch. One private soldier I remember remarking as we marched back from Windsor station that he had smoked that day, besides cigarettes, three cigars. This, it must be owned, would have been an achievement for a general officer, considering the time at the smoker's disposal. But he marched steadily on. There was an idea that no attempt would be made to examine too closely the atmosphere of railway carriages on a field-day ; with what foundation I do not know. Those who smoked cigarettes and three cigars, at all events, seemed to escape.

But not all of us found the best that the corps could give in the marches out. The really memorable day was when we stood for the first time with a loaded rifle before the iron targets of the butts. How solid were those targets ! how white the sun dried the wash on them ! how broad and black was the bull's-eye, and with what a noble shock the heavy lead Martini bullet flattened itself against the iron ! There was a splendid simplicity in standing upright to deal out lead as we dealt it point blank then. Recruits began by firing seven rounds standing at one hundred yards, and I think still of the grey splash, plain for all to see, that suddenly set itself in the twelve-inch bull as the heavy rifle kicked at the shoulder. There we stood, with Sergeant Burton at our side, showing by no sign in his face that he understood the magnitude of the event that had taken place under his very eyes ; and yet there on the score-sheet stood the figure 4, as square and solid as the iron target one hundred yards away.

Later than class-firing came squad instruction in the Playing Fields and practice on the range. Squad instruction took place between breakfast and chapel ; there might be ten or eleven of us, some in the Shooting Eight and some hoping to be, and we gathered on May and June mornings by the wall of the Vice-Provost's garden, where we practised with Morris tubes and with a rifle propped on a sandbag ; or we stood in the shade of the elms on the edge of



College Field and drilled to strengthen the muscles of our arms, Sergeant Burton urging us to acquire greater and greater strength. He was an admirable coach, imperturbable and untiring, and himself a first-rate shot. He stood before us with his chin resting on his hands crossed over the muzzle of his Martini, and we levelled our sights at his grey eye ; he tilted the rifle on its tripod and sandbag, and we aimed it at a target placed for us by the old oak at the end of the Playing Fields ; by aiming thus, he assured us, our sight became longer and longer. When we had aimed and added to the length of our sight, he drilled us on principles which involved great physical effort. We stood in single rank in front of him, and raised and lowered our rifles as he did. We came to the ready, we threw the rifle out to the full extent of the arm, we brought it home to the shoulder. One ; two ; three ; it was no more than that, and required from Sergeant Burton no effort. One ; two ; three ; he continued tranquilly, bidding us observe that only with strengthened muscles could we shoot straight. Ten, twenty, unnumbered times we raised our rifles aching ; we gave in one by one, and still he commented on the need for greater strength.

Those who played cricket at Eton have their memories of the Playing Fields, and the chestnut trees that used to stand between Upper and Middle Club, and tea by Sixth Form bench ; the Eight have

Henley and the river ; and we who shot look back on walks down to the butts in the steady midsummer sunshine, and long 'after twelves' spent at the firing-points, learning the ways of clouds and shadows, lighted and unlighted targets, and the wind as the red flag showed it us, blowing out straight across the range or flapping idly against the mast. The old Martini-Henry, with its large, comfortable falling block, its black powder and heavy ball, had a high trajectory, and needed much more allowance at the long ranges than the Lee-Metford and Lee-Enfield which came after it, and we made our calculations, guessing at the strength of the wind from the flag, and working out the allowances with our verniers, our camphor-black, and our sharpened pencils for the line on the leaf of the backsight.

Matches followed the 'after twelves' spent in practice ; could there be better matches than those of the Shooting Eight ? The Boats had the river and Henley ; the Eleven went to Lord's and to Winchester, but we, too, went to Winchester to shoot ; we went to Wellington, which meant a long drive through Windsor Park, where I first saw bluebells in sheets under the oaks ; we went to Sandhurst, where we met as men those whom we had known as boys, and found with a little surprise that they were no more their own masters than we were ; and we went to Cooper's Hill, where I remember an officer or tutor in charge of our opponents' team who addressed

them in a more remarkable vocabulary than any we had heard before. But Cooper's Hill, too, I remember for another reason, for the parent of one of our eight had a house on the river near, and later in the afternoon, when we had won our match, we searched with rook-rifles for rooks. Ross was the name of our host—the same Ross who in after years gave his name to the rifle adopted by the War Department of Canada. Another name in the team which shot against Cooper's Hill is Lance-Corporal Tullibardine, which will be recognised not only as that of a soldier of distinction, but as one who a few years ago earned the gratitude of rifle-shots in the three kingdoms by his practical demonstration of the fact that the Forest of Atholl withheld for deerstalking not a single acre which could be put to a better use.

But the out matches were not all. We had matches at home, against the Victorias, the Inns of Court, the King's Royal Rifles, and the Grenadier Guards; and these matches meant the best part of a day on the range, with luncheon in a tent behind the firing-point at 500 yards. A tent luncheon instead of a plain school dinner meant much in a summer half. There were the others, one might reflect, in their houses and in Hall, with their unvaried mutton and beef; here were we and our rifles in the open, with lamb, claret, salad, lemonade, and a match to finish. Those others in Hall should judge the difference.

Sergeant Burton was with us every day on the range,

and most of us learnt the beginnings of rifle-shooting from him. But we learnt much, too, from the adjutant, Major P. T. Godsall. He was himself one of the finest of shots, and year after year a member of the England team ; indeed, when I think of him it is mainly with Wimbledon as a background, and the mill in particular, where every year he had his quarters. He had invented a new pattern of rifle in which he was deeply interested ; at Eton he was said to carry it about with him everywhere, and it was known as The Baby. The Baby, we hoped, was to make the adjutant's fortune ; but though it was nursed by some of the text-books, I think it never came into an official cradle of its own.

If the school matches were much, Wimbledon itself was far more. At Wimbledon we were no longer schoolboys ; we went where we pleased, as others went. We took the train in the morning from Windsor to Putney, and we were free for the day. We drove up from Putney station to the common in ancient cabs, with grizzled sergeants and corporals, at sixpence a head, and they joked with us as equals : I remember one of them pointing out the different uniforms, and explaining the nickname Cherubim to us, with appropriate comments. We drove up into the rattle of the camp, and were taken to be squadded at pool ; we were introduced to the blow-pits, and more than one of us found it easy to forget to pull off the foresight protector before firing our preliminary cartridge into the sand. We waited in the midday silence and

at gun-fire heard the rattle break out again in the birches and the fern. We strolled among the lines of tents, and looked at the verniers and the field-glasses sold by Steward of the Strand ; we watched the shooting at the running stag, which Lord Deerhurst, who had left school only a year or two before, was said to have bowled clean off its stand with an elephant rifle. We were shown or we met the great names and the great men : Captain Gibbs with his match-rifle, Sir Henry Halford, the huge and bearded Major McKerrell ; Colonel Eaton, now Lord Cheylesmore, who used to stop and speak to any boy wearing the Eton uniform, and who was our host at luncheon ; Lord Waldegrave, sponsor of one competition, and winner of many. But the best of the day was, of course, the actual shooting, and particularly the chances we took at pool. The Wimbledon ranges were not in every way easy to beginners, partly because of the confusing number of targets in a row, and partly because the system of marking was new to us. On our range at school, with our iron targets, the splash of the bullet could be looked for by a friend seated at one's side with a telescope, and as the marker's disk was shown white against the black of the scoring target, or the white bull was suddenly obscured with black, we were told exactly where the shot struck. At Wimbledon we came to different targets and a different system of marking, with outers and bulls marked by squares in quarters of the scoring target (' I like to see the top

half come up white,' Sergeant Burton would tell us) and with a spotting disk to be carefully looked for on the next target shown. The thing to beware of was getting on to the wrong disk or target, and beginners with that mistake spoiled many scores. But if we were lucky enough to get a bull or two, and especially if we could score at the three-inch bull's-eye at 200 yards, we stood indeed on our own feet. We were doing what no wet-bob or dry-bob could do ; we were enjoying ourselves at our own game, on equal ground with every man in camp, and were actually making money by it.

The 'eighties were successful years for Eton at Wimbledon, for the school twice won the Ashburton Shield ; twice they were third, and twice, too, the representative of the school only lost the Spencer Cup by a single point. The eight won the shield in 1880, with a score of 429 ; but the doings of the corps at Wimbledon attracted less attention in the two following years, in which the *Chronicle*, oddly enough, is silent as to the results of the shooting, except to condole with the team on its misfortunes. In 1883 Eton was fourth with 382, Charterhouse, the winners, scoring no more than 405 ; and in 1884 the school was eleventh with 316, one member of the eight being so unhappy as to fail to score at all at 500 yards. In the following year Clifton won with 430, and Eton was third with 419 ; in 1886 the eight were sixth, with 368 ; and in 1887 they won, with what was then a good score, 430. In

the Spencer Cup competition R. K. Micklethwait's score of 29 was second, so that it nearly happened that both cup and shield came to Eton in the same year. It nearly happened again in 1888, when we lost both the shield and the cup by a single point ; G. M. Style made 31 for the cup, and the score of the eight was 432. The last year of the ten was not so fortunate. We dropped from second to ninth place, though the eight, I think, was a better team than the eight of the year before ; at all events, we had made some good scores in matches. But that day our fortunes were unhappy throughout. I have thought of it often since, and never without a haunting sense of the ill-luck of it. I was one of the first pair to go down for Eton at 500 yards in the afternoon, and my companion and I went out as soon as possible after lunch to try to get our preliminary shots at pool. These preliminary shots were everything when it came to actual match shooting at 500 yards, for with them one was able to get to know the details of elevation, wind, and so on, which make just the difference between confidence and guessing. We went everywhere, to every range we could find ; nowhere could we get a shot. We had to go down at last, knowing nothing of the weather conditions of the afternoon, and we did badly. Our poor shooting must have discouraged those who followed, and I have often thought that on the chances of those pool shots the winning or losing of the shield that year depended. No better was the luck with the

Spencer Cup. By some mistake I got separated from the rest of the team, who thought the shooting was going on at another range. And so I became separated from the glasses I was to use, for I had none of my own, and one of the eight was to lend me his. There was nothing to do but to start shooting without glasses, and that meant, as it turned out, that the end came with the first shot. My first shot was a bull ; but where ? I looked in vain for the glasses, and had to fire the next shot without knowing where my first shot had been. The next was signalled an outer, and our chance was gone ; then at last I spied one of the team with glasses in the crowd, borrowed his glasses, and learnt from him that the bull had been three inches in at six o'clock ; the outer was exactly below it. Those who remember the shooting of the old Martini will understand. Owing to the fouling, it generally dropped its second shot nine inches or a foot, and if I had known where my first shot was in the bull, I should have put up the sight for the second. After that there was no more to be done ; we were fifth with 29.

I have lost many things that I had at Eton and wish I had now—the torch I carried at the Jubilee, my old caps, many of my books. But if I could choose to have back one only out of all, I should choose my old rifle ; the rifle which indeed never was mine, but which stood in the rack for me and for no one else for two years, until I set it in the familiar place and went out of the armoury for the last time. Should I know



that rifle if I picked it up now? I believe I should. I think I should know its weight and the balance of it in my hand, the feel of the butt against my shoulder, and the exact pressure, to the fraction of an ounce, of its pull. And yet I cannot be sure, or I do not deserve to be ; for I cannot remember its number, and at one time I should have thought I could never have forgotten it.

## CHAPTER X

### THE JUBILEE

THERE cannot have been many ceremonials in any part of England which were more anxiously planned or more thoroughly rehearsed than the celebration at Eton of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887. Looking back on that summer half, with its drills and practices and parades in Sixpenny and Middle Club, its choruses in School Yard, and the final torchlight procession and the manœuvres in the Castle Yard, I can see that it was by far the greatest of the occasions on which we, as a school, took part in the life around us. Once before, in 1882, following the attempt on the Queen's life by the lunatic Maclean, the whole school marched up to Windsor to present an address of congratulation on the escape, and on that occasion two Eton boys, Gordon Chesney Wilson and Murray Robertson, were presented to Her Majesty. But this was almost an informal proceeding. The Jubilee procession and manœuvres were something much more. The Head Master intended that the school should do what it set its hand to do in the best possible way,

and he cannot have been disappointed with the result.

The general idea of the day was that the Queen would drive from Slough to Windsor on the evening of June 22, that she would receive addresses at the gate of College, and would then go on up to the castle, where there was a statue to be unveiled ; then, later in the evening, the school was to march up to the Castle Yard, perform certain evolutions with torches and lanterns, and sing a number of choruses. The last was, of course, the best part of the day's work, but an immense amount of pains and time had been spent over the scheme and the details of the decoration of the school buildings, arranged for the reception of the Queen. Three at least of the main decorations set themselves with the most vivid memories of the day. One of them, of course, was the present Head Master's. It was almost the last which the Queen would see as she drove away, but it was the first which a boy would see coming back to College over Barnes Pool Bridge, and its humour fitted its place. The house which then belonged to Mr. Lyttelton stood at the corner of the road facing Barnes Pool, and across its white wall was stretched in Eton blue and silver a legend of heroic proportions—' 50 NOT OUT.' That being the kind of score which was frequently associated with Mr. Lyttelton himself, it was plainly in the right position on his walls ; it summed up the side of the school which the Queen would not

see in addresses and hoods and gowns. The next decoration to it struck the contrast. It was that of the house belonging to the present Lower master. He had been deputed, or had undertaken, to select mottoes for all positions where mottoes might be written and read, and on his own walls, which he had draped with a comprehensive hand, he had set out his best motto of all, from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene':—

That Emperesse,  
The world's sole glory and her sexe's grace.

Opposite Spenser was Horace, on the other side of the street :

Supra Garamantas et Indos  
Proferet imperium.

Thus should a school where Fifth Form knew the Odes by heart salute the Empress of India ; but the last the Queen, driving by, heard of the mottoes was ' 50 not out.'

The mottoes, the flags, the light blue and gold, the silver (which was sheet tin) and the drapery, the seventy shields with their heraldic devices painted under the direction of Sam Evans—these were much. But much more was the Gothic arch. The Gothic arch stood on the Slough road. It joined the Head Master's house to the tower of the New Schools. It was, of course, merely a temporary decoration, but that is not at all what it appeared to be to the casual visitor to Eton unfamiliar with the usual

aspect of the school buildings. The traveller from Slough came to Eton by a gateway coeval with the plan of the founder. The road passed under an arch of weather-worn brick and lichened stone. The arms of the founder stood above the keystone, lilies and lions supported by gorged antelopes. Over the outside buttresses were two niches, containing the statues of Henry VI and his queen, Margaret of Anjou : over the inside buttresses were two more niches, with the figures of the two patron saints, St. Mary the Virgin and St. Nicholas, and the admiring visitor could not but notice with regret that the stone of the Virgin's face, as so often happens with ancient carved figures, had mouldered away. Iron brackets sprang from the walls on each side of the arch, and late on that triumphant night of the Queen's entry flared high into the dark. Earlier in the day, when the royal carriage actually passed through the gateway, the Queen's entrance into the College precincts was hailed with a fanfare. Four trumpeters, dressed as a queen's trumpeters should be dressed, stood above the battlements and blew each a blast. They represented the four kingdoms ; a Hills stood there for England, a Malcolm for Scotland, a Dillon for Ireland, and a Llewelyn for Wales.

It is true that the trumpeters blew silently upon imitation instruments, and that the blast which sounded from the battlements came from a professional bugler concealed behind them. It is true, too, that the arch,

though strong enough to support these five stalwarts, was built of scaffolding, of lathes, of paper, card, and paint. But it was not built merely to carry an effect far off. You could walk up to it and under it and could stare closely at it, and still think it a mediæval archway of solid stone and brick. It deceived the amateur and the skilled architect. The *Chronicle* of the day, in a special illustrated number worthy of the occasion—the only illustrated number, and one of the best written, that I remember—told us that the Archbishop of Canterbury, who knew what sound building should be, passing by when the arch was nearly finished, supposed it to be part of a work undertaken by the Governing Body ; and that Mr. Blomfield, R.A., visiting the school, expressed his astonishment that on previous occasions he had not noticed so interesting a relic of mediæval architecture. But perhaps the most touching testimony was that of an old Etonian, who was discovered expatiating to his friends upon the beauty of the buildings of his old school, and recalling among other tender memories the days when he used to carry his bat and pads back from Sixpenny under that very arch, and watched the setting sun gild its battlements. Thus the historian of the *Chronicle*. The designer of the best building constructed for the Jubilee was Mr. A. Y. Nutt, architect to the Dean and Chapter of Windsor, and it was surely the fame of his Eton arch which led to his being appointed to design the Westminster

THE JUBILEE ARCH, 1887



THE JUBILEE ARCH, 1887

Heralds : R. E. Dillon (Ireland) ; I. Z. Malcolm (Scotland) ; W. D. Llewelyn (Wales) ; E. G. Hills (England).

1950



Abbey annexes for the coronations of King Edward and King George.

The building of the arch occupied exactly three weeks; it was finished the day before the Queen drove through to Windsor. It was never meant, of course, to be anything more than a temporary affair, but there seemed at one time just a chance that its place might have been taken by a permanent structure in commemoration of the year and the day. The *Chronicle* gave publicity to a wish which was expressed on all sides, but the *Chronicle* no more than anyone else in Eton could see into the future. It foresaw no real difficulty; the arch would make no serious difference to the road. 'We cannot attach much weight,' wrote the *Chronicle*, 'to the slight impediment to traffic caused by its presence. No inconvenience worth mentioning has arisen during the exceptionally busy time which has passed since its commencement. Utility does not, after all, exclude every other consideration. A momentary pause on entering a place of unique interest is surely no real loss of time, and one of the noblest pages in English history might well arrest the attention of the future passer-by, even if his journey were thereby lengthened to the extent of two or three seconds.' But that was in 1887. Twenty years later the road from Slough to Windsor was being patrolled by an earth-shaking service of motor omnibuses, and omnibuses cannot pass each other under a Gothic arch.

The addresses which the Provost presented on behalf of the College, and the Captain of the School and Captain of the Oppidans on behalf of the school, may have had their parallels and counterparts before and since, but there was one address which took a place by itself. This was the speech, or rather conversation, in which the Vice-Provost, Mr. Wilder, gave the Queen his recollections of the Jubilee of George III in 1810. Mr. Wilder was born in 1801, and came as a boy to Eton in 1808. In 1810 there were festivities at Frogmore, and the school celebrated the Jubilee by joining in them. Another recollection which the aged Vice-Provost must have carried from 1810 was Keate's wholesale flogging of eighty or a hundred boys who had shirked a special absence. When he had flogged twenty, some of the rest began throwing rotten eggs at him ; but he knew how to deal with schoolboys, and for his quelling of the mutiny he was congratulated in person by King George III.

The welcome given to the Queen at Eton was carried on by the school to Windsor. As soon as the rearguard of the escort following the suite had passed, the body of the school fell in behind it, and behind them came the volunteers, all marching in fours ; so we went up the High Street to Windsor Bridge. When the Queen's carriage came over the bridge the bells rang from the Curfew Tower, and the Royal Standard blew out from the flagstaff of the Round Tower ; then, when the rearguard passed the Hundred Steps, the school

and the volunteers turned out of the street up the steps and into the Castle Yard, where the school ranged themselves on the slope of the Round Tower and the volunteers became again a guard of honour.

That was the afternoon. But the evening was much more ; indeed, what remains in my memory of that day is almost the evening only. In the evening were the torchlight procession and the manœuvres and songs in the Castle Yard. The rehearsals and practices for these had occupied us all many hours for many days, and must have meant besides the most anxious planning by their author. They were complicated movements, and in dealing with so large a number of boys, it was necessary from the first that the separate words of command and their sequence should be as simple as possible. The amount of drill and practice which was needed can be understood best, perhaps, from the summary of the movements drawn up for the official programme. Here it is :

‘ 1. FIRST MOVEMENT.—The letters V.R. formed by the volunteers and framed with torches and lanterns. “ God Save the Queen ” will be sung by the boys, accompanied by the bands. The boys will then give three cheers.

2. No. 1 figure will be broken up while the boys sing the “ Eton Boating Song,” and will be succeeded by

3. THE ROSE.—After the formation of which will

be sung a new Jubilee song, the words by A. C. Ainger, Esq., and the music by J. Barnby, Esq., written and composed expressly for the occasion, "Victoria our Queen."

4. No. 3 figure will be broken up, the boys singing their favourite song, "Carmen Etonense," after which will be formed

5. THE UNION JACK.—After the formation of which, the boys will sing "Rule Britannia."

6. While the bands play, this figure will be broken up, all the boys retiring towards the western end of the quadrangle, where

7. Column will be formed, and advance in quick time, and then at the double, making a charge towards the eastern end of the quadrangle. Bands playing and drums beating.

8. The halt will be sounded, and the bands, will first play, and then all will sing in unison—

POST LUSTRA DECEM  
SALVE REGINA  
MATER VERA PATRIAE  
REGINA SALVE  
VICTORIA

The boys will then give three times three cheers, the band and drums playing "God Save the Queen."

9. The procession will then retire, the companies of boys on the slope of the Round Tower showing the words

GOOD-NIGHT

written in Chinese lanterns. The boys will then,

headed by the bands playing "Auld Lang Syne," retire by William IV gateway. The whole of the songs will be accompanied by the bands.'

That was the programme. I do not remember when the practice with the drills began, but it certainly was gone through with the greatest industry. It did not lose in interest from the fact that it took place during school hours. Nor can I remember the movements which changed the line or column of the volunteers into V.R., or the Union Jack, or—most complicated of all, I think—the Rose. Being at the time a humble private in the ranks, I suppose that probably in company with most of the other privates, I did not realise how much thought the movements must have required, and just accepted them as coming naturally from so great a person as the Head. I think I was part of the V. But the main recollection of those drills is the unusual and welcome freedom of moving about Sixpenny and the Playing Fields instead of sitting through five o'clock school, which was probably mathematics. A point of detail which remains with me is the unusual nature of the words of command issued by some of the masters who were not in the volunteers, but were in charge of companies carrying torchlights and Chinese lanterns. There was nobody, of course, who did not do his best to make the parades a success, but on one or two of the masters military privileges sat a little awkwardly. The words of command of the volunteer

officers and the civilian masters alternated strangely to the ear of the private in the ranks, as the companies moved about the cricket grounds or in the more confined spaces of School Yard. Thus :

*Volunteer Captain* : ' Company ! Attention ! By the left, Quick march ! Mark time in front ! Forward ! '

*Civilian* : ' I think we'd better go on a little now. Stop, you there ahead ! Stop, I say ! Not so fast ! On ! '

The civilian companies of torch-bearers and lantern-bearers had their own uniform, flannel coats and caps, dark blue and white in alternate companies. I seem to remember that the dark blue coats were popular and that the white were not ; but in any case, what was thoroughly approved of was the permission, given after the manoeuvres, for the coats and caps to be worn at absence instead of the regulation tail coat or jacket and top-hat. As another privilege we were allowed to keep our torches. They were not torches of classic design, but were, in fact, tin reservoirs containing paraffin and a thick wick, mounted on deal poles. But they were mementoes of a great occasion, and were to be seen in many rooms from that day onwards, in honourable places and bound with ribbon. Mine was duly bound, and duly hung up ; I had it for years. I meant never to lose it, and now it is not to be found.

Much more distinctly than the parades in the playing fields I remember the practice of the choruses in School Yard. Barnby, of course, was in charge, and

surely he never had a more difficult business. We, the whole school, stood in companies in School Yard ; and we filled every corner of it. He, with his baton, stood on the chapel steps, and told us what to do. Probably we began with ' God Save the Queen,' and went on through the Carmen to the more difficult task of the new song, ' Victoria Our Queen,' and ' Rule Britannia.' Whatever the order may have been, we began each song over and over again. The first beginning of the first chorus—indeed, the first beginning of each chorus—was a most hopeless failure. It was a murmur, a gasp ; it died at birth. We were stopped short. It was explained to us that singing in the open air was a very different thing from singing in a building, and we were told to begin again. We began again ; we murmured a little louder, we gasped less. A third, a fourth, a fifth time we started, getting a little and a little further, adding a few more notes and a little more noise, but there was still no sound such as the conductor desired. What would be the end ? I remember wondering. Should we sing as ill as he told us we sang, when we stood in the Castle Yard ? Would he give up trying to get what he wanted ? He did not give up. He somehow got it. The vision remains with me of a short, bearded, gold-spectacled, broad little man mounted above us with a baton, gradually gaining a stronger and stronger grip on the mind and will and voice of the ranks in front of him, silencing us with a gesture, lifting us on again, drawing, compelling sound

out of us, using the sound as he wished, getting the accent when and where he pleased, and at last in full command of a great, swinging, full-throated chorus, which he swayed and swelled and quickened as he chose. It was the most impressive thing to see and feel, and I believe that at the end of the first rehearsal Barnby held a quite different position in the school from his position when we began. Barnby with the Musical Society we knew, and Barnby with the organ ; but this was Barnby doing what we had not seen done before, and what we did not think he could do. He was plainly a great man and would get what he decided to get.

Two of the songs we practised were composed by Barnby for the occasion ; we began at the rehearsals with only one, and the other was added later. Of the first, ' Victoria Our Queen,' the words were written by the author of the Carmen, and, like other productions of Ainger-Barnby collaboration, they were written and set to music at the shortest notice possible. On a Tuesday afternoon at half-past four, so we were told, no word was written and no note set down ; on the following morning, at half-past eight, words and music were on their way to the publishers. There were two stanzas and a refrain :

While the whole wide realm rejoices,  
Far and near, o'er land and sea,  
Eton brings her thousand voices,  
Brings her thousand hearts to thee :  
Grateful hearts thy love to own ;  
Loyal hearts to guard thy throne ;



Voices loud, to thank thee well ;  
Voices loud, thy praise to tell !  
Sing together, one and all,  
Shout together, great and small,  
Victoria ! Victoria ! Victoria our Queen !

Fifty years of high endeavour,  
For the right, against the wrong,  
Ever glorious, gracious ever,  
Bid us raise an Eton song :  
Raise a song, Etonians, raise !  
Raise a song of love and praise !  
Love that grows, through smiles and tears,  
Fifty-fold in fifty years.  
Sing together, one and all,  
Shout together, great and small.  
Victoria ! Victoria ! Victoria our Queen !

Of the genesis of the other chorus, or rather chant, there were myths and rumours. Perhaps there are other versions of the story, and mine may not be accurate, but it was certainly a version which was believed at the time. The Head Master, one night, while the afflatus of devising our Jubilee celebrations was upon him, dreamed a dream. He dreamt, as a head master should, of noble and rhythmic movements, of legions, of marchings and salutations ; he dreamt in stately Latin. He saw, in his dream, a great company. It was drawn up far away, and the men in its ranks carried torches ; it was a long line, and was assembled to do honour to a monarch. The line advanced, slowly at first, then faster, then at a charge. The charge came to a sudden halt ; with one motion the torches were lifted high, and as they were lifted there rolled from the ranks a chant. He woke, and the

chant remained with him. 'POST LUSTRA DECEM : SALVE REGINA : MATER VERA PATRIAE : REGINA SALVE : VICTORIA.' Those were the words : the tune was remembered also. The Head Master went to the precentor, related to him the dream, told him the words of the chant, and asked him to take down the tune. The Head Master then sang the chant, and the precentor took down the tune. Having taken it down, he played it through with the proper harmonies and asked if that was the tune which had been heard. It was not quite the tune, he was told ; so the chant was sung again, but this time the tune was not the same as the previous tune. The precentor therefore took down again what was sung, again harmonised it and again played it through. Once more it did not prove to be the tune which had been heard, and once more the chant was sung. This time it was only taken down. It was not harmonised or played through. The precentor took away his three tunes with him and communed with himself in his own house. Then, issuing from his house, he sang, played, and produced before the Head Master the chant set to a tune of his own composing. The Head Master gave full approval ; it was in very deed the chant of the dream. And so we sang it, believing that story, which may or may not be true, but which was told as a tale of great men going their own ways to the ends before them.

To the Castle Yard, then, we came at the end of

all the drills and rehearsals. With our torches and lanterns we marched up the High Street to the Castle ; we swung into the Castle Yard headed by the bands of the Royal Horse Guards and the Coldstream Guards playing ' Garry Owen ' and the ' British Grenadiers ' ; we sang the National Anthem, and after the National Anthem the Eton Boating Song, and the Jubilee Song, and the Carmen ; we went on to ' Rule Britannia,' our torches shaping the Union Jack ; we broke up the Union Jack and went back to form a line of companies in column ; then we came across the quadrangle in quick time, at the double, charging at the end, with the bands playing and the drums beating, close to the gallery where the Queen sat to see us. The torches shot up and the stately sentences sounded out through the quadrangle ; we followed that with three times three cheers, and at the end of it the Queen came down into the quadrangle to us, and we marched past her round the quadrangle and out by the gateway, with the bands playing ' Auld Lang Syne ' as we marched away.

That was the end, and those are the sights and sounds which remain ; the dark quadrangle, the smoking torches, the flickering lights on the walls ; the swinging choruses and the sonorous Latin ; the lanterns dotting the slope of the Round Tower as we turned to march away, and the reverberation and echo, as we swung through the gateway, of the fifes and drums.

## CHAPTER XI

### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

THE *Chronicle* must always come first among Eton magazines. It has assured itself of that undisputed place by the very limits which it has placed upon its work. It has not aspired to be 'literary,' though it has printed many pages of sound, straightforward English. It has simply fulfilled the meaning of its name; it has been the plain chronicle of the life of the school, in and out of school hours; it has set down the scores of cricket matches, accounts of football matches, the names of winners of school prizes, the work of the eight, the speeches of debating societies. Now and then, in the hands of a more than usually enterprising editor, it has published leading articles on topics more or less intimately connected with the activities and energies of schoolboys, either under simple titles such as 'Slang' or 'Waste of Time,' or selecting more abstrusely appropriate headings from classical sources. It has printed some admirable criticism in reviews; in particular, in the period

covered by this book, its reviews of Brinsley Richards's 'Seven Years at Eton' and Geoffrey Drage's 'Cyril.' Here and there we seem to catch a maturer note in its judgments, which suggests the pen of a master rather than a boy, and we are left to guess that the judgment was invited. But in the main the magazine goes on its steady course, boys chronicling the doings of boys at school with them, and so year after year putting together a record which in later life, short and bald though the words and the figures may be, comes to be read as nothing else written about Eton can be read. The *Chronicle* published its first number in 1863, and its five hundredth number on July 11, 1889. It is now nearing its 1,500th number. *Floreat florebit.*

But the *Chronicle* has not been enough. It has never been enough, throughout its long life, for the ambitions and the energies of Eton boys who have wanted to write—to be journalists and authors while still at school. These have desired other outlets for the impulse that is on them to make poetry and prose; and they have found their outlets in a score of other magazines, more or less ephemeral—*Etonians*, *Observers*, *Reviews*, and the rest. There were seven at least of these in the 'eighties; there may have been others which I have forgotten. One, the *Eton Rambler*, ran its course in the summer half of 1880, before I came to school; and the reasons for its birth and its successful existence are plain in the names of its

editors—A. C. Benson, Stanley Leathes, and H. F. W. Tatham. It was not unnatural that a school magazine should have been one of the first literary enterprises of the author of 'Fasti Etonenses' and 'From a College Window,' an editor of the 'Cambridge Modern History,' and one whose knowledge was so encyclopaedic that it became proverbial in an Eton joke: 'Look it out in Tatham.' But it is not difficult to understand that a little temerity may have been needed for placing a literary magazine before the Eton audience of the day. The gravest possible welcome awaited the *Rambler* from the *Chronicle*. 'We may in a friendly spirit as an older journal,' writes the *Chronicle*, 'give a few words of advice to our younger contemporary, which it would do well to follow. In the first place, in a literary journal the highest care ought to be taken in the selection of contributions for insertion, especially in the case of poetical contributions.' This must have been slightly disconcerting to the authors of the poetical contributions published in the first number. 'Nothing tells against the success of a paper so much as the printing of poetical effusions which can barely lay claim to a low standard of mediocrity. The reader is wearied, and the disagreeable impression produced may have a very apparent influence on the sale of a succeeding number. Poetry, unless it be rhythmical, well worded, and clever'—it is difficult to continue without sharing the emotion which must have possessed the editors of the *Rambler* as they

read—‘ is one of the most wearisome styles of literary effort for boyish readers, such as there are at Eton, to peruse, and we should advise the editors of the *Rambler* to be most careful in the selections of their poetical insertions, if they would carry out with any degree of success the high aim which they have so worthily set before them.’

The *Chronicle* was published then, as now, on a Thursday ; the *Rambler* had preceded it on the Tuesday. Here is the *Rambler*’s acceptance of the *Chronicle*’s criticism in its next number :

‘ More especially I must thank the editors of our respected contemporary for the generous way they have treated our humble endeavours, for the good advice they have given, and the kind way in which they have advanced the only excuse that can be made for our shortcomings—the want of help. When I state that the whole of the first number was written by my unaided self, this will be better understood. All that awful Tuesday I hardly dared to hold up my head. I felt as if all I met were in possession of my guilty secret, as if all looked to me with pity and contempt, as if my friends looked at me with half-concealed derision, and my enemies with open triumph. Now, support and encouragement give me heart to proceed, and the ample aid I have received gives me hope that when I have gained skill by practice I may not wholly fail.’

We may not ask for the lifting of editorial veils,

and I do but guess which of the editors it was who wrote thus of his secret and 'that awful Tuesday.' Was it the same editor—I cannot think so—who, after reading the *Chronicle's* dignified counsels as to the acceptance and rejection of verse, broke thus immediately into rhyme?

And still I write and blot the page,  
And pledge thy virtues in a tumbler,  
And brave the cruel public's rage,  
And all for thee, my *Eton Rambler*.

Was it the same editorial eye which, on a later page, glanced without active disapproval upon an extract from a poem entitled 'Cui bono?' containing so remarkable an effort on the part of the compositor as this?

The tall elms stirred, and stirring sighed,  
And tossed their susty grms on high,  
While all aloft from far and wide  
The windy rain rack hurrying by.

'Susty grms' is duly referred to in the leading article of the third number, as part of a series of editorial experiences which appear to have caused the *Rambler* considerable suffering.

The second and the fifth numbers of the *Rambler* contained 'poetical effusions' which were afterwards to be found within the covers of a book. One was entitled 'Facilis Descensus Averni,' and the opening stanza is possibly familiar to others besides readers of the *Rambler*:



When I was new, and all unspoiled,  
 O, how I loved examinations!  
 With what unflagging zeal I toiled!  
 With what incessant labour soiled  
 My books! how high my spirit boiled!  
 Till—notwithstanding regulations—  
 At times the surreptitious oil 'd  
 Assist my midnight lubrications:  
 And how my very soul recoiled  
 At any thought of being foiled  
 By other people's machinations.

The other is simply set down as 'For Greek iambs':

*Pe.* Not so, my liege: for even now the town  
 Splits with sedition, and the incensed mob  
 Rush hither roaring . . .

*At.* Let them roar their fill!  
 Bluster and bellow, till the enormous wings  
 Of gusty Boreas flap with less ado.  
 Ask they my treacherous nephew's wretched life,  
 As if that order were a thing of naught  
 Which I did publish? Let them beg or threaten,  
 I'll not regard them: O, my trusty friend,  
 There is no rock defies the elements  
 With half the constancy that king-like men  
 Shut up their breasts against such routs as this.

*Pe.* O my most valiant lord, I feel 'tis so:  
 Permit me to advance against the foe.

(*Olcis and Teranea*, act iv. sc. 3.)

Did the *Chronicle's* critic regard either of the two as 'rhythmical, well worded, and clever'? The first was signed J. X., which might have led to a guess; the second was unsigned. Both were afterwards given to the world as the work of J. K. S. Stephen at that time had left Eton two years, and was a scholar of King's College.

But the *Rambler* as a whole is rather oddly unprophectic. A magazine which much more plainly showed the possibilities of its contributors' future appeared seven years later in the *Eton Fortnightly*. The names of all of the contributors to these passing papers, of course, are not to be rescued by the most diligent of inquirers, but the editorship is more easily discovered. I see that Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, in the last edition of his 'History of Eton College,' referring to some of the later Eton magazines, has transposed some of the names and titles. He assigns the editorship of the *Eton Fortnightly* of 1887 to J. R. L. Rankin, and that of the *Present Etonian* of 1888 to M. B. Furse ; whereas it was the *Present Etonian* which was steered through 1888 by the author of 'A Subaltern's Letter to his Wife,' and the Bishop of Pretoria has not, I think, edited another important journal since he made himself partly responsible for the appearance of the *Eton Fortnightly*. But there is more that is worth the attention of a historian of Eton, as regards the *Eton Fortnightly*, than a mere inaccuracy in naming its editor. Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte refers to the Eton papers published after the *Rambler* as being mostly 'similar in character' and worthy only of 'a very brief enumeration.' Well, the *Eton Fortnightly* is worthy of something more. It contains nothing, doubtless, which would not have been better done by its contributors ten years later ; nothing of lasting value in prose or verse, though there are some ten

or a dozen lines of one of its poems which have always seemed to me instinct with the very spirit and essence of an Eton February :

On such a day as this,  
This February afternoon,

We swept the country—far afield  
The trailing beagles music made ;  
We followed, for we would not yield  
We rattled down the rushy glade,

And up the stubble ; how I knew  
The countryside I used to range ;  
Could count the very elms that grew  
About the roofs of Dorney Grange.

But its poetry is not the *Fortnightly's* real claim to distinction. The *Fortnightly* opened with a plain and possibly dull editorial introduction. 'It is the object of the editors of this paper,' it stated, 'to show that Eton is capable of producing literary work equal to that of other public schools.' That this object was achieved will not, I think, be denied by any one who will read through the files, not with the view of discovering the genius of a poet, but to take note of a very rare feature in school magazines, a sound and secure literary criticism. What public school magazine was there in the 'eighties which was producing better work than the *Fortnightly's* reviews of Tennyson's new volume of poems, or of William Morris's translation of the 'Iliad,' or the three essays on the Etonian poets, Shelley, Gray, and Swinburne? Take, for example, the confident statement as to Tennyson

that ' the Laureate has never been a perfectly successful metrist in any measure except the iambic ' ; or the pronouncement on ' The Cenci ' that ' of course there is no real depiction of character, but there is a terrible frankness in depicting what Shelley thought was character ' ; or the suggestion as to Gray's slight production that he was ' so self-contained as not to care for a reputation ' ; or this, finally, on William Morris's use of archaic English in translating Homer :

' No one, even in this age, would think of building a pseudo-ruin, after the style of Tintern or Raglan ; yet this is exactly what Mr. Morris has done in another branch of art, or rather he has not done it thoroughly, but rather given us a building constructed with great labour and some genius, but marred by, say, a lack of glass for windows, sculpture of the rudest kind, rush-lights instead of gas, and seats of such antiquity as to be almost useless. The early Norman or Saxon would have seen no fault in this, but it is not so for us ; the few and easily remedied drawbacks go far to spoil the whole. Thus when Mr. Morris begins :

Tell me, O Muse, of the *Shifty*, the man who wandered afar—

" Shifty " is a figurative " Early English " seat, which makes us very uncomfortable. It probably has not the same effect upon Mr. Morris, who is so thoroughly under " Early English " influences as to prefer an uncomfortable chair.'

Take these, and set them side by side with sentences from the third or fourth leading article in *The Times*,

or with a review from the literary supplement, and what is the difference? The difference between youth and maturity, of course; possibly a modified or extended point of view; but the secure decision of the thought in them is the same, and it is the distinction of the *Eton Fortnightly* that its chief contributor in 1887 developed into one of the most brilliant of modern journalists and critics in Arthur Clutton-Brock.

The *Present Etonian*, which followed the *Eton Fortnightly* a year later, began by professing no such serious intentions as those of its predecessor. The editor conceals under a veil of cynicism the literary ambitions which found expression later in 'A Subaltern's Letters to His Wife' and 'The Marquis d'Argenson.' It is true that he asks for contributions; he even goes so far as to assure potential Miltons that 'he will absolutely dispense with the sending of the author's real name, which is so touchingly desired by most editors "as a guarantee of good faith."' But for the rest, he proclaims himself careless of criticism. The *Present Etonian*, he assures us, 'is indifferent to praise or blame; he is convinced that censure is nothing but the product of jealousy, and praise the offspring of a vacant mind.' He is a Diogenes with no thoughts except for money-bags; he 'only wishes to be bought; he does not care two straws whether he is read.'

He had one reader, at all events, and that was the *Chronicle*. The *Chronicle* was as blandly encouraging as usual. It pointed out that predecessors in the same

path had failed ; it congratulated the new paper on its leading article, but remarked that its advertisements were uninteresting ; it disapproved of the ' Notes by the Way,' it observed that the accounts of runs with the beagles were inaccurate, and it could see no hope in the chess problems. But it was sure that the *Present Etonian* would be willing ' to accept advice from those who are so situated as to be clearly unaffected by jealousy, and against whom the charge of a vacant mind could not lightly be made.' Is there a better comment on the *Chronicle's* attitude than the offer of the editor of the new paper to accept manuscripts without the writer's name ? A press-cutting agency engaged in forwarding criticisms of schoolboys' work written by their school-fellows would surely be one of the most dispiriting businesses in the world.

But journalists and poets are undisturbed even by the criticisms of a *Chronicle*. It was in reading through the files of the *Present Etonian* that I made a discovery, or rather a discovery obtruded itself, with consequences which probably should be regarded as highly reassuring. I had been going through issue after issue, paragraphs, poems, leading articles, and correspondence in turn, and came across a passage which a little surprised me. It is the usual complaint of the editor of a school magazine, that he can get no contributors ; indeed, the second number of the *Present Etonian* itself, in temperate but resigned language, had anticipated this dearth of outside assistance. But the editor's pessimism

had not been justified. His waste paper-basket was full, and so were his pigeon-holes. 'The school seems overflowing with embryo poets,' I read in a note in the third number, 'and we are sorry not to be able to insert all the various poems sent us; we shall be very glad to insert any contributions of prose, which, however, as yet flow in somewhat slowly.' I read that note, and, reflecting on the fortunate circumstances of the editor, and vaguely wondering who the embryo poets were who wrote for the *Present Etonian*, passed to another column. The editor's note was at once abundantly justified. The next column contained a poem of which the opening lines alone should have been sufficient to consign it to a furnace. 'This is really very bad indeed,' I decided, beginning to read. 'This could hardly be worse,' I commented, going on reading. Suddenly an epithet seemed oddly familiar. I read the line again; then the next line; then other lines. There was no doubt about the authorship at all; I myself had been one of the embryo poets with whom the school was overflowing, and the editor of the *Present Etonian* had rightly pleaded for more prose.

School magazines in asking for the support of literary talent occasionally achieve unexpected results. The *Eton Fortnightly*, instead of attracting to itself the complete journalistic output of the school, merely succeeded in summoning into existence a rival, the *Eton Observer*, edited by Ian Malcolm and M. M.

Macnaghten, which in criticising its contemporary perhaps did not realise how much it might have found to praise. Another paper which was in turn critic and criticised was the *Eton Review* of the summer half of 1889. The editor was Lord Elmley, who has lately supervised other productions as Lord Beauchamp, First Commissioner of Works, and the object of the *Eton Review*, like the *Fortnightly*, was to be literary. The unexpected consequence in this case was that its publication was followed by that of another paper, the *Parachute*, which professed ambitions wholly unauthorised by the traditions of Eton journalism. The *Parachute's* declared intention was to be illiterate. It took its motto from the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes—ἀμαθὴς γὰρ νῆ Δία—and its editors were two, of whom I was far the lesser, the real editor, leader-writer, critic and contributor being Robert Carr Bosanquet, now Professor of Classical Archaeology in the University of Liverpool. That is one of the chief distinctions of the *Parachute*. The Liverpool Professor of Archaeology has seen and done many things, and has been read and listened to by many men since that summer half of 1889; he has been Director of the British School at Athens, Director of the Cretan Exploration Fund, perhaps the most distinguished member of the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments in Wales; but he has never produced a fuller effect in the mind of a single co-worker than he did in that of his fellow editor. A year after the *Parachute*, he went up to



Cambridge to contribute much of the best that was published in the *Granta*, and if he had chosen a wider field than that, there was no place in English journalism which he could not have filled. But he preferred Greek temples to Fleet Street or an author's chair, and library bookshelves are the poorer for his choice.

The *Parachute* was given no advice from the *Chronicle*; its illiteracy forbade. ‘“Madam, you are crass, very crass,” was Dr. Johnson’s rejoinder on a celebrated occasion’; so we read in the introduction of the first issue, and upon that quality of crassness the directors of the *Parachute*, asserted to be eleven in number, based their claims to attention. Who should counsel eleven illiterate directors? The chairman was described as one ‘whose iron determination to preserve the pure founts of his childish intellect uncontaminated by the subtle yet polluting influence of instruction, is known to have led to the premature dissolution of innumerable governesses’: the other members of the staff were equally distinguished in their ignorance. Their task of producing a paper which should reflect their lack of literature enabled them to stray farther from fact than their predecessors; their ideas were less of iambics than of ‘Intercepted Letters,’ ‘Advice Gratis,’ ‘Our Dustbin,’ and ‘Notes from our Lyre.’ The *Eton Review* was earnestly interested in those days in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and had published an article imploring the world to think over the arguments in favour of

Bacon's authorship and honestly to try to refute them; the Lyre's Note was uttered in reply, and proclaimed that, encouraged by its contemporary's article, 'we have now a similar monograph on the stocks, which will prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the Battle of Waterloo was not only won, but actually fought in the playing fields of Eton. Having laid a shifting foundation of untenable hypotheses and unproved allegations, we shall clinch our case by the production of a cryptogram recently discovered on the white stone in good calx by an ingenious Irish-American of the name of Obadiah Walker, in which we shall unfortunately not have space to persuade our readers to believe. We shall then implore the world to think over these arguments and honestly try to refute them: concluding with a Parthian shot at that arch-impostor, the ill-drained common in Belgium, and a vicious allusion to the great and indisputable fact that the playing fields of Eton were the scene of the so-called Battle of Waterloo.'

The *Parachute's* illiteracy allowed it sufficient latitude to publish more than two or three columns of serious verse-writing, one of the authors being a future Newdigate prize-winner, Lord Warkworth, who became better known in later years as Lord Percy, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. But a more characteristic feature of the magazine was parody, more or less closely concerned with topical events, such as the cricket matches against Winchester

and Harrow, or the Royal Agricultural Show, which in 1889 happened to be held at Windsor. 'Fencer' (who was Warkworth edited) wrote of 'The Passing of an After Four':—

And on a sudden, lo! the Royal Park,  
And the long glories of the Windsor Show:  
Then saw we how there hove a dusky swine  
Before us, and advancing we were 'ware  
That all the pens were dense with porcine forms,  
White, Berkshire, Black and Tamworth; and by these  
Three cocks with scarlet combs; and from them rose  
A cry that shivered through our tingling ears;  
And mingled with their voice an agony  
Of inharmonious braying, that did shrill  
From some lone pen, where mortal never comes,  
Nor hath come since the opening of the Show.  
Then said my comrade, 'Go we to the kine;'  
So to the kine we came, and lo! three maids  
Put forth their hands and milked them as we gazed.  
But she that rose the tallest of them all,  
And widest, left her pail upon the ground,  
And filled a patent cask, and churned the milk,  
And called it by strange names, explaining loud  
The dropping butter—how the curds and whey  
Were separated by machinery—  
And cream cheese-making; now the cheese was white  
And colourless, and like a withered moon.

A more comprehensive effort was 'The Destruction of Eton,' which was imagined to be an ode of triumph by a Wykehamist. The Etonians had come down, and their manner had been cold; but Winchester, at Winchester, won:

Like the flowers of the forest when summer is green,  
The bails on their wickets one moment were seen;  
Like the flowers of the forest when 'Arry's around,  
Their bails the next moment were strowed on the ground.

## ETON IN THE 'EIGHTIES

For William of Wykeham was riding the blast,  
 And on the Pavilion he breathed as he passed;  
 And the hearts of the players waxed deadly and chill  
 At the breath of the only original Bill.

And there stood the swell and forgot how to side,  
 His umbrella unrolled and his white tie untied;  
 And the card he was grasping lay white on the turf,  
 And cold with dismay was his sock-eating serf.

And Brown's is forsaken, and Webber's may wail,  
 And the long glass is dry in the Temple of Ale;  
 For the flower of Eton, the pick of her hordes,  
 Have been turned inside out by a Winchester 'Lords.'

The *Parachute* had at least one distinguished contributor. On a Sunday morning in July, while we were in chapel, 'J.K.S.' remained in bed, a guest of the Master in College. In bed he wrote 'A Grievance,' which he afterwards included in 'Quo Musa Tendis?' In 'A Grievance' lies something of his view of his school:

What's Eton, but a nursery of wrong-righters,  
 A mighty mother of effective men,  
 A factory of amateur reciters,  
 A sharpener of the sword, as of the pen,  
 A training-ground for orators and fighters,  
 A forcing-house of genius? Now and then  
 The world at large subsides, abashed and beaten,  
 Unable to endure the glare of Eton.

I don't know if you've mentioned in the *Parachute*  
 Eton's ubiquity: I know I found  
 When once I visited the Niagára Chute  
 (So French Canadians call it, I'll be bound)  
 Such good old Eton names as Butler, Farrer, Chute,  
 Smith, Marjoribanks, Jones, and Gosling, all around,  
 Scrawled on the rocks, and graven on the trees:  
 We rule all lands, as Britain rules the seas.

Another contributor was less easily identified.

He had conceived the idea of composing a 'Vale' in the manner of a greater poet than he, and this was part of the dreadful result :

When the fluctuant moments are fleeting,  
And the sands run slower for me ;  
A smile for thy glories, a tear for thy wrongs,  
A semitone of thy triumph songs  
My death shall be :  
And my heart with thy heart shall be beating  
Blood-beats of a life for thee.

There were two other stanzas, worse ; but that did not prevent one of the busiest of the masters from informing his neighbour at dinner that the poem had been sent to the paper, on condition that it was published anonymously, by that greater poet Swinburne himself : he had had this information, he remarked in confidence, from one of the editors direct.

A third poet, whose contribution was not sent to one of the editors direct, was identified only by inference. The editor into whose hands the poet's work found its way appears at first to have regarded it, published as it was in leaflet form, as a tract ; but further consideration suggested to him the possibility that the heading—D. (a)—intended it as Sense for Lower Division Verses. It began :

Toad, where are you going ?  
It is evening.

This suggested to a critic to whom the poem was shown, that its title, instead of 'The Toad,' should be, 'Lines by a Sarcastic Tutor, on meeting his Pupil

after Lock-up.' The sarcastic tutor whom he had in mind was probably that same tutor who addressed to an ink-stained Lower Boy whom he espied up a lamp-post the question, 'And what may your disgusting name be?'—to whom the Lower Boy, in fear and ignorance, answered 'James, sir.' But the name of the author of 'The Toad' remained undisclosed. Merely the lettering D (a) pointed to the pen of a master who was always one of the kindest critics of schoolboy prose and verse, the chief of the editors of the *Rambler* of 1880.

The *Parachute* and the *Present Etonian* between them produced a book. It was not published until nearly a year after the *Parachute* had descended for the last time, but it had its origin in the fertile brain of that magazine's chief editor, and it belongs, for that reason, in my own mind, at all events, to memories of the summer half of 1889. It began to take actual shape early in the following spring, when I was at Oxford, and by the beginning of June it numbered some half-dozen chapters, including one on the beagles, which seems to me whenever I read it to be just about as good a piece of work of its kind as a schoolboy could put together. Then, if I remember right, the 'onlie begetter' of the idea of the book decided that it was taking too exclusively a Colleger's view of the school, and he suggested that the dormant *Present Etonian*, whose editor was an Oppidan, was the source to whom we should turn for a chapter or two from

the standpoint of an Oppidan. So Rankin added his chapters, one at least of them, like that on the beagles, extraordinarily in advance of average schoolboy work ; and some time before Lord's the little book, which we named 'Seven Summers,' went out to take its chance with the reviewers.

One, unfortunately, did not approve of it. She was not a journalist, but a lady, and she complained to the Head Master that one of the chapters, which bore the engaging title 'Bacchus Triumphant,' revealed wickedness which she had not suspected was possible, which she was convinced should not be proclaimed to the world, and which, in short, she conceived should justify if not demand the suppression of the book. This view she pressed upon the Head Master, who until then had not read the book. When he did read it, he apparently came to the conclusion that the capacities for imagination possessed by the author of the chapter complained of were too considerable to be exercised in book form at all. He sent for the author of the chapter, therefore, and gave the strongest possible advice that the sale of the book should be discontinued ; so discontinued it was, and Bacchus was triumphant no more. The creator of that particular chapter would probably acknowledge that authority rightly placed his imagination on an extremely high level ; but at the time the suppression of the book seemed to the others a sudden ending to much. There is only a tempered satisfaction in

being the author of a book which is unobtainable from any bookseller. Perhaps a word is due, if only as an epitaph, to a book on Eton which has been withdrawn from circulation. 'Seven Summers' is not, as Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte states in the latest edition of his History, a reprint of articles and poems from school magazines. There is no poetry in it; merely it is a series of essays strung together with an imaginary sequence of school episodes; there is a good dog-fight in it, a butler named Grice, and an engaging house-matron generally referred to as the Endor.

Another book which is now unobtainable, but for a different reason, belongs to an earlier date. 'Eton as She Is Not' is a small, parchment-covered volume, which was sold out almost as soon as it was printed, in the spring of 1884. Then it cost a shilling; to-day, to Collegers who remember the gradual making of it, in the pages of a certain London weekly magazine, it is without price. The editor of the magazine was young, he was guileless, and he wanted authentic news from public schools. It was determined that he should have it from Eton. My fag-master, L. G. Hatchard, who disguised himself under the name of J. Goodwin, was the chief contributor of paragraphs; and he began with one of which the closing sentences even now contrive to convey an air of perfect security. 'A great sensation,' we read on November 28, 1883, 'is being caused among our fellows by a serious fire



which broke out at Badger's, a bootmaker in Windsor, on Wednesday night. On Thursday morning it was still smouldering when Messrs. T. T. Vator and G. Batchett visited the scene, arriving early from Eton College. After a short inspection they returned in time for the service in chapel.' It is true that this paragraph opened with the surprising statement that 'Collegers *v.* Oppidans "at the Wall" is fixed for November 30,' and that 'the site of "the Wall" has not yet been chosen, but it will probably be Barnes Pool Bridge Wall, which has been lately widened for the purpose'; but if the editorial mind was a little puzzled by these technical details, it must have been fully reassured by the dutiful behaviour of Messrs. Vator and Batchett. At all events, the next week the result of the match between the Collegians (violet tassels, white caps) and Oppidans (mauve tassels, orange caps) was duly chronicled: 'the Collegians won by one "throw-touch," scouched by Goodhart.' A week later the news was a little more daring:

'A curious custom,' says an Etonian, 'takes place here on certain days in College Dining Hall, called "Passing the green stuff." The second fellow at the big fellows' table suddenly says, "Pass me that green stuff," referring to a dish of mint placed on the table; then the fellow opposite him stands up and says, "Surgite" (arise), on which all the other fellows get up from their places and run the fellow who "broached" (i.e. asked for) the green stuff round the school paddocks

shouting out such military commands as "Quick march! Right turn!" etc. They then return to dinner, when a "grace-cup" is partaken by all except him who "broached" the green stuff.'

'Prisoners' base is a great success,' we learnt a week or two after, 'and the paddock is almost always deserted for the cloisters.' But there were other interesting ceremonies to be described:

'Another curious custom at Eton is "Slunching the Paddocks." On a certain day all the Collegians and Oppidans are provided with a coarse sort of pudding, which is put to the following use: After dinner is over they all go to Weston's and School Paddocks and throw their pudding all over them. This is "Slunching the Paddocks," the pudding being called Slunch. It is supposed to be derived from the fact that when Queen Elizabeth visited Eton College, 'she lunched' (s'lunched) in College Hall, and the students sprinkled the paddocks with dry rice in her honour.'

On February 20, 1884, we learnt for the first time of the doings of the 'Collegian Brigade,' an admirable corps which on a certain Thursday 'fired a *feu de joie* in the chapel paddocks in honour of R. A. S. Berry Young's success at Pembroke.' A march out was arranged for the following Saturday 'to the Statue at the end of Long Walk in Windsor Forest,' and among the officers, we are told, were the captains of the two College boats, the *Broach* and the *Slunch*. The march out, we were informed the next week, 'has been the

success of the season. At Gregory's, the Half-way Inn on the Long Walk, the corps halted, and food was provided. They then proceeded to the Statue. The return was marked by a slight catastrophe ; little Carruthers gave way under the fatigue of the long march and fainted ; however, he was soon brought to.' Later in the half the Collegian Brigade had another march out, this time ' as far as Brocas Hedges ' ; and again there was a catastrophe, for ' a bull loose in Weston's Paddock, which they passed through on the way, attacked the line, and young Swage was knocked over and slightly bruised.'

One of the most remarkable features of the school life which was duly chronicled week after week in these ingenuous pages was the appearance of the names of the Collegians and the other students, among them a number of D.B.'s (day boys), who took part in the doings described. When Flenderbatch's Jolly Boys played Carruthers's Field Mice in the Sanatorium Paddocks, and the Field Mice won by two goals, two rouges, and a scouch to two goals, one scouch, the Jolly Boys' team was composed of Flenderbatch, A. S. T. Goodhart, Sir D. Carlyon-Max, Whyte-Carby, Hon. L. Cottie (*secundus*), H. Loughborough Maynard, Spuffnell (*secundus*), B. Wolley, Pattle (*primus*), Mompson, and Count Wurkoff. But an even more engaging procession of names was presented on March 5, when we were given the following list of the officials of the various school departments : ' Captain of the School, G. Bat-

chett ; Captain of the *Slunch*, G. Batchett ; Captain of the *Broach*, P. I. Lühring ; Captain of Cricket Tassels, R. J. Lucas ; Captain of Football Tassels, H. N. A. Flenderbatch ; Captain of Boats Tassels, H. Duckett ; Captain of Fives Tassels, Havager-Boroughdale ; Captain of Racquet Tassels, P. C. H. Philipson ; Captain of Hockey Tassels, P. Carruthers ; Captain of the Field Mice Team, P. Carruthers ; Captain of Jolly Boys, H. N. A. Flenderbatch ; Captain of the Musical Department, R. A. S. Berry Young ; Captain of the Curling Club, T. T. Vator ; Captain of the Collegian Brigade, P. I. Lühring ; Captain of the Oppidan Brigade, C. Newton-Beagle ; Captain of Ushers, J. Goodwin ; Steward of the Paddocks, H. Beecham Wolley ; Junior Warden, R. Spuffnell (*secundus*) ; Captain of Spelican Team, Tute Goodhart ; Choragus, C. Wofflington ; President of Literary Society, J. Brown-Cholmondeley (*primus*).’ . . . Possibly the initials of Berry Young and the name of the club presided over by Vator are the most startling coincidences, but some suspicion, too, you would expect to attach itself to the composition of a team which comprised among its members Wolley, Pattle, and Spuffnell (*secundus*).

However, the authentic public school news continued to appear. Even the holiday doings of the school heroes were chronicled. The issues of April 30 contained an account of an expedition to the Channel Islands :

' On the 8th, Vator, Batchett, Pinnock, and Goodwin started for Guernsey, and then on to Sark by the cheap excursion boat. At Guernsey Goodwin picked up his smaller brother, but soon found that the long walks tired the little fellow's legs, and he and Pinnock had to carry him most of the way by turns. We have styled ourselves the "Sark Saveloys." The S.S. will return to England on Thursday, in time for a match against the Chertsey Charmers on the 19th.'

When the school came back for the summer half, fresh opportunities were suggested by the river. On May 14 :

' Great excitement has been prevailing among our fellows for the last two days, owing to the extraordinary performance of the plucky Count Wurkoff. You must know that arriving on Thursday he brought with him his light Polish spiff-gig (as we call it in English ; the word in the original language is, he tells me, spiffengiowsky). In this light and fragile bark he started on Saturday morning with Count Kabbarieff to shoot Cuckoo Weir, a feat which has only been once before accomplished, when, in '39, Sir Theodore, grandfather of the present T. T. Vator, shot the weir in an old "tub-lasher." He had many imitators, but none were successful until Count Wurkoff appeared on the "tapis" to attempt this dangerous feat. . . . ' Except for this daring feat on the part of the Count, the new school-time opened in the ordinary way. The Collegians ' as usual inaugurated the Summer Term with the

accustomed torch procession.' An imposing sight was witnessed in the paddocks. 'G. Batchett, as captain, led, followed by the ushers in "assembly" uniform, and the rest of the school followed in procession. After the usual "Probing of the Statue" of Henry VI, our noble founder, the procession made the round of the College and then dispersed. Among the visitors present were Mr. Llewellyn Butther ap Dhu and Archdeacon Batchett. . . .'

George Dew, whose nickname was 'The Butter,' may or may not have recognised the Archdeacon. But this was almost the last news we had of Batchett and 'our fellows.' Events suddenly took a surprising turn. The editor, having heard so much, expressed a wish to come and see for himself. This was unexpected, but he was received without hesitation. He came, he saw, and he went back to London to write of what he had seen and done. Among other materials he took back with him an authentic version of the School Song.

*Pulcra Etona  
Nobis dona  
Multa da, precamur,  
Gens togata  
Te precatur  
Sit perennis fama.*

*Oppidana  
Gens urbana  
Laudibus fulgebit,  
Gens diurna  
Sempiterna  
Floreat, florebit.*

*Ne nostrorum  
Sine cursorum  
Esse pedem lentum  
Slunna fluat  
Semper ruat  
Capti fundamentum.*

*Sive honori  
Seu labori  
Pila sive remus  
Nunc juvenus  
Da concentus  
Matrem celebremus.*

*Gens diurna*, of course, includes the day boys ; *slunna* is 'slunch' ; *capti fundamentum* is sound Latin for prisoner's base. With this new version of the Carmen the editor printed an account of the day he had spent at the school, and a plea for the proper preservation of the customs described to him. 'If there is one particular pet idea ever prevalent in the minds of Etonians,' he wrote, 'it is the proper keeping up of these ancient practices. It was feared by the fellows that a new Provost might do away with these, but the editor hopes that they will be respected, and that Twopenny day may continue for ever, and the paddocks be slunched for many a day to come.'

That was almost the last of the news from Eton. The series of accounts appearing week by week had given much pleasure to many persons, as the editor himself testified. 'Our Eton correspondence,' he informed his readers, 'is supplied by a gentleman who is a universal favourite in College, and the editor is pleased to state that he has received letters from

Etonians all over the world, signifying their approval of his reports.' At Eton itself, too, approval was universal ; but one day, it is to be feared, the editor must have received a letter without approval. No more Eton news was printed : the paddocks were deserted : the *Slunch* sank.

And so 'Eton as She is Not,' a little book into which the news of some six months was collected, came into being, and we bought copies at a shilling apiece. I bought one and, without more prescience than belongs to the average schoolboy, threw it aside. Years afterwards I remembered it again and searched for it ; of course, it was not to be found. I only know of two copies now ; one, is in Mr. Lewis Harcourt's unrivalled collection of Eton books, and the other is in the possession of a friend, who has allowed me to make extracts from it, but will not lend it to me.



## CHAPTER XII

### VARIORUM

OF occasions which set themselves in separate categories one of the most memorable is the visit to Eton of Major-General Sir Frederick Roberts on February 24, 1881. He had just returned to England after the relief of Candahar; he was going out to take command in South Africa, and the school, with his Indian record and the disasters of Laing's Nek and the Ingogo River fresh in their minds, were to present him with a sword of honour. It was a visit which began with hopes and fears, for at one time there had been a promised visit of three days: as it turned out, engagements crowded so thickly, that the three days became two hours. But the two hours were filled full. The volunteers were inspected: the Captain of the School and the Captain of the Oppidans, H. V. Macnaghten and H. J. C. Cust, presented the sword. General Roberts made a speech. The Captain of the Oppidans addressed General Roberts not only as an honoured soldier:

‘It is as an Etonian among Etonians that you are

with us here to-day, and it is to an Eton general that Eton is offering her sword of honour. We give it to you, every one of us, as our best to our best.'

General Roberts, in his reply, spoke to those who stood before him not only as Etonians. 'As a soldier,' he said, 'I have spoken to those who hope to be soldiers;' and that sentence was followed by his last. 'In a few years I hope my son may be enrolled among you, and it is my fervent hope that he may prove himself worthy of Eton, and that you in return may receive him with kindness as you have his father with honour.'

The years that followed saw a strange repetition of history. Laing's Nek and the battle of the Ingogo River were followed by Majuba Hill, on February 27, and on the day after Majuba General Roberts sailed to take command. Eighteen years later he was chosen for the second time to restore the fortunes of the British Army in South Africa. That was after Colenso, and it was at Colenso that Lieutenant Frederick Hugh Sherston Roberts, General Roberts's only son, died from wounds received in trying to bring off the guns of the 14th and 66th Batteries. Forty-one years separate the awards to father and son, in the Mutiny and South Africa, of the Victoria Cross.

Two other records belong to that February when Lord Roberts visited Eton; they stand side by side on almost consecutive pages of the *Chronicle*. One is of Edward Wilkinson, lieutenant and adjutant 3rd Battalion 60th Rifles, and himself once editor of the

school paper which chronicled his death. It was on the night of the battle of the Ingogo River, when he, after the fighting of the day, volunteered to go back through the rising river to the wounded lying on the other side. He took what he could to them, and on his return the river in full flood swept him away. The other record is an extract from a letter from an eye-witness, describing the death of Lieutenant Elwes, Grenadier Guards, at Laing's Nek. Colonel Deane and Lieutenant Elwes led the 58th Regiment up the hill. 'Lieutenant Elwes shouted to Lieutenant Monck, adjutant of the 58th, "Come along Monck—Floreat Etona—we must be in the front rank!" and was shot immediately.'

Did Majuba stir the school more deeply than the fall of Khartoum? I suppose that the bitterness of the early days of 1885 was due more to politics than to a sense of defeat. The school was flooded with political literature; pamphlets, cuts, lampoons of the most violent and scurrilous kind were everywhere. As for the campaign in Egypt, we learnt something of warfare in the Soudan from letters which found their way to the *Chronicle*. A letter dated Gakdul Wells, January 27, from Lieutenant R. Fiennes Hibbert, Queen's Bays, reads a little strangely in days used to precise calculations of commissariat:

'January 19, Monday. . . . Under arms all night in the bitter cold and nothing to eat. Next morning half went up for the camels, and the rest of us fortified the village. I saw a cow roaming about; so took a

rifle and shot it, and we made some stew—the first thing any of us had had, barring a few bits of biscuit, since the previous Friday morning. Next morning we went out to reconnoitre Metammeh, about 2 miles north of us ; it is a big mud town, one mile by half a mile, and all loop-holed. We advanced on it *in square*!! but luckily they didn't slate us much but fired brickbats at us out of 3 guns they've got. Suddenly we saw the Khedival flags of some steamers coming down the river ; they came right abreast of us and landed ; they turned out to be Gordon's 5 steamers, which had been on the look out for us ever since September.'

I am not sure whether that extract would not fit in more aptly under the heading 'An Eton Education.' If a change were to come in tactical methods, initiative and a faculty for criticism might be valuable possessions. Fifteen years later, the boys who read that letter were learning for themselves what could and could not be done with a frontal attack on an entrenched enemy armed with something better than brickbats.

Change was everywhere in the air at Eton in 1885, and not all of it was welcomed. Under the new Head Master there were new schemes of building ; we learned in turn of new schools, a new Lower Chapel, new additions to the existing New Buildings of College. All three were necessary, but the last meant the destruction of a feature of the school prized particularly by Collegers, the old Boys' Library which stood at the

corner of New Buildings opening into Weston's Yard. The space occupied by the library was needed in the architect's scheme for rearrangement and addition, and we believed, rightly or not, that the removal of the books was determined upon even before a new home was found for them. There was a proposal, fortunately abandoned, to take the library to Upper School. Eventually it found a resting-place in a room in the New Schools—a room which was long, rectangular, inhospitable, lighted with incandescent gas, and very new indeed. It was very new and seemed very large, but it was not large enough. One of the reasons for moving the old Boys' Library was that it would not hold all the books ; no more would the new library.

The old Boys' Library was used far more by Collegers than by Oppidans, and many old Collegers, perhaps, think of it as I do, as a room which was everything that a library should be. It was lofty, large, and quiet. When you came into it in summer it was cool and dark ; when you opened the door in winter it was warm and bright with a fire. On three sides of it there were tiers of shelves rich with old bindings ; above the lower tiers ran a white stone gallery, and the gallery, too, was lined with books. All the windows but one were of plain glass and high, along the sides of the gallery, so that the light filled the room from above and was steady and even over all the shelves and tables. Through the eastern windows you could look out into the Provost's garden, and the wind blew the scent of acacias ; it is

not every library from which you can see garden flowers. As a mere storeroom for books used by masters and boys, it might, perhaps, have been improved ; there was a huge cast, for instance, of a dying Gaul or dying Galatian (as those who knew better than others named him) which occupied almost one side of the room ; there were a large number of books such as the Delphin classics, which were seldom touched and might possibly have been better stored elsewhere ; and it could have been better lighted than with gas, which damaged the leather bindings. But that was almost all that could have been bettered, and even those defects were part of the atmosphere of the room. We were used to the old things in their familiar places ; there were the globes on each side of the Gaul, the bust of Praed, the model of the Apollo of the Belvidere, the ladders on which we sat exploring high and unknown shelves, the fireplace with its wood and plaster mantel. There were the yellow unicorns on each side of the fireplace on their plinths wreathed with vines ; not very rich or valuable work, perhaps, but part of the room as we knew it. We lost this fireplace when the library was moved. The mantel was broken up and thrown away when the builders got to work, and from a heap of builders' rubbish I rescued one of the plinths, which I still have ; and I wish I had taken both unicorns. In the library in the New Schools the fireplaces were wider, but fewer sat by them. We found no gain in those unaccustomed places ; the atmosphere of the

school-room was about them ; the aura of the library was gone.

Of other buildings planned in the new scheme, the Queen's Schools and the lecture-room were opened in the summer half of 1889 ; the Lower Chapel was not finished till later. The memorial stone of the Queen's Schools was laid, as the name implies, by Queen Victoria herself, and gave the precentor another opportunity, following the Jubilee of two years before, of showing what the school could do in singing in the open air. He succeeded well enough, and the chief impression which remains with me is the difference between the harmony and the panoply of the full occasion and the inglorious undress of the rehearsal. We rehearsed among bricks, barrels, mortar, cement, shavings ; the sky was thunderous, our singing was small. We saw the address presented in fine weather, with baize and bunting for bricks and shavings ; and the precentor got the best out of his chorus and the band. The Head Master, with his genius for planned movement, had arranged for the timed comings and goings of more than a thousand spectators ; the contractor had had his men working all night to clear and to decorate ; by eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, May 18, the yard of the schools was planked and gravelled, the dais for the Queen was draped, Sixth Form, Fifth Form, Lower Boys, and distinguished visitors occupied each their appointed platforms, the workmen were allotted seats on the rising walls

of the new Lower Chapel, the volunteer corps stood marshalled in the centre of the court, the precentor in his volunteer uniform surveyed his instruments and chorus from the heights of a decorated cement mill. Punctually the Queen drove up, her laudau drawn by four greys as a queen's carriage should be, and on the dais took her seat in a chair in which King George III sat when he visited the school soon after his accession. The Head Master's little daughter, Miss Joan Warre, presented a bouquet of forget-me-nots and lilies, the Captain of the School and the Captain of the Oppidans, J. E. Talbot and R. W. Coventry, presented an address, and the Queen spoke her reply: an honour to the school, for her replies to addresses as a rule were handed in writing. Next, the Queen laid the stone, under which were placed, if my recollection serves me truly, a copy of *The Times* of that day and—to what lofty ends! with how noble a disdain of the everyday needs of schoolboy life!—one specimen each of every coin of the realm. The ceremony ended with the singing of the hymn 'Now thank we all our God,' which someone told me was the Queen's favourite, and that great chorale filled the square. The Queen passed in to one of the new schoolrooms, to the chair in which Queen Charlotte sat when she came to Eton with King George, and there she examined the drawings and plans of the buildings, and wrote her name in the College Visitors' Book. Within five-and-twenty minutes she had driven away again.



Before the end of the half the Queen's schools were in full daily use, and the first hundred were listening to Professor Lodge, discoursing on history in the new lecture-room, which was not a part of the College scheme of building, but was presented by two old Etonians to the school. I think it was at the end of the half that the memorial stone was carved with its inscription :

HUNC LAPIDEM  
IN MEMORIAM  
BENEVOLENTIAE SUAE  
ERGA REGIAM SCHOLAM  
PERPETUAE  
POSUIT  
VICTORIA R.I.  
a.d. XV. KAL. JUN  
a.s. MDCCCLXXXIX

The Head Master's house, which was at one time threatened in the new scheme for building, remained untouched, and it survived to witness a time-honoured ceremony. On February 21, 1888, the Head Master's eldest daughter was married to Mr. George Savile Foljambe, and in due course after the wedding in the chapel the bride and bridegroom were about to drive to Slough station from the gate of the Head Master's house in Weston's Yard. The carriage stood at the garden gate, but only for a short time with horses in the shafts. The horses were taken out, and a team of boys harnessed themselves to the traces ; we ran the carriage with the bride and bridegroom in it through the playing fields ; we ran fast enough

to get to the gate opening into the Slough road before the horses, and since the horses were not there, we ran on with the carriage the whole way to Slough station, and faster, I think, than the horses would have taken it. At the station those whom we had drawn took refuge from showers of rice, which, indeed, strewed the road from Eton to Slough; however, when the London train ran in, the bridegroom made an end; he hurled the contents of a large bag of rice into the faces of those who hurled from lesser bags, and drew up the window; the rice crackled over the train. The rice must have been something of an ordeal, I fear; but perhaps those who inflicted it were pardoned their exuberant desire to do honour to Mrs. Foljambe.

The wedding provided an opportunity for Ainger-Barnby collaboration, of which author and composer took the usual advantage. The idea of the hymn which was sung at the wedding was suggested to them on the Saturday preceding; and on the Tuesday morning, as the *Chronicle* reporter observes, 'the Auxiliary Choir sing it as if they had sung little else all their lives.' The hymn as such could not, of course, be added to our collection of school music, but it was separately and essentially of Eton, and the Auxiliary Choir knew themselves privileged in the singing of it. I am not sure that their singing was always as openly approved as it was by the *Chronicle* on that occasion; more often its performances were noted with a critical gloom. But the Auxiliary Choir then,

as at other times, deserved a tribute. The Auxiliary Choir came into existence to supplement the deficiencies of a paid choir of six men and a score of boys, who were all that the chapel services had to depend upon when I first went to school. The paid choir was willing and skilled, and sang in tune except when the choir-boys had been supplied before the service with nuts, which happened on at least one occasion ; but there were not enough men's voices in it for the chapel. Two altos, two tenors, and two basses could not do justice to an anthem, even though one of the basses was named Thunderguts because of the thunderings that came up from the deeps of him. So the Auxiliary Choir, about a score of masters and boys, was added to the paid choir, and both practised together on Friday evenings, the precentor with the pitch-pipe and the present Lower Master, Mr. F. H. Rawlins, counting heads as secretary. The secretary knew well in what spirit Auxiliary Choirs should attend his eye. If any one of us were absent from the Friday practice, we received in due course a note. The exact wording I have forgotten, but in the tersest and severest terms we were required to explain our reasons for absence. As a rule the reasons were good, for the Auxiliary Choir practices were pleasant enough ; but those were terrifying notes to receive.

Among other possibilities, it may have been thought that the merging of part of the school in the choir would put an end to certain peculiarities in our chapel services ;

I do not know. But the peculiarities remained, and perhaps wisely neither the precentor nor anyone else in authority tried to get rid of them. One was the emphatic sonority with which we concluded the portion of the psalm chosen for the twenty-first day of the month. I do not know why this was selected for emphasis ; the chant was Smart in A, and the last verse of the portion sung was the twenty-second. We saw it ahead of us ; we prepared for it and gathered breath as it came nearer ; at last it rolled out. ' That he might inform his princes after his will : AND TEACH HIS SENATORS WISDOM.' Five hundred sang of the need of the senators : the windows shook. Another chosen chorus was the repetition in Psalm cvii (which came the next morning) of the verse, ' O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness : and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men.' But, indeed, Barnby cannot have disapproved of that added volume of sound ; the psalm calls for it. There was one interlude, however, I remember, which was uncalled for and unexpected. A boy high up in the school one day surprised his neighbours and shortly afterwards the listening chapel by joining in the responses with the most remarkable fervour. None of us had heard such fervour ; it was the loudest response of which we supposed a human being capable, and as the rest of us quieted in order to listen the better, it resolved itself on each occasion into a solitary bellow. But he who bellowed did not look round ; he seemed

unaware that his behaviour excited comment ; he bellowed earnestly on. The Head observed him sternly, and sent for him after chapel, when I believe he explained that he intended no irreverence, but merely wished to join heartily in the service. He bellowed no more.

The precentor added to the school's debt to him by the concerts and entertainments which followed on his presence with us. His 97th Psalm was performed in chapel on Founder's Day, 1883, and the present Head Master sang the bass solo, 'Confounded be all they that worship carved images,' as finely as he always sang. Another concert was given by him in College Hall in March 1887, when Miss Julia Neilson, then unmarried and fresh from winning prizes at the Royal Academy of Music, sang Cowen's 'It was a dream,' and, in a duet, 'O that we two were maying'; Mr. Bancroft, as he was then, recited Poe's 'Raven,' and Mrs. Bancroft, twice recalled, came after him. Better even than these was the performance in the following summer half of the 'Elijah,' when Santley took the bass solos. But Barnby's principal achievement in our time—apart from the singing at the Jubilee, which stands in a category of its own—was, I suppose, his training of the Musical Society for the concert in 1888, at which they gave Stanford's setting of Tennyson's 'Revenge.' Perhaps the school was fuller than usual of useful voices for a chorus ; perhaps the piece itself was exceptionally popular ; at all

events, its success was prodigious. News of the concert somehow reached Queen Victoria at Windsor, and on Tuesday, February 19, 1889, she commanded a private performance at Windsor Castle on the following Saturday. This must have been short notice for Barnby, but he would have been equal to a shorter ; he called for rehearsals on Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon, and by six o'clock on Saturday evening we were in our places in an amphitheatre specially built at one end of St. George's Hall. The Queen took her seat opposite us ; Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the three Princesses of Prussia, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Marquis of Lorne followed her : the Empress Frederick, we understood, was listening in another room. The unfamiliar surroundings of the hall proved nothing disturbing ; the leads went as well as usual, and the Queen, we hoped, thought our singing as good as she had been told it was. After the ' Revenge ' came the ' Carmen,' the ' Vale,' and the music written for the Jubilee, which the Queen wished to hear again. She seemed to be really interested, and the decorous silence, or still more decorous applause, which followed the various numbers, was accepted as proper to the circumstances. As I see the scene now, there is a deep hollow of darkness at the back of the hall ; in the centre of the hall below us is the Queen, small and very stately, lighted with jewels : she lifts her hand to lead the applause, and the princesses decorously follow her.

But was the singing of the 'Revenge' the outstanding feature of all the performances of the Musical Society? Of the chorus singing, perhaps; but if I am to choose a single other feature, it would be the singing of E. P. Clarke. Clarke first sang at an Eton concert in December 1886, and after that I think he sang at every concert we had. In the later years his voice had changed to tenor, though it never really broke so that he could not sing at all. His voice was not of any great strength, but clear and sweet, with a note in it of extraordinary sadness: and at the early concerts when he was at his best and sang 'The Better Land,' we sat under a spell; he could have drawn his audience after him as surely as the piper of Hamelin drew the children.

## CHAPTER XIII

### MASTERS

THE other day I picked up a copy of the 'Eton alCendar' and found an advertisement which carried me back thirty years in two lines. 'Eton Colours,' I read. 'In Use during the Michaelmas School-time, 1901. A coloured sheet containing School, College, Oppidan, House, Boat, Cricket and Old Etonian Colours. First Reprint since 1882.' I looked at that, and wished again for my old copy of the 'Eton Colours.' I found myself, indeed, wanting nothing so much as to hold the familiar frame and pick out the familiar caps one by one ; and I began trying to remember as many as I could, and the order in which they were placed on the printed sheet. I could not get that right, and in the end wrote to inquire whether one of the old copies was anywhere to be bought ; only to discover, as I thought it was probable I should, that there was none to be had. 'Price 1/- net,' so goes the advertisement I read. My price would be more.

But much of the old 'Eton Colours' I remember very well—the grey-green background, the three College



caps in a row, the separate caps for each of the boats : above all, the house colours in their big block in the middle of the sheet. And when I picked up the Calendar with its advertisements, and was trying to set the old colours in order one by one, I found myself somehow associating the caps and colours of the houses with the masters to whom the houses belonged. Some of them seemed to me to be great colours, others not so great ; some of them had mixed associations, which happened, of course, when a house changed hands ; but most of them were curiously distinct. Black and white stripes, black and white quartered ; black and green stripes, blue and red quartered ; grey and red, violet and green, red and black quartered . . .

For whatever reason, I found myself thinking first of Badger Hale. The memory of Badger Hale belongs to what is old and great. He was old himself ; we called him ' Badger ' because of the patches of white in hair which was once black. He was great himself ; indeed, bodily he was very great indeed. But he was also broad and liberal of mind ; his judgment was solid, as you could see by his open and jolly countenance ; his attitude towards youth was benevolent, as you would guess at once from his eyes. He taught science and mathematics, and to be in his division was counted a fortunate thing : everybody liked to be up to the Badger. And I, unfortunately, never was up to him ; only I remember him once taking the division that I was in, and leaving us all

with the wish that we had the luck others had. 'Natural Science' was the general term for the elementary physical facts which he put before us; and he taught science in his own natural way. He instructed us in broad and simple phrases on the properties of matter. 'Matter has weight'—he bade us strictly observe this fact. 'Matter—has—weight,' he repeated, slowly and distinctly; and to lend emphasis to his assertion he stepped heavily from the platform on which he stood to the floor; and we, hearing the sound of his step and observing the boards of the floor, were firmly persuaded that his statement was just. 'Metals expand with heat,' he charged us to remember, and that we should understand the principles of expansion the more fully, he heated metal in our sight. He enjoined us to pay heed to him as he took between his fingers an iron ball, which we were to notice was cold and unheated, and which he dropped through an iron ring, the ball being a very little smaller than the circumference of the ring, so that it fell with a thump upon the floor. He bade us give him our best attention as he seized the ball in a pair of tongs and held it in the blue flame of a Bunsen burner. We watched him narrowly and with hope, having been given descriptions by others of the way this experiment went; we watched him while the ball became hotter, and waited for him to hold it once more over the ring. He held it over the ring, explaining to us as he did so that he had heated



AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GAME OF GOLF : THE REV. E. HALE.  
From a drawing by Frank Tarver.

THE  
CALIFORNIA

it in flame, and that after this heating it would no longer pass through the ring; we should thus be correct in drawing the conclusion that the fire of the burner had caused the metal to expand. He then loosed the hold of the tongs upon the ball, which being released fell through the ring with a resounding thump upon the floor, even as before it had fallen. 'Dear me! dear me!' exclaimed the Badger, proving that matter had weight by suddenly stepping from the platform to the floor. 'I cannot have heated the ball sufficiently: I will heat it again.' With these words, and forgetting that the metal under observation, although not hot enough to stick in the ring, was very much hotter than it used to be, he would stoop to pick up the ball in his fingers. He dropped it, of course, while we observed him with marked approval; it was a very moving experiment.

The Badger among other activities interested himself in the school rifle corps, of which he was quartermaster. I do not remember that he took any prominent part in marches out, but he certainly used to attend the annual inspection, when he attained a special distinction of his own. I believe that as a fact he possessed the volunteer decoration for long service; but when I was in the corps he was invariably reported as inefficient. After returning from the drill and march past in the playing fields, we used to be formed up in quarter-column in the yard of the New Schools, when the commanding officer addressed us,

told us the numbers on parade and made other observations, particularly bringing to our notice the numbers of those who had not made themselves efficient during the year. The numbers of these unfortunate members of the corps were usually very small, and the reason of their failure was nearly always illness ; but however small the numbers were, they always included the name of the quartermaster. The reason was always the same. 'I regret to have to say,' remarked the commanding officer with fitting asperity, 'that Quartermaster Hale has failed to fire his class.' Class-firing, of course, entailed so many shots fired from the prone position, and this was a position which the quartermaster, it was understood, considered unnecessary to military efficiency.

Another figure belonging to the old and the great days was R. A. H. Mitchell, beloved by many generations of Etonians as Mike. Of Mike a cricketer would write better than I, for Mike, of course, stood for Eton cricket wherever the game was played, and I played no cricket at Eton, or none, at all events, in which Mike would have been interested. But whether we had the good luck to be taught by him in Upper Club or not, Mike's tall figure was familiar to all of us as he stood at the wickets and did what he could or what he would with the bowling. Mike's leg-hitting, of course, was proverbial, and I remember one match in particular, the School *v.* M.C.C. and Ground in 1887, when Mike and C. I. Thornton were

in together and Hervey-Bathurst was bowling lobs. C. I. Thornton probably knew as much about lobs as anybody in England, and it cannot have been very inspiring to bowl them to him. One very high drive, I remember, pitched near the fence by the Slough road; but the hit which I always associate with that match was a glorious hit to leg from Mike for six. A few days later he went in first for the masters, playing against the school, and was out eighth, having made 96 out of 143; he was caught in the end off a very hard hit to square leg. It was a great innings to have seen. But my recollection is that Mike, towards the end of my time, did not play much cricket. He was often lame, I believe with sciatica or rheumatism in the knees, and he was slow between the wickets; it is true that he made most of his runs with fours. But as a coach he remained unequalled. If you are to sum up the Eton style of batting, as taught by him, I suppose it would be free forward play and hitting to leg—a kind of cricket very different from modern methods of facing the bowler and edging the ball off the wicket. He coached his pupils not only on the cricket field. I remember hearing a story of him coming into the room of one of the eleven after prayers at night, and picking a bat out of the corner to demonstrate a particular stroke. ‘This is the way to cut,’ he said, and, the room being smaller than he thought, he flicked the bat—a new one—full face against the corner of an open burry.

To think of Mike is to remember Mike's dog. He was a mastiff, yellow and huge, named Boney, as a great dog should be named ; he went his own way, and if others stood before him in the path, he went his way still ; he went where they had stood. He died in 1889, and Carr-Bosanquet, who was then Captain of the School, wrote verses in his memory. They were dedicated ' In Memoriam " Boni " Canis,' and the first stanza marked him as a dog apart :

Not his to chase the vulgar rat,  
Or join in brutalising sports ;  
Not his to lounge in cushioned courts,  
Companion of a cream-fed cat.

He was greater than other dogs—a super-dog in design, colour, appetite ; a dog of myths and legends :

For tales were told with fearful joy  
And recklessness of canine crime,  
How he was wont from time to time  
To breakfast on a baker's boy.

The Demarara sugar hue,  
The floating tail, the foreign scent  
That marked him circumambient,  
Macaulay's ' every schoolboy ' knew.

But the best stanzas are the last :

They say who watched him at a match,  
He shuddered at a careless stroke,  
Appraised the balls that shot, that broke,  
And barked approval of a catch ;

Outstretched beneath his favourite tree,  
Attentive to the busy scene,  
He might for all the world have been  
A member of the M.C.C.



The end was worthy of the whole,  
For, when he saw his course was run,  
He vowed nor friendly Steel nor Gunn  
Should free his philosophic soul.

With cheerful mien and stiffening legs,  
As Plato in a Stoic age  
Relates of the Athenian sage,  
He drained his hemlock to the dregs.

Now, if it be as poets tell,  
He barks at the intruding cat,  
And revels in Elysian 'Spratt'  
Among the meads of asphodel.

It must be a pleasant memory to have been taught cricket by Mike. But I think of him most often not as on the cricket field, but as just coming round the corner of the New Schools to the room where his division waited for him. It was the farthest room to the left beyond the cannon as you came from College into New Schools, and though he was lame, he limped round the corner with a peculiar sweeping rush: I do not know how often, running from College, I have not seen that tall figure with the slight stoop and the bent knees, his gown blowing out behind him and his door-key stretched out before, sail round the red brick corner to the doorway under the arch. He may not have been a great scholar, and perhaps he would have felt not unrelieved if verses had been struck out of the weekly round; but he was the kindest and most painstaking of teachers, and it was the best of good fortune for any boy to be up to him.

To the great names belongs Frank Tarver. There

were two Tarvers when I first went to school, Harry and Frank. Harry, however, soon disappeared, and I think went to live in a cottage somewhere along the Slough road : we used to see him at intervals. He was a quiet and unobtrusive person, perhaps with no great authority : very different from Frank Tarver. I myself, except for a few days, when he was taking someone else's work, was never up to Frank Tarver : I merely knew others who were. During the few days that he took our division we had no reason to dispute the reputation which he had gained of viewing with the strongest disapproval those who happened to fall short of the standards which he set before them. He insisted on teaching French, to begin with—a point which was not insisted upon by all. He insisted that what he taught should be learnt, and that what he desired should be done ; nor might any in his division be late for school, or talk when in school, or in any respect whatever fail to perform any duty, so that it was plain as soon as you met him that school could be a very uncomfortable place indeed. We all of us, probably, recognised him as the best teacher of French we had, but it was possible for the unregenerate to wish to be taught French not so well. And so the majority of us, I suppose, went through our school-time thinking of Frank Tarver first and foremost as a teacher of French with an abnormal preference for discipline ; most teachers of foreign languages being normal in this respect. And then one day, to those of us who got as



*Harry - preparing.*



*Harry says Tom must keep him for a his shackle.*

HARRY TARVER

From drawings by Frank Tarver.



far up the school list as Sixth Form, he suddenly developed into something quite different. It came to our turn to take part in speeches : he coached us in speeches, and revealed himself at once as an actor, an English scholar, and a reader to whom it was a delight to listen. Did we guess at any reason which might account for Frank Tarver's stringent reign in school ? I do not know ; but looking back, it is not difficult to suppose that to a man with a fine ear and a deep knowledge of a noble tongue, to be compelled to hear French prose and poetry murdered day after day must have been torture.

There were others whose milder ruling invited experiments in work-saving. One of these was Johnny Cole, of whose benevolent discipline I have the general recollection that if you did not bother Johnny Cole, he was pretty safe not to bother you. It was believed that he marked Sunday questions according to the neatness of the writing and the number of pages covered, irrespective of the wording or trustworthiness of the answers. One experimenter, desiring to test the point, showed up a beautifully written set of ' Sunday questions,' in which he adopted the unusual spelling ' Goos and Jentiles ' throughout. Possibly Johnny Cole was wider awake than we thought him ; anyhow, this variant from accepted forms caught his eye, and explanations became difficult. Another master with whom experiments were usually safe was H. W. Mozley, disrespectfully known as ' The Mo ' or ' Ikey

Mo'—I do not know why he was Ikey. The most valuable form of experiment with The Mo was to introduce an animal into his room. Why certain types of masters should invite experiments with animals is a problem which has always attracted me; I have an idea that there is a latent amiability in them which somehow connects them in boys' minds with the characteristics of dumb creatures. The Mo could always be relied upon; he was never suspicious, he was never vindictive, it never seemed to dawn upon him that it was strange that his room should be so frequently infested with animals, and he always behaved in exactly the same way. The mathematical hour began as usual, the door was shut, The Mo rose from his desk to demonstrate some truth in algebra or Euclid, when his attention would be arrested by a sound of scuffling. The ensuing scene seldom varied.

*The Mo.* 'What's that? What's that?'

*Voices, with gravity.* 'There seems to be a dog in the room, sir.'

*The Mo.* 'A dog in the room? A dog in the room? What? Where? How can a dog be in the room?'

*Voices.* 'It must have come in from outside, somehow, I think, sir.'

*The Mo.* 'Where is it? Where is it? I don't see it.'

*Voices.* 'It was over here just now, I think, only I was looking at the board and didn't notice. . . .

It's over by the window, I think, sir . . . I expect it's moved . . . There it is, sir.'

*(The Mo catches sight of the dog, and hurries down from his desk.)*

*Voices.* 'Here [it is, sir . . . No, it's gone! . . . Here, Fido? Toby? Spot? . . . Look out, sir!'

*The Mo.* 'You naughty boys! You naughty boys! One of you brought the dog in; you must have brought it in.'

*(He rushes round the room, kicking wildly at the dog as it scuttles under the forms. The dog is ejected.*

*The Mo ascends his desk.)*

*Voices, explaining.* 'It must have come in when you opened the door, I expect, sir.'

*(The Mo recovers his breath. The Euclid problem is again explained, quarter of an hour later than it would have been otherwise. Q.E.F.)*

. . . . .

## SCENE II. *A month later. The same.*

Another master who combined amiability with an infinite capacity for being imposed upon was the Reverend Duncan Crookes Tovey. The world knows him now as the scholar who has done more for the poet Gray than any other of Gray's countrymen, and his name as Gray's editor and commentator is secure. We in our day at school only vaguely connected him with Gray; what we did see in him was a master who could be made the victim of endless practical

jokes, yet who could be trusted never to retaliate in any dangerous way. He would burst into fulminations of wrath, we knew: he would threaten us with the direst penalties, he would even set us punishments which if they had ever been exacted would have taken weeks of the half, but the cloud-bursts of wrath, we knew, would pass, and in a few moments the sun would be shining again, as it surely would have shone always if we had let that kindest of old men alone. Once, I remember, at a given signal half the division were suddenly seen to be listening to the construing with cigarettes in their mouths. Tovey looked up, caught sight of cigarette after cigarette, apparently being smoked with complete composure. He waited for no smoke: he grew red in the face; he leapt to his feet; he exploded.

'What? what? what? You, Stracey, smoking? You, Potter? You, Fildes? You? I shall complain of you all. All! All!'

*All.* 'They're only chocolate, sir.'

'Only chocolate? Put them away at once, at once! I never knew of such a thing. I shall certainly complain of you. Wait after school, all of you.'

At twelve o'clock, with the Reverend Duncan Crookes Tovey in high good humour, we went our way as usual. If we waited after school, unless the explosion had taken place immediately before the hour struck, we might be pretty certain what would happen. I remember well standing before his desk as the others



filed out ; I had been told to wait after school for a yellow ticket and a Georgic—that most ancient and worst form of punishment. I stood before the desk, waiting. Tovey collected his books. He was short, round, and light-bearded ; he had small and twinkling eyes. He looked over the desk at me as I stood there.

‘ Parker ! What are you waiting for ? What are you waiting for ? ’

‘ You told me to stay after school, sir, for a yellow ticket.’

‘ A yellow ticket ? No, no ! Run along now, run along. You’re a very good boy ; a very good boy. Run along.’

Tovey left not long after I came : I suppose that sterner methods than his were better for us. But I do not know : I have thought of him from that day to this as the most golden-hearted old man I ever met.

Tovey, of course, was a classical master, and somehow it used to happen that the masters with whom we experimented more boldly than others taught mathematics, or German, or French. One with whom it was not well to go to extreme lengths, but who contrived, whether consciously or not, to provide valuable entertainment, was the Reverend Thomas Dalton, familiarly spoken of as Piggy. The nickname, indeed, joined on to the name so naturally that the two became in sound one—Piggidalton. Piggy had a rubicund face and a voice which it is easier to imitate than to describe. It was partly nasal, partly guttural ; partly it

resembled the meditative cackling of a barn-door fowl, and it was delivered between lips that were pursed and protruding. On occasions it was raised into higher keys, and the effect was very exhilarating. There used to be a short, small man of a willing and obliging nature, who probably had many duties of different kinds to perform, but whom I do not remember seeing doing anything else except rush along passages carrying an enormous can of ink. His name was Long. The special purpose of the can of ink, which was provided with a lengthy spout like a watering-can, was to fill the smaller inkpots in the desks of the schoolrooms ; and if the inkpots in Piggy Dalton's room began to run dry, they were always filled in the same way. The door was left open, in case Long should go by ; if he did not go by, the pots remained dry ; if he did go by, Piggy lifted up his voice from his desk. ' Long ! Long ! ' he called, and Long stopped as he rushed past and came in with his can of ink. I do not know how often I was up to Piggy Dalton, but he sums himself up in my memory by that reiterated call. A strident, raucous voice, a touch of emphasised absurdity in the sudden appearance of the little man with the can of ink, authority in spite of absurdity—that is the atmosphere of Piggy Dalton's division as I think of it now. But the authority is unquestionable.

¶ It was not unquestionable with all. In the French and German languages there is sometimes no authority at all. For whatever reason, teachers of French and

German were popularly supposed to be more likely than others to accept unusual innovations on the part of their pupils ; for whatever reason, popular ideas on this point were often right. Occasionally we were very wrong. There was a certain M. Hua who surprised us much. I think it was the very first time that he took our division that he directed popular opinion into unexpected channels. He began, not long after the division had come in, by observing somebody at work on the desk with a knife, and by ordering the knife to be brought up to him at once. The owner, a little startled, slowly left his seat and laid the knife on the desk : M. Hua took no notice of the fact that he came slowly, but went on cheerfully explaining to us some point in regard to irregular verbs. Suddenly he caught sight of another boy with a knife and ordered it up to his desk at once. This knife was also brought slowly ; he went on cheerfully with his explanation, but it could be seen that he had noticed that what he had asked for was not brought at once. He went on again, and as he seemed to be confident, and was also of a short, round, and jovial appearance, we listened to him, watching him narrowly, which perhaps he knew. He had not gone very far when he stopped and demanded another article, a pocket-book or something of the kind in which another boy was taking an interest. He waited while the pocket-book was brought up, and it came faster than the knives. Again he went on and again he stopped and ordered up a knife, or a bunch

of keys, or a purse, or some other valued possession which should not have been brought to his notice in school. At the end of the hour he had quite a little collection, and we wondered what he would do with them. It would be an undesirable thing to happen if he refused to give back what he had taken, but there, on his desk, the things lay in a row. He solved our doubts. The hour finished striking, and he finished what he had to say. Then he stood up and picked up a knife. 'Catch!' he said, and tossed it to the owner. 'Catch!' he called out, and threw another knife to the other end of the room. 'Catch!' he cried, and the remaining knives, books, and keys flew to their owners in turn; some of their owners dropped them. 'You should learn to catch your knives,' he said, looking jovially upon us. What his methods with others were I do not know, but he had no more trouble with that division. He added to his name not long afterwards in the Playing Fields. He was walking towards Sheep's Bridge and passed a net at which a few boys were practising. One of them asked him to come and bowl, of course not expecting him to do anything of the sort. He picked up a ball and bowled lobs—good lobs. We observed him with respect. A French master who could play cricket was a man to be talked about.

Another teacher of foreign tongues was not so successful. He will be recognised when I say that he was tall and melancholy in appearance, and that he

only stayed at Eton one half. Having said so much, I will add that he was of the most benevolent disposition, generous, and entirely unsuspecting; and that one at least of those who were in his division is completely ashamed at having imposed upon one so hapless and kind-hearted. His misfortunes began at once. The first division (not mine) which he took decided, after a short trial, that they could go far. They filled the keyhole of his schoolroom door with pebbles, and while he in vain attempted to introduce the key, explained to him that the placing of pebbles in the lock of a door of a master who had only just come to the school was an ancient and venerable Eton custom. The pebbles were extracted after a time, and with the help of one of the school officials, who remained silent while engaged upon his task; then, later in the day, the master who had thus been initiated into the old custom spoke to another master on the subject, telling him how much touched he had been with the welcome the boys had extended to him; how that so far from having been afraid of him, or treating him with coldness and at a distance, they had accepted him at once as one of the members of the school, and in doing so had gone through the old rites and ordinances. How extremely interesting these old customs were, he exclaimed with enthusiasm; and was made aware of the newness of the custom. I fear that his enlightenment was rapid. But it was never entirely complete. I doubt if he ever knew how unworthily he was urged to generous

impulses by one member of a division which he took in German. It was the Easter half, and there was keen competition for fives-courts. There were a certain number of fives-courts which were open to anyone to play in ; the court belonged to the boy who first set foot on it after twelve, and the only way to get it was to race for it. Some masters, knowing this, used to let their divisions out of school the moment the clock struck ; others, less convenient in their habits, used to keep them in a minute or so after the hour, which, of course, made the gaining of a fives-court impossible. It was determined that this unfortunate German master should make a fives-court not merely possible, but a certainty. A boy would be sent out of school, long before twelve, and he would not return. Thus it was decided, and thus, about quarter to twelve one fine morning in February, events moved :

*(A division of twelve or fifteen boys is engaged in writing German exercises. A master, careful and troubled, walks up and down, offering help to each in turn. One of the boys is suddenly seen to rest his head on his hand, as if in pain ; then he takes up his pen again, and begins writing diligently. He puts down his pen after an interval, and again props his brow on his hand. The master approaches him.)*

*The Master.* ' My poor boy, are you feeling unwell ? '

*The Boy (taking up his pen and writing diligently).*

'Oh no, thank you, sir. It's nothing of any consequence.'

*(He works earnestly. The master gazes at him in doubt. After a little the boy again drops his pen and props his head on his hand. The master again approaches him.)*

*The Master.* 'My poor boy, I am sure you are ill. What is the matter?'

*The Boy (bravely).* 'Nothing at all, sir. It's really nothing.' *(Writes a few words, makes as if to lean on his hand again, and writes again.)*

*The Master.* 'My poor boy, you are really ill. You had much better go and lie down. You had better go out of school at once!'

*The Boy.* 'No, thank you, sir, really. There's nothing the matter with me. I can easily work till the end of school.'

*The Master.* 'My boy, I insist. You must leave the room this moment. No, I cannot hear a word. You must really go. At once, now; obey me.'

*(The boy obeys him.)*

I regret to say that this happened not once only, but again, a week later.

There were others who suffered more. There was one whose going was part of the general, gradual change which took place with the change of head masters: though I doubt if he would have stayed long if there had been no change. He was not disliked; indeed, I remember a lecture he gave which was

rather well received ; it was merely that he had no notion of how to be a schoolmaster. I was never up to him, so that I cannot speak of him except by hearsay ; but that is perhaps enough, for we heard more of him than of any of the other masters. To be in the division next to his division meant hearing a good deal of him any day ; on some days it meant hearing nothing else. One day he, or rather his division, was heard for the last time—the last and the best, as we certainly thought. Our division was in a room in the far part of the New Schools, on the ground floor, and his division was next door to us. We were working with some caution in these days, for there were new ideas and new possibilities abroad, which led to uneasiness among many. It was not long after the Head had been made Head—that is the phrase in which Warre's succession to Hornby somehow sets itself—and the Head had originated a most inconvenient departure from established custom. He made it his business to see how every division in the school was being taught, and how it was getting on as a division, and with the object of ascertaining this, he used to go every day to the different divisions in turn, open the door without warning, and stand by the master's desk while the ordinary work of the division went on as usual. It was a new practice on the part of a head master, and as such the wiser among us were on guard against its consequences. But the division next door to us was not wise ; not, at all



events, on this particular afternoon. We began our work as usual, and heard about as much noise as usual next door ; then there was a curious silence. Then came a remarkable noise ; it began with a shout of laughter, then there were more shouts, then a series of well-executed cat-calls, then a perfect hulla-baloo. It sounded like a division steeplechasing over desks in the dark. Our division master could not put up with the noise any longer, and selected a messenger. 'Take my compliments to Mr. ——,' he told him, 'and ask him if he would kindly see that a little less noise is made.' It would have been impossible to make a little more noise. The messenger opened the door, stepped out, stood with the door open for a moment, and came in again with a gasp.

'Well ? well ?' snapped our division master.

'The Head, sir,' said the messenger, and silence fell upon us all.

But not upon those next door. The steeplechase continued ; the cat-calls were repeated ; there were sounds as if some treasured possession was being thrown to hounds.

Then above the din we heard the voice of the Head. We heard it and they did not ; from other sounds that we heard we guessed that the door was locked. We heard the voice of the Head again, and then they heard it. Then at last they heard it, and instead of the noise of steeplechasing there was a great silence.

We too were silent, listening, and he who taught us was as silent as we were. We heard the door opened, after what must have been a search for the key ; we imagined the gas being lighted ; we thought of the master. . . .

There was another occasion which I remember more dimly. It was not the same master, I think, who suffered, but I am not sure. It is an odd thing, the different depths of impression which different events of the same kind make upon a boy's memory ; I cannot make up my mind as to this occasion whether I actually heard what was being done while it was being done, or whether I only heard about it afterwards. This, at all events, is what happened—probably near the Fifth of November. The division went up as usual, but with a plan in its mind, which was to conduct a display of fireworks on a new and extensive scale. The schoolroom was one of the usual type, with a wooden desk raised upon a step, something like a square pulpit, at the side of the room. Above the desk swung a blackboard upon hinges, and part of the plan was concerned with this blackboard. All went well. First the key was abstracted from the unhappy master's desk ; this was a matter necessitating swift manipulation of piles of *poenas*, or similar material ; the Georgic or whatever it was would be shown up with an air of suffering but with respectful deference to authority, and if the situation was properly handled, the Georgic would be delivered on the top of the key, so that the

key would be taken while the Georgic remained. The key having been abstracted, it was easy to pass it up to the boy nearest the door. This done, some modest and plausible person would approach the desk with a curious problem, obviously the result of diligent search in the classics, which would distract the attention of the unfortunate master. While engaged in entering enthusiastically into his pupil's difficulties, and offering all possible assistance, he would not notice the fact that two active and silent youths had risen each upon a form underneath the gas brackets. All this took place. Suddenly the room was in darkness, and from every side there flew towards the blackboard showers of coloured fire, matches which burnt red and green and yellow ; these rained from the blackboard upon any person who might be crouching under it. Here recollection a little fails me. Did the unhappy one crouch beneath the board ? Did he rush to the door to find it locked ? Did he return to the shelter of the desk ? To the best of my remembrance, it was all planned to go through just before the end of school, and when the sound of other divisions moving came to them, the division of the fireworks rushed into the night.

Time brings its revenges ; none stranger, surely, than that which placed one of those who suffered most at the hands of uncontrolled Eton youth in the early 'eighties in the position in which he found himself quarter of a century later. How many members of

Fifth Form and Remove in 1884 would recognise the following portrait ?

‘An absentee landlord who has spent about half of a long life among these Balkan people. More than a generation ago he was a master at Eton. Now he spends a vagrant, bachelor life in a corner of Europe to which he has become profoundly attached, and in which he pulls an incredible number of strings. He makes Sofia his head-quarters, winters in Athens, spends the heat of the summer in Sineia, and pays frequent visits to Bucharest and Belgrade. He was expelled from Bulgaria, once, during a political crisis, but was soon recalled ; and the Greek Press made bitter attacks upon him when, a few years ago, he began to point out the necessity of this Balkan alliance. He has the full confidence of every Court in the peninsula, though : and his advice is more eagerly sought by responsible Ministers and more frequently adopted than that of professional diplomatists. He is known here to every man in the street as “Bourchier” ; he is believed to have the British Press in his pocket ; and when he takes his daily ride on a handsome little grey Arab pony, almost every hat is raised as he passes. M. Dimitroff is not prepared to contradict anybody who suggests that “Bourchier’s” personal influence has done more than anything else to bring about the Balkan alliance.’

It is an extract from a letter sent to the *Westminster Gazette* in the autumn of 1912 by Mr. Philip Bussy,

who had seen the 'English resident' (in truth an Irishman) cheered in the streets of Sofia after the mobilisation of the troops. From a current work of reference it is possible to extract further details . . . 'in 1888 special correspondent of *The Times* in Roumania and Bulgaria and has subsequently represented that journal in South-Eastern Europe; in 1895 investigated the atrocities at Dospat in Macedonia, and prepared a report for the British Government; in 1896 received the thanks of the Cretan Assembly for his services in promoting the arrangement with Turkey . . . Grand Officer of the Order of Prince Danilo of Montenegro, Commander of the Order of the Saviour of Greece, Commander of the Order of the Crown of Roumania, Officer of the Order of St. Alexander of Bulgaria' . . . That is he; that is the man whose word controlled the destinies of nations and the guns of three continental armies; and that is the master in whom we saw nothing but inability or unwillingness to force us through the round of school routine. We do not come very well out of it.

The masters who took the higher divisions during my time have all, of course, long since ceased to teach, though it is still possible to find some of the old names in accounts of Eton doings. The older names set themselves naturally enough in two groups: one of them dim and shadowy, names that are names only, of men I never knew; the other a group distinct and of authority, separate in my mind either because I

was taught by them or because of the mark they left on the school. There is the author of the school song, for instance, in a very separate position of his own. His name was familiar to me long before I went to Eton, for he was the author of the books with which I began Latin verses and Greek. *Sertum* was the first Greek book I ever saw, and I tried to buy a copy of it the other day to see if I could recapture anything of the moment when I first read of *μῶρός τις* and *ἡλιθίός τις*, and discovered with surprise that the first story, which was about cooking snails, made sense in English. But *Sertum* is no longer to be bought. 'Clivus,' in the same way, must have introduced thousands of English boys to the making of Latin verse, and 'Clivus' is a book rooted deep in my affections.

Behold, a new servant I-am-entering the temples of the Muses :  
I-desire to quaff the waters of the Castalian spring. . . .

That is the first couplet, and it belongs for me to the ancient and inky desks of a schoolroom in Northamptonshire, to May mornings and the cawing of rooks coming in through the open windows. 'Clivus' was in two parts, both of which were of considerable use to writers of original Latin verses, in search of phrases which would fill a line; and I think there was also another book by the same compiler which dealt with lyrics—the only drawback to this book being that it was of no use to you if you happened to be up to its author, who had an inconvenient habit of remembering all that he had written. The name of Ainger, I suppose, more than any other,

must represent Latin verses to Etonians—some of them, perhaps, with remembrances of more than the mere books he wrote. His 'ideas' for making verse out of unpromising material were inexhaustible. One youth, far from the slopes of Parnassus, found himself composing Latin poetry on the subject (I think) of the river Thames. He bethought him of the towns on its banks—Reading, for instance. How should he make a couplet about Reading? He thought long, and at last asked for inspiration at the source. 'Oh, well,' suggested Ainger, 'suppose you begin with *Qua faciunt biscuits* and end up with something about Huntley and Palmer.' On another occasion there was a question of the relationship of heroes; who was the mother of Perseus? Medea, suggested a voice. 'Me-dea!' commented Ainger grimly. 'Dear me!'

But he wrote, of course, a good deal more than Latin verses for schoolboys. The 'Carmen,' I think dates back to the 'seventies; but the 'Vale' was first sung at an Eton concert in 1888, and since that date it must have set itself side by side with the 'Carmen' in the minds of all Etonians, if with some it does not come first. A song of old memories and traditions:

Old Eton faces, old Eton places,  
Though we be parted far away . . .

a song sung at every Eton concert to the old and well-known tune must hold its own place, deep rooted and secure, wherever Etonians gather, or wherever one who has heard it goes alone. The 'Vale' from the

beginning has been sung by boys who are leaving, and that has wrapped into the tune a fibre which belongs to no other Eton song.

The Ainger-Barnby collaboration began with the 'Carmen' and was completed in 1891 by the publication of 'Eton Songs,' which includes, besides the 'Carmen,' the 'Vale,' and the Jubilee Song, 'The Silver Thames,' 'Cricket is King,' 'St. Andrew's Day,' 'A Song of Fives,' and two hymns. 'A Song of Fives' was first published in the *Chronicle* of February 16, 1888, without any guiding initials under it, and I do not remember guessing who wrote it at the time, though the abundance of simile ought to have suggested the compiler of 'Clivus':

Oft in life you'll meet with knocks  
'Gainst a harder 'pepper-box';  
Fingers scraped and fingers bruised,  
Ball and player roughly used:  
Till 'cut down' or slow or fast,  
Into 'deadman's hole' at last.

It was sung at the last school concert I heard, in the summer of 1889, so that Barnby had rather more leisure than usual to think out his music. There were other times when the makings of words and music belonged almost to the same day; as, for instance, on the occasion of the wedding of the Head Master's daughter in 1888, when, as the historian quoted on another page put it, 'Mr. Ainger is communicated with on Saturday, the finished words pass to Mr. Barnby on the Sunday, and the Auxiliary Choir sing it as if they had sung little else



all their lives, on Tuesday morning.' But with little leisure or much, the collaboration of author and musician was almost invariably successful. With a slightly different aim and scope in their songs, the names of Ainger and Barnby at Eton stand side by side with those of Bowen and Farmer at Harrow.

'To stand in the old ways'—I suppose there must be masters at Eton to-day who, more than others, seem to represent and to justify the customs of the past. Ainger seems to me, as I look back, to stand in the old ways more clearly than most. If ever any scholar was fortified by the classics, surely he was. If ever tastes and preferences were moulded by classical severity, surely his were. His very appearance was unmistakable; to get a portrait of him, you had merely to turn over the pages of the classical dictionary. He stood in the old English ways as well as the Roman; he brought a classic mind to games, and came down to College kickabout in a top-hat. New methods attracted him not at all. He maintained the pleasant custom of asking guests to breakfast; and once at breakfast I remember him speaking incisively of an innovation he had witnessed in the Playing Fields. He had seen a member of the Eight—no doubt acting under training instructions—walking about on a summer day protected from the heat of the sun by an umbrella. 'An umbrella!' I can hear the comment still. We had sat down to breakfast, so to speak, with Seneca and Scipio; and we were suddenly asked to contemplate

so effeminate a modern contrivance as a sunshade. We drank our coffee in a degenerate age.

Among the classical names—*primus inter pares*—is that of Henry Elford Luxmoore. If Ainger looked as if he might have been a consul, there was only one possible comparison for Luxmoore. He should have worn purple always; his mortar-board should have been a laurel-wreath. He had the eye that should go with *imperium*; if he desired this or that to be done, you did not argue as to whether or not it should be done quickly. I remember my tutor writing of him as 'one of the best teachers we have,' and I think he was the first of the classical masters in the higher part of the school who convinced a newcomer as teaching with authority. He had his own methods, and one of the most individual was his way of teaching history. He would set a lesson in the text-book, whatever it was, that we were using, and he made it of a particular length, no more and no less. We were to read this out of school. When we came into school, we brought pens and paper and sat prepared to write down the answers to the questions, perhaps a dozen, which he put to us. As often as not the answer would be a single word; that is to say, it ought to have been a single word. We were given a sentence quoted from the marked portion, and told to fill in the blank, thus: 'The duke led out his forces, the horse being commanded by Lord Grey, whose courage was very ——.' Those who wrote down 'great' or 'remarkable' obtained no reward, the

right and only answer being 'dubious.' Plainly to get full marks for papers of this kind meant that you must have gone through the text of the lesson extremely carefully, perhaps two or three times, and it may be that some who read their history in this way learnt what they read. But one, at least, did not. Another task over which it was possible to come to collisions with Luxmoore was saying lesson ; there was no question, as there might be with other masters, of arranging matters so that by coming up at a certain time you could calculate on being told to go on at a particular point ; the only course was to know all. But my recollections of saying lesson with Luxmoore, at all events as regards one summer half, are pleasant enough. Throughout the half, I am afraid, there was but one description which could properly apply to my performances ; but within a few weeks of the end of the half Luxmoore offered a prize to anyone who could say the third book of Horace's Odes by heart. I decided that I should like to win this prize, so I went about for days with a Horace in my pocket, learning the Odes at odd times, such as going down to Athens to bathe, and on the last available day I presented myself before Luxmoore's desk as a candidate for his prize. He raised his eyebrows and put me on at half-a-dozen places ; all went well, and I was duly invited to come to his house to choose the prize, which was Hamerton's 'Painter's Camp,' second edition, 1866, in morocco—the date, as I look at it now, seems to be an

index to the giver's mind. But the winning of that prize had a sequel. I took it home, where it was received with approval. Then my report followed, and I looked with some apprehension at one or two items, thinking, however, that the verdict on saying lesson was safe enough. 'Saying lesson, unsatisfactory,' I read, with a line neatly drawn through the three words. 'What a curious mistake !' was the comment of one who read through the report with me. 'He must have been thinking of some one else.' But I knew well he was thinking of no one else.

Luxmoore is the only master I was ever up to who gave a 'run.' A 'run' took place when a master was more than quarter of an hour late for school, and Luxmoore, if I remember right, gave two runs when I was in his division, one in each of two halves. The run in the summer half was particularly valuable, for it was early school and a sunny morning. We waited till the quarter sounded from school clock, and the division vanished at the sound. At twelve o'clock Luxmoore was as punctual as usual. 'You gave us a run this morning, Sir,' we informed him. He raised his eyebrows and opened his books. 'One of you should have come round to fetch me,' he remarked. 'You would have found me digging in my garden.' He gave the runs on purpose, we used to believe; I dare say to keep up a custom which might otherwise die out. Nothing old and good should have died out, if Luxmoore could help it; and when I have read letters he

has written of late years to the *Chronicle* and other papers, defending the ancient traditions of speeches in Upper School, it may be, or trying to save the Cloister railings, I have thought again of that run in the summer half, and Luxmoore digging alone in his garden. He may have been in a minority often since then : I am sure he has always been right.

There are other figures equally distinct, but with fewer associations. There is the Vice-Provost, for instance, whose scholarly presence remains in my memory as an example of mind controlling the most material of issues in the shape of unruly pupils. It is impossible to imagine that slight figure and subduing eye being treated with anything else but deference. We thought of him not only as a master but as an author, for we used his 'Cromwell' as a text-book ; but I doubt if many of us in those days would have included in a forecast of his future writings the tranquil humour of 'Darwell Stories' and 'Sunningwell.'

There is Austen Leigh, again, whom I think of chiefly as instructing his division at the beginning of the half in the simpler duties which other masters took for granted. This he did in a pleasant, sing-song voice, which went up and down and round the corner as a wooden screw might go, thus : 'At seven o'clock punctually to-morrow morning—you will come into school with your lessons properly prepared—you will be provided with pens, ink, and broad-rewled paper.'

The accent was always the same, high on the pens and ink, and descending by a kind of spiral mew to the broad-rewled paper. Austen Leigh, in 1887, became Lower Master in succession to Jimmy Joynes, and the Lower School, perhaps, heard a sterner note from the blackboard. None supposed that his division lacked discipline at any time ; but I think that his severer rulings were expended on the higher rather than the lower ranks in the school. No boy who supposed himself to be greater than his fellows obtained any recognition of that supposed fact from Austen Leigh.

A master who combined capabilities not always found together was Arthur James. He wrote occasional verse ; he was a landscape painter ; he hit very hard to mid-off ; and he was original in his methods with his division. He once took Luxmoore's division and surprised us by walking about all the time, not on the floor, but on the desks. His namesake, C. C. James, better known as Stiggins, is a vaguer memory. He left in 1884, and I wish I could remember more about him ; he kept bees, and he used to fish. It was Stiggins, of course, who a few years before had narrowly escaped a ducking in Barnes Pool ; and what sort of an adventure that was said to be, I doubt if he knew. For in the mind of the lower boy of 1883, when I first heard about it, there was no question of his having been rescued from the ducking. The tradition of that heroic business said nothing of any escape at all. We looked at his tall, lean figure, his spectacles and his white beard,

and told each other not that he had avoided a bath in Barnes Pool, but that he had been dragged backwards and forwards two or three times through the muddiest part of it. Thus do the great days have greatness thrust on them. When Stiggins was still with us there were as many as three Jameses masters at Eton. The third was the Reverend Sydney Rhodes James, afterwards Head Master of Malvern. Some masters seem to go naturally in pairs, and to think of Sydney James is to be reminded of Walter Durnford. They did the same things, or nearly the same, so far as we were concerned. Durnford commanded the School Volunteer Corps, and so at a later date did Sydney James. They played 'second' together in matches at the wall. They were also both of them a good deal more with us out of school than the other masters; they used to come down to bathe at Athens and Boveney, and would walk back with us, talking of school and other affairs in an amusingly mordant way. Sydney James, indeed, could be more than mordant. Upon the ink-dyed lower boy he poured vials of upbraiding, strings of the most select adjectives, calling the attention of all within hearing to the ink, the collar, the unbrushed hair. 'Dingy owl!' one would hear himself described; 'mouldy toad,' another. He had, indeed, many names for lower boys; they, on the other hand, had but one for him, which was Kidney Beans. But I remember best of all a certain appearance of Sydney James in chapel. He had

spent part of the holidays in Norway, or somewhere in the wilds, where he had grown a beard, and when he first walked up the aisle in chapel in a beard, he was for the moment unrecognised ; then when he was recognised, the recognition extended through the morning service. We became used to the beard, however, and he, presumably, did not ; for one day he was observed, early in the morning, *barbatus* as usual, and he appeared in eleven o'clock school *tonsus*—a proceeding which he was more than once afterwards asked to explain and describe. We, *imberbes*, watched such behaviour with interest.

Eton at this time was quite a nursery for head masters of other schools. Sydney James went first to Sherborne and then to Malvern. H. T. Bowlby, who was one of the younger generation of masters, and whom we admired as an Oxford Blue able to show as how to ' fly ' hurdles, went to Lancing. Lionel Ford, who often played cricket in College games, and who made many runs on each side of (and also through) mid-off, which was a most unhappy place to be in, went first to Repton and afterwards to Harrow. Charles Lowry was Master in College when I left, and later became Head Master, first of Sedbergh, and then of Tonbridge. The present Head Master of Eton was an assistant till 1890, when he went to Haileybury ; and I suppose it is an open secret that, had he so wished it, the choice for the Headmastership might have fallen upon Arthur Benson, who came as a



master to the school in 1885, and is now President of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

Arthur Benson stands out as a figure separate from the rest. That may be, perhaps, because his ambitions were separate or different ; it may be that he was always, consciously or unconsciously, looking at the College window rather than the Head Master's chambers : however that may be, I do not think of him as a schoolmaster at all. That cannot be simply because I never had anything to do with him in school, for there were others to whom it was unnecessary to speak to know them ; they proclaimed themselves schoolmasters near and far. And he was, as a fact, a schoolmaster of very decided views, and one who had thought out a schoolmaster's life from many aspects ; but to me, and I am sure to others who were never taught by him, he was just a friend. I do not mean to say that he tried to attract friends among the boys, but he did attract friendship ; we met him at games, or at practices of the Musical Society, and then, in what seemed a natural sequence, at dinner at his own house. One of the attractions to some of us was that he wrote books, or meant to write them ; it is looking a long way back to realise that when I left school he had written no more than two. The second of them, ' Archbishop Laud : a Study,' was rather severely dealt with in one of the literary weeklies, and I remember feeling indignant that such a thing should be. He used to be referred to when there were such things

as presentations to be made, or addresses of welcome to the Queen ; he wrote many leading articles and accounts of various matches, concerts and exhibitions for the *Chronicle*. I suppose that he had not at that time begun work on his 'Fasti Etonenses,' which, though it was not published until 1899, was completed several years earlier. But he summed up his outlook on school life in the sestet of the sonnet 'To Eton,' which stands before the preface of the book :—

Some vast unshaken spirit seems to brood  
Among thy halls, beside thy silver stream,  
Old as old time, and young as yesterday,  
Which to thy teeming sons doth hourly say,  
'High be thy hope, my child, and pure thy dream,  
Laugh and be glad—have leisure to be good !'

Three other masters separate themselves into a group marked by more than mere acquaintance. One is the present Master of Magdalene College, Dr. Donaldson, who was the first master I was up to in school, and who was one of the best of men and of friends to a boy ; I shall always owe him a debt. Another is Charles Lowry, who was Master in College during the latter part of my time. Charles Lowry was in College himself, and belongs to the days of great Collegers—H. C. Goodhart, R. H. Macaulay, J. K. Stephen. He joined the ranks of great Collegers himself as a Master, for I suppose there was never one who thought more of what College should be and do, or who would have done more for College himself. I remember the way

he came up to us after the match on St. Andrew's Day in 1888, when we had won after two years of disappointment, and for the first time, I think, since he had been made Master in College. Perhaps because he had been a boy in College, he fell at once into the right way of filling the often difficult position of Master ; he knew what not to do. The choice of Lowry had been criticised, mainly because his wrath was occasionally uncontained ; but I am not at all sure that wrath was not what was wanted. It was all entirely open and above board, which was the real point ; he was one of those masters who could always be depended upon not to be round the corner ; you knew where he was and where you were with him. I remember once seeing him chase some recalcitrant person in Chamber with a siphon—an india-rubber tube with which we used to fill our baths. It was a straightforward and inspiriting business ; I believe, indeed, that it is partly owing to the siphon episode that he seems to me a great Colleger.

The third master, of course, is my tutor, Henry Broadbent. He was Master in College when I first went to school, and so I came to see more of him than other Collegers whose tutors happened to be house-masters. Can I put down his characteristics, the qualities which come into my mind when I think of him, in any order ? If so, I shall begin with an essential kindliness—a kindliness which began with the first few minutes when I was taken into his room

and told he was my tutor, and which lasted to the end of my time at school, and after that, too. Next must come a dry and tolerant humour, which allowed him, I think, to survey himself as well as others ; it is not a humour common to all schoolmasters. Third—and I am not sure whether it should not come second, since it cannot be first—I should set classical scholarship and the fine taste of a man deeply read in English and French literature. My tutor had been Craven Scholar and Ireland Scholar at Oxford ; and he joined to that record the capacities of an extraordinary memory. I believe he once said that his memory was a trouble to him ; he could forget nothing.

A sense of humour must be needed more by a master in College than others, for he is not always in the position in which schoolmasters are used to finding themselves ; he cannot always be saying ' Do this ' and seeing it done. He can tell Sixth Form what he wishes done. Or that used to be so ; and my tutor, who had the disadvantage of not being an old Collegger himself, understood the way of College very well. When he left College to take a house, he made us a speech after prayers. His usual method of speech was slow, with a curious dropping intonation now and then, and to this he referred as he reviewed the years he had spent in College. One Valentine's Day, he told us, early in his experience, he had received a communication in verse ; he did not give us all of

it, but the last two lines, he said, ended a detailed appreciation :—

And if you'd speak a little faster  
You'd make a better College master.

But he would not have made a better College master. He knew, of course, that we imitated his way of speaking ; he could not have helped knowing that, indeed. Once he happened to be discussing some question rather late at night in a room in Sixth Form passage. The rest of the passage was dark, but a light shone out from the ventilator over the door of this one room. The inmate was giving serious attention to the discussion, when he heard in well-known accents from a fellow-member of Sixth Form outside in the passage a demand that the lamp within should be extinguished. 'Put out that light. Put it out, I say.' The demand was repeated ; then the door was opened, and Sixth Form looked upon the Master in College. 'Rather unfortunate, that,' commented my tutor, slowly. There were occasions when his choice of epithets was pleasantly classical. Some turbulent youth had disturbed the current of College life ; I forget why or how. My tutor drew his attention to the virtues of a heavy and comfortable neighbour. 'Try to be more placid and bovine,' he counselled him. On another occasion the disturbance was not in College, but in his house. There was a Lower boy more inky than any other, who used to

work in his pupil room. Hair, hands and collar were the same hue, and my tutor named him the Black Prince. One evening the Black Prince and another Lower boy failed to put in an appearance. The other Lower boy a few minutes later stood before my tutor's desk charged with having stuck a knife into the inky one's leg. 'Why did you do it?' he was asked, and in reply he gave the remarkable answer that he wanted to see whether the knife was sharp. 'H'm,' commented my tutor. '*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, I suppose'—a suggestion to which the owner of the knife somewhat doubtfully assented, as became one ignorant of Latin.

'Verses' in some Eton pupil rooms must have been a weekly trial to masters as well as boys. It is not every man, even if he has been brought up in a classical school, who has the knack of writing or re-writing, or altering the compositions of others into decent lyric and elegiac verse. But my tutor wrote Latin verse as easily as prose, and I think, if anything, rather enjoyed looking over the verses of some of his pupils. There were one or two, it is true, upon whom the divine afflatus descended seldom, and whose lyrics cannot have recalled to the reader the graces of Ovid and Horace. 'I will be your teacher' was a line which had to be brought into a copy of elegiacs. '*Ego preceptor ero*,' was the last half of a pentameter composed by one who afterwards had a distinguished mathematical career at Cambridge. On another

occasion it was sought to enshrine in an Alcaic ode the idea of flowers fading : ' Nor does the flower bloom as once it bloomed ' was the notion as the bard conceived it, and this he turned forthwith into

*Nec flos recens flat flavit ut ante flos.*

My tutor read the line through to us more than once. Sometimes the meaning rather than the scansion was at fault. ' Holidays ' was the subject of a set of elegiacs, and we were asked to contemplate the idea of the clerk set free from the office stool and going hunting.

*En ! sequitur saevas ense per arva feras !*

' Behold ! he pursueth fierce beasts through the fields with a sword ! ' In this fashion did one of our number conceive the clerk taking his holiday ; and upon reading the line, my tutor deputed another of his pupils to illustrate it in black and white for him ; so the clerk was duly drawn chasing lions and tapirs with a cutlass. That particular set of verses I always associate with another of my own, in which I translated ' dogs of war ' by *canes*, or it may have been *molossi*, which led to the drawing of another picture, of a ship sailing for the enemy's coasts with a crew of bloodhounds. Thus were the classics illustrated.

The best work of most Eton masters, I suppose, was done at ' private business '—the hour when the tutor had his pupils to himself, to teach individually or in small sets. The capacity of a tutor to teach or to inspire might perhaps be measured very fairly by the

subjects which he took for his 'private,' and I should guess that the range of subjects chosen by my tutor would be not a bad index to his own tastes. Of what we did in 'private' on week-days I remember best Martial, Theocritus, and Catullus, particularly *Phaselus ille* and *Vivamus mea Lesbia*; and of the poetry which he chose for Sunday 'private,' Samson Agonistes' and 'Paradise Lost'—indeed, pretty nearly all Milton. But neither week-day nor Sunday 'private' was solid devotion to a single author; my tutor would read separate poems of different writers,—English, Latin, French—and point out their characteristics. He went even further than reading in 'private,' for he used to ask us to his rooms in College and read to us there—mostly Thackeray, as far as I recollect; but the range of these readings in his rooms was cut short; they lasted only while he was in College. One illuminating memory stands out from the rest. My tutor in my time took a division about half-way down the school, just about the place where the tide of Lower Division fails to flow up into Middle Division. The principle was that the classical masters took the divisions in order of seniority; otherwise, perhaps, it would not have been the fate of one of the finest of scholars to spend his time year after year construing Caesar. One evening there was a glimpse of what this meant. We were at 'private,' and, I think, were going through a chorus in the Agamemnon. Somebody began fooling, and my tutor, walking about the room with the book close



to his eyes, as he always read a book when he was interested, stopped short and looked at him. There was no anger in what he said, but utter weariness; 'If you only knew what it was to go on day after day with the drudgery of it all, and then to be able to escape from it to this, you would not do it.' It seemed to me then a tragic thing: I have thought of it often since.

Well, I cannot sum up my debt to my tutor. I was six years at school; I was lucky to be taught by such a man, and when I think of him now, it is with affection and thanks.

The masters whom a boy at school meets in his daily work are the only ones whom he comes to know with any thoroughness, and those in higher positions move on a different plane altogether. The Lower Master stands somewhere between the two planes. Many Lower boys must go through his division, and he may have been at one time one of the senior classical masters, and so have come into touch with many in the Upper School, as did Austen Leigh, for instance, who became Lower Master in 1887. Jimmy Joynes—the Rev. James Leigh Joynes—was Lower Master before him, and Jimmy Joynes had a position which was all his own. He did not know every boy in the school, of course, but I think every boy felt that he knew Jimmy Joynes. Certain things we knew or had heard about him, which would commend themselves to boys. He had played five times on St. Andrew's Day, from 1839 to 1843; he was a first-rate fives player, and he

possessed another minor title to fame, which I think has not been rivalled. It will be understood by those who are familiar with the design of the Eton five-court. The original of the court is the four-wall made by the chapel wall, two of the buttresses of the wall, and the buttress of the chapel steps. A ledge runs round these, and Jimmy Joynes could run round this ledge, put his foot on the buttress, and jump over into the lower court. That was in his school-days, I imagine, but he may have performed the feat many years later ; some of us, very likely, supposed that he might still be capable of such a thing. But the main characteristic of Jimmy Joynes was plain for all to see. When he left Eton, a writer in the *Chronicle* remarked that it would have been a genuine pain to him to hear that anyone was afraid of him ; and though I suppose the picture of him which is most familiar to Etonians is a caricature in which a genial, gowned figure indicates his possession of a birch, that is only Jimmy Joynes as the caricaturist saw him, and not as most of us knew him. I remember once standing with another Lower boy by Fourth Form passage when Jimmy was coming across School Yard. We were not in his division and he did not know either of us, but as he passed he glanced at the books which we carried and his eyes twinkled. ' Good derivations ? ' he asked, nodding at us, and went on into his schoolroom. Another man might have said as much, and a good deal more ; but no one else so easily could make two small boys

realise that he was a friend. Did any Eton master ever make more friends? He was a master from 1849 to 1887, and among his pupils were some of the great names of what is already almost a distant past. I do not know that I realised how short a bridge stretched from the present year to early Victorian classics until I discovered that Jimmy Joynes was the tutor of Swinburne.

The Lower Master was always near and among us; the Head Master, I think, must always be a little further away. Even further are the Provost and the Vice-Provost; further still those relics of an earlier Eton, now no more than a name, the Fellows. Goodford, Hornby, Balston, Wilder—those were the distant figures. The Bursar, the Reverend W. A. Carter, to me personally stood on a different footing, for he happened to be a friend of my family, and so I was often at his hospitable table; but to other boys, I suppose, he seemed as far off as the rest. The Provost, Dr. Goodford, who had been Head Master from 1853 to 1862, and who died in the summer of 1884, is to me only a vague memory; but he left a name, and we who had been at the school no more than a few months knew that a great man had died. But the other three we looked at from the distance through all our time at school, and to me their stately presences, moving through the scenes of my Eton memories, seem to link the school to the names of history and the days of the very beginning; to the munificence of Savile,

the courtliness of Wotton, the spirit and the work of William Waynflete himself. The Provost, in the dignity of his stall in Chapel ; Archdeacon Balston, and the carriage of his head as he was conducted to the pulpit ; the Vice-Provost, with his serene vision of eighty years of Eton life—those three seem to me central and apart ; three great figures ; three glorious faces. To Dr. Hornby and Dr. Balston I think I never spoke ; but Mr. Wilder once, in the summer of 1889, asked a few Collegers, of whom I was one, to dinner ; we had sung some songs at a College concert which he thought it would amuse him to hear. He talked quietly to us through dinner, and I hope he liked the songs, though they may have seemed new and perhaps difficult to an old man of eighty-eight. It was an unexpected request, to be asked to sing to the venerable Vice-Provost ; but a boy, perhaps, would not then have realised fully what the privilege was of sitting as a guest at the table of John Wilder, the most magnificent of all private benefactors of Eton. He was a princely giver ; from first to last, for the decoration of the Chapel, for the restoration of College Hall, for the painting and encasing of the chapel organ, he must have subscribed in all nearly thirty thousand pounds. On the occasion of his last gift, the decoration of the organ, he was presented with an address from the school. Of all the gatherings I have seen in Upper School, that stands separate. The Head Master brought in the Vice-Provost, and the whole school, or as many as

could get in, cheered as he came. The Vice-Provost took his seat, the Head Master stood by him, and the Captain of the School, J. E. Talbot, read the address, which began by thanking the Vice-Provost specifically for his gift to the Chapel, and went on to assure him that 'his name will be handed down to future generations as the name of one who devoted life and fortune alike to the welfare of his School, and he will be honoured as the true servant and son of a foundation which owes its origin to princely generosity.' The address ended by thanking him again for his gifts, and praying 'that he may long be spared to watch over the welfare of this place, where he is universally honoured and beloved.' To the truth of that description Mr. Wilder's reception witnessed when he rose to speak. He told us that May 20, the date on which the address was presented to him, had been a date of happy occasions. On May 20, 1820, he was Captain of the School at Montem; on May 20, 1840, he was elected Fellow of Eton; on May 20, 1885, he first occupied the Vice-Provost's stall in Chapel; and on May 20, 1889, he had received an honour which was the crown and glory of them all. He spoke a few more short sentences. We could not all be great, but we could honour the School. 'Be good. Try to be good.' The sentence broke and ended, and the Head Master led such cheering as I never heard at any other time in Upper School.

I think it was partly because the Head was standing

by the Vice-Provost that the cheering meant so much. It was for Wilder, of course, but it had an emphasis of its own because it followed the Head's lead, and because the Head had himself brought Wilder into Upper School, and was moved himself by what he had said. If the Head honoured and admired the venerable old man whom we were cheering, we in turn knew that we admired the same spirit in the Head; perhaps in some dim way we foresaw that he too would come to be looked upon by the school as we looked upon the Vice-Provost. He himself then was a man in the prime of life, but he had long made his name at Eton, as assistant-master before he became Head. There was no man at Eton in all my time, and perhaps none before or after it, who commanded the honour and affection that were given to Edmond Warre. Boys laugh at many things and many men, but not at such things as he stood for. The school knew him through every instinct that a boy has. We could see and judge what he was for ourselves. He was profoundly simple and straightforward in everything that he said and did, and perhaps it was this very simplicity and directness which in some ways a little disconcerted the first Sixth Form with whom he had to deal as Head Master. He had had a considerable interval between Hornby's appointment as Provost and his own succession to the headship in which to plan his reforms and alterations in detail, and when we came back for the winter half of 1884, the number

of new methods and new systems which we found in existence or saw being set in motion may have seemed to some not merely puzzling but unnecessary. I am not certain of the exact date when each of the changes took place, but the sum of them must have seemed very considerable to those who had become used to an older and perhaps less strenuous routine. Order after order and notice after notice were sent round to the divisions and posted upon the board by the Head Master's Chambers; whole systems, such as that of Trials, or the examination which took place at the end of every half, were re-cast; and in the issuing of notices and re-casting of methods there was employment enough for the busiest of commentators.

But that period of criticism passed. The Head was too plainly in earnest to be misunderstood, either by masters or by his more difficult critics in Sixth Form. As for us who were lower in the school, the Head was accepted as Head at once and without question. We watched from far off, and perhaps we saw more plainly than those who were nearer. To us his reforms and alterations were merely beginnings or establishments. We knew that he meant what he said, and that he meant us to understand it. He would call the school together into Upper School, and speak in short, plain words. His voice was deep, and he dealt in simple issues. 'It's wrong, and you can't make it right. It's black, and you can't make it white. . . .

There are two things for which I shall flog. One is lying. The other is smoking.' There was no indecision about that. We saw him not only in Upper School and at work, but out of school in the playing-fields and on the river. He coached the eight, and we knew he had been a great oar : we saw him in his Oxford blue rowing coat. He was a big man, and he rode a big horse. He commanded the Volunteers, and command was in his voice. He preached simple sermons in chapel. We gained some notion of his thoroughness when, perhaps, he would stop some Lower boy in School Yard and speak to him by name : we learned later that he had set himself to know every one of the thousand boys by sight. Later, when we came to be in his division, aloofness and command turned into counsel and personal help. As for what we learned from him, different boys would remember different things ; but if I could sum up his teaching in a word, it would be breadth of view. He was the first person I heard quote the advice ' to use big maps.' I remember one of the young classical masters, fresh from all the honours of Cambridge scholarships, speaking of his Latin prose. ' The Head's prose isn't examination paper Latin, full of tips and neat turnings ; it's the easy, natural, straightforward Latin that a Roman would write in a letter or a book.' And that criticism, it may be, sums up his scholarship and his work. He was plain and straightforward ; he had a noble and commanding presence ; and I believe that



most of us who were under him, and who count themselves fortunate to have been boys at a school where Warre was Head Master, will look back on our years at school and think of him as the greatest man we have known.

## CHAPTER XIV

### COLLEGE

OF all views of Eton the Colleger's varies most. It would be quite possible, I think, to dip into the history of one of the masters' houses at any period of the last fifty years or so, and to find the outlook of the boys of that house upon the life of the school pretty nearly the same. If you read such a book as Major Gambier Parry's 'Annals of an Eton House,' you realise something of that continuity of outlook: the house throughout looks at the school and at itself with the same eyes. But with College it is different. A house remains the same, because its composition, although it alters, never receives any violently different addition. A house each half assimilates its new boys much as a flower-vase is filled up with fresh water. College, on the other hand, receives its additions as though they were geological strata. The result is solid, but the component parts are often unlike each other. Their point of view differs.

The reason is the election system. Each Election—each group of boys elected to the Foundation in the

July scholarship examination—joins College as a separate entity. From the very first it has its own individual characteristics, and never wholly mingles into the life of the election above or below it. The reason for that, again, is in a sense geographical. The lowest fifteen boys in College live in Chamber: in the diminished remains of Long Chamber, which once held the whole seventy. In that separate room—dormitory, study, play-room combined into one—each election is placed as it comes to the school, and in that room each election finds itself out, gets its level, develops its temper. The development can be singularly different. An election is naturally influenced by the character of its leading members, by the wit or humour of the few, possibly by the abnormal proclivities of a single boy. It can become a solid election, an unstable election, a turbulent and volcanic election. As such it moves up through College to Sixth Form, infecting and influencing College as it goes, but never wholly lost or mingled. Even the five succeeding years of school life—even the years that follow school life—do not alter the sense of separateness ingrained by that first year in Chamber: and it is that separateness which determines the point of view from which the Colleger looks not only on the life of the school, but into the spirit of the life of College itself.

But if there are differences, there are also common standpoints. The school life of the Colleger begins almost inevitably with a certain loneliness. Times have

changed since the days when the small King's Scholar crept fearfully back to 'tuggery'—a name for College which endures—hiding in the folds of his gown a pie cooked in his tutor's kitchen. Things are no longer what they were in the time of the author of 'Seven Years at Eton,' when, as that writer gracefully observes, 'it was a regular thing that a tug who showed himself in any part of a tutor's house except the pupil-room should be received like a dog in a skittle-alley.' He, it may be remembered, was reassured as to the social status of Collegers by discovering, while writing his book, 'the name of a Peer's son on the Foundation.' To that eminence had College risen in 1882. But the spirit which discerns Peers' sons from afar is a lasting thing. It remains: it mingles with the cheerful thoughtlessness which belongs to inky hands and crumpled collars, and it adds a little to the solitariness of a new boy not yet used to the weight of his gown. In maturer years, when the Sixth Form Colleger descends, with Sixth Form's privileges, to walk bare-headed through Fourth Form passage into School Yard, Fourth Form passage is silent. But in the early days, when it was necessary to make all haste alone down the worn staircase in view of the over-punctuality of a division-master distant in New Schools, it could be disconcerting to find an enthusiastic ring of Lower boys waiting for a stray small Colleger at the bottom. Perhaps even that does not happen now, but as regards the master who took that particular division in Lower

School, I think there must be others besides myself who did not feel thankful to him. One of the chief recollections of my first few days at Eton is that, however late for school I was myself, that particular master never was punctual.

You come back to the simplest causes in these things. The outward badge of the gown : the surviving tradition of the pie hidden in the gown : that was enough in my day. We in College 'tugged mutton-bones,' I was assured soon after arrival at Eton by an Oppidan Lower boy, who had come with me from the same preparatory school ; the vision was of an obscure esurience, of struggling for an unworthy diet. He had heard only the old derivation of the word, and he believed it ; very likely it is believed to-day. In the higher divisions of the school these traditions and differences merge and are forgotten ; in the lower parts, like oral traditions of the countryside, they are preserved with a refreshing persistency.

Games accentuated the difference between Colleger and Oppidan more perhaps in my time than now. To-day the School and College game systems have changed, the College system in particular as regards cricket ; football was always well managed in College. But cricket was not. Things were better before I left, but certainly at the beginning of my time it was the most difficult thing for a boy in Chamber to get any game of cricket during the day except in Chamber-game, which went on 'after six' until

it was too dark to see ; it went on after that, too. But to get no cricket except Chamber-game meant that during every ' after twelve ' and ' after four '—that is, for the best part of a summer's day—there was nothing to do. True, there was Sixpenny. Sixpenny was a club open to all Lower boys, and I remember nothing better than my first attempt at a game there. Early in my first summer half two or three of us, having discovered Sixpenny, decided that there should be a chance of a game of cricket after twelve. Collegers had been picked up in Sixpenny before : Collegers might be picked up again. We went to try, knowing that when other Collegers had been picked up, they had been known to be particularly good cricketers, generally through other boys who had played with them at preparatory schools. We had no such fame ; still, we went to try. We stood there before the choosing captains, shyly enough, as befitted the unknown ; very likely, as boys would, standing a little out of the way and behind more obvious cricketers, hoping, I cannot see with what reason, that the choice might yet fall upon us. The choice came to the eleventh, even to the twelfth man upon either side, and fell not on us at all ; still, there was hope remaining : the second game was yet to be picked up. We waited for the second game. We waited, even, for the third : we stood, perhaps, a little nearer ; when the choice came somewhere to the seventh or eighth we may have edged farther in. The result

did not vary. After ten days or so, the keepers of Sixpenny, had they known it, picked up without us.

That system has been bettered, and there are to-day masters who make it their business to see that boys who want a game of cricket can get one. But the old system served, so far as I am concerned, to throw into relief the extraordinarily good organisation of College football. If the Colleger realised, perhaps without much surprise, certainly with some heart-burning, how little he could expect from school cricket, he also realised very strongly how great a possession he had in College football. At the wall and in the field, from the beginning, football meant more to him than to an Oppidan. He had his separate game, Chamber game in Chamber field and Chamber game at the wall; above Chamber game was Lower College, and above Lower College was College game, each with its own keepers, its own books, its own field. The field game, organised as College organised it, was much. But the Wall game was far more. To Collegers the Wall game is more than a game. It is through the Wall game that a Colleger learns first, not only that he is a Colleger, but that as a Colleger he has a duty. It is the duty of Collegers—so we learned without a word of duty being spoken—to beat Oppidans at the Wall on St. Andrew's Day. It is the duty of the smallest and most insignificant of Collegers — so we were taught in silence—to throw his whole energies into the learning and playing of the Wall game, so that

when his turn comes he shall be ready and able. The rules of the Wall game are a creed: we were made perfect in them with pains, and they are really complicated; I can no more remember learning them than I can remember being taught to read. We learned them from each other, from doing the wrong thing and suffering for it. My first recollection of the Wall game is the grey light of 'short after fours' on whole school-days, with stray members of the College Wall eleven coming to look on and encourage beginners in Chamber game. It was the only game in which instruction was given. Nobody cared twopence how a small Colleger played cricket; he might play good cricket, or bad cricket, or no cricket at all; cricket did not matter. But the Wall game mattered. The Keepers of College Wall, because it mattered, would leave kickabout to come and stand near the line, urging the inexperienced to kick—to kick, if not the ball, something. They, august and admirable men in Sixth Form, wearing Mixed Wall caps, commanded the unskilled and the feeble to perform prodigies, and the prodigies were attempted. The Keeper of the Wall, perhaps, would himself form a calx bully, which is a matter of some science; and as he stooped in the mud to form it, you, possibly, playing 'outside,' where the least necessary players generally did play, held his mixed wall cap.

Those beginnings, and that early training, result in the fact that by the time a Colleger has been two or



three years at the school—indeed, almost before the end of his first half—he plays the game by instinct. And it is this instinct, in the end, which enables College year after year, not merely to put up a good fight against the Oppidans, but to win. College has seventy boys to choose from, and the Oppidans have nine hundred, so that the chances are that the Oppidan eleven will be heavier and stronger than their opponents, and also will contain a larger number of individually brilliant football players, though not necessarily a larger number of good players at the Wall. In the ten Oppidan Wall elevens, for instance, which played from 1880 to 1889, there were as many as fifty-seven members of the school Field eleven, and during the same period the College Wall elevens only numbered six Field players. But during those years College won five times to the Oppidans' three. Perhaps as good an example as any, however, of a game in which a smaller and weaker side held its own against a heavy bully is to be found in the St. Andrew's Day match of last year (1913) when the Oppidan eleven averaged just under a stone heavier than their opponents, and the three Oppidan walls of thirteen stone, or more, each of them, were faced by three College walls, of whom the heaviest was only twelve stone and the lightest just over eleven. That is an enormous difference for a hard match, but although the Oppidans got twice into good calx, the Collegers got the ball out at once each time. Thirty years before, in 1883, when I saw my first match on

St. Andrew's Day, the circumstances were almost the same ; the Oppidan walls were much heavier than the College walls, and yet when the Oppidans got into good calx they could do nothing. The *Chronicle* of 1913 spoke of the ' calx instinct, which no Oppidan can quite acquire, while the Colleger has it before he is out of jackets.' The *Chronicle* of 1883 referred to the Collegers' ' well-known and innate skill in calx, a point which it is impossible to over-rate.' Thirty years have brought changes, but no change in that.

How deeply ingrained the rules of the game can become, and how absolute an instinct the playing of it can get to be, I do not think I realised until, watching the match on St. Andrew's Day in 1910, I found a single incident testing the memory of twenty years. The ball had been kicked out and was running near the line to College ' goals.' I found myself calculating that he would stop it just inside calx, and feeling certain that he would do so. He did stop it, just where I knew he would ; but it was not until the bully was formed that I could remember the reason. A bully formed exactly on that spot gave to the Collegers, as defending side, a particular advantage. They might ' furk,' that is to say, form down their bully in a different way from the Oppidans, with one player particularly charged with the duty of ' furking ' or hooking out the ball from the bully, so as to kick it behind the back line out of play. They did get it behind at once, as it happened. But I had remembered that particular rule, or rather that

particular advantage given by the rules, after more than twenty years. It was a chance in the game which comes seldom, and which might possibly never come to an Oppidan 'behind' in the whole course of his playing at the Wall; but to a Colleger it would be a matter of common experience, and I, if I had been playing that day, after twenty years should have done the right thing without remembering why—a good instance of the thoroughness with which those complex rules were taught and learned.

The Wall game, in fact, was an activity more separate from the life of the school than any game at Eton. Probably not more than thirty out of the nine hundred Oppidans in any winter half played the game at all; possibly not even all the eleven who played on St. Andrew's Day really knew the rules. The Wall belonged to College; if not the very bricks, the custom and the use of it. So it still belongs, and it is with the Wall first, perhaps, that a Colleger comes to feel that if there is a certain separateness in his life from the life outside College, he has his own possessions and his own inheritances. It is a gradual knowledge—so gradual that the sense of possession comes sometimes only clearly when possession is a memory. With the Wall the fact of ownership is plain: a Colleger in his first year, playing there three times a week, and seeing that no Oppidan begins to learn the game until he has been at the school for years, realises what College owns quickly enough. He does not come quite so soon to a

knowledge of the value of College field, but that is because Chamber field (does Chamber field still change its name to Jordan for the summer ?) lies some distance away, and the charm of College field is first for College game. For College game—that is, for the twenty or thirty best players at football or cricket—what more could a field supply ? It is broad and level, it lies under the very shadow of College, and it contains all that College needs for the three halves of the school year : for both games of football in the winter, for cricket in the summer, and for athletic sports in the spring. What Oppidan house has such a field ? But the charm is not merely the use of it. College field is in the Playing Fields, and to a Colleger the very heart of them. On one side stands the Wall, on the other, beyond a strip of grass, the river ; its borders lie under the shade of great elms, and to the west of it, above the old brick walls of the College gardens, rise the turrets of the chapel and Lupton's Tower. College field in October, with the elms and the limes yellow over Fellows' Pond ; in November, with the stakes set across the ground for the match of the year ; College field under the wide blue of March, in the sunlight of June, must remain for those who have known it for the five or six years of their school-time the best not only of the Playing Fields, but the best that any school could offer to any boy.

Most of us, I suppose, accepted the traditions, the old customs, the old buildings of College in that curiously

matter-of-fact spirit in which schoolboys and undergraduates do accept such things. Perhaps the appeal of antiquity here and there has been a little dulled by accidents of restoration, or the tie of common inheritance would have gripped the mind fresh to it more strongly. College Hall, for instance, has been restored twice—in 1721 and 1858—and though the latter occasion discovered the three old fire-places which had been hidden behind the oak panelling, it also substituted a modern for an old stained-glass window, it paved the floor with tiles, and added a new roof. The result is the atmosphere of a new hall. A later day has supplemented the three large fire-places with a coil of hot-water pipes, so that College dines with the latest inventions. But those are not all the changes. The last few years have abolished two old customs. ‘Bever’ went in 1890: ‘bever’ used to set out bread and salt and beer in ‘after fours’ in the summer, and to bread and beer Collegers might come and bring guests with them. A summer meal of bread and beer—who would not mourn the passing of that relic of simpler days? But there was worse to follow. Most of the old oak paneling of Hall was replaced by new in 1858, but there was one panel left—one panel which for more than three hundred years proclaimed the privilege of the mess of four boys which dined nearest to the door on the north side of the hall. ‘Queen Elizabeth ad nos gave October X 2 loves in a mes 1596.’ That is the old inscription, and for more than three hundred years two

loaves, instead of the customary one loaf, were set before those four boys, according to the Queen's command. Was it not a quaint and ancient custom? But it was done away with. Surely it could not have been a Colleger who first proposed that economy in the baker's bill.

One other custom has disappeared unlamented. To-day the charity-women receive the charity of the College in money and not in kind. They no longer, after College has dined, collect what remains. They doubtless, are better pleased, and College Hall is rid of a spectacle which could not be admired. Were the charity-women of twenty and thirty years ago really what charity-women should be? Were they benign, thrifty, venerable, white-haired old ladies—the typical pensioners of election posters? Or did we, with the intolerance of youth, see what was not there to be seen? The vision remains with me of a meal finished, of grace said; then of an irruption of black shawls, a shaking of scraps of bread, of broken meat, into bags; the memory is of unseemly pourings of beer. We called them the harpies; we made them harpy-pies, which were portions of bread which concealed mustard and other surprises. We suffered for this at the hands of Sixth Form, but more pies, I fear, were made.

Those were traditions of a ruder day. But College Hall has kept traditions and customs worth preserving: the Latin grace of every day, the grace sung on Sundays, the celebration of old days of festival. The College

silver plate, or most of it, was melted down when the King needed money in the civil wars ; the College pewter must be worth something to-day. But some of the older ceremonial remains, and one of the duties which fell to Collegers dining in Hall is already a privilege. The lowest boy but one in ' Liberty '—the six highest boys in Fifth Form—has to mark up in a book the number of ' messes ' present in Hall, and to do that he sits at a desk, on which he is allowed to carve his name. J. K. Stephen's name is there, and A. C. Benson's, and others familiar to all Collegers : some for what they have done after their school-days ; others, possibly, merely because their names are on that old table. All Collegers know the look of those names ; many could tell you at once whether or not any given name was on the table when they knew it.

Threepenny Day has survived. On February 27 the Provost or his deputy solemnly hands each Colleger a threepenny-piece. The origin of the custom is the liberality of two Provosts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who left one of them twopence and the other a penny to every Colleger. But our explanation was better than that. It was handed down in Chamber, where all superstitions have thrived since the Founder gave his charter, that the threepenny-piece was the mediæval equivalent for half a sheep ; and in Chamber, certainly, there was a strong idea that the value of half a modern sheep should be substituted for the threepenny bit. I well remember looking up the

price of sheep in the *Field*. Threepenny Day is one of the pleasantest of the old survivals. But the custom which, in Hall, might reveal College, and the meaning of College, to a stranger belongs to St. Andrew's Day, when the College Wall eleven enter at dinner, to be received with silence or with applause. To that day the pulse of College life turns and returns again.

The real air of antiquity is about the Cloisters. It is in the wide, cool, stone passages ; the passages round which small Collegers fled, racing when they should have been at supper or back from it, in the dark of winter nights ; doubtless they race in those shadows to-day. It is about the worn stone stairway up to the Hall ; it is under the arch of Lupton's Tower, where Collegers in the old days took off their hats to an image of the Virgin. The stairway, it is true, has lately been patched : whether for the first time I do not know ; and I do not know, either, whether the steps were more dangerous than they used to be ; if they were not, no one had a right to take way the stones worn hollow by so many generations of Collegers. But one spot remains untouched and unchanged. The very spirit of the Cloisters is at the foot of the stairs, where every Colleger has stood since the sinking of the Cloisters well. Cloister Pump is an inheritance. The worn trough of it, the familiar handle, the water cold from the ancestral well : these are there as they were in the old days when the seventy



of Long Chamber washed at the spout. They stood there at the pump four hundred years ago, and Collegers with cans for drinking stand there still.

Chamber itself, in some outward ways, has changed. To me there used to be a fascination in looking at the ceiling, the fireplace, the windows, the table, and in remembering that those at least remained unaltered from the heroic days of the original Long Chamber ; Long Chamber with its bullying, its blanket-tossing, its rug-riding, its Election Saturday, and its legend of the sow stowed away on the leads till she had farrowed to provide roast sucking-pig for hungry Collegers below. To-day the ceiling has gone, the fireplace is tiled ; the gas-jets, which followed the candles of our predecessors, have given way in their turn to electric light. But the spirit of Chamber, doubtless, remains ; the unquestioning obedience to Captain of Chamber, no matter how unsuited he may be to exert any authority whatever ; the spirit which accepts no excuse for failure in the slightest of the duties ordained by Chamber as a whole ; the independent outlook upon the life of the school which comes from the companionship of fifteen boys spending the day together, bound by the same rules, subject to the same discipline, subject to the same petty annoyances, looking back on the same traditions and forward to the same ideals. If College is the beginning of the school, Chamber is the beginning of College. Electric light does not change that.

The disciplined independence of Chamber is the foundation ; College is built on it. The principle of self-government starts not from the top, but from the bottom. It is not that those who give orders insist that they shall be obeyed, but that those to whom orders are given agree that they will obey them. That is why the position of the Master in College is widely different from that of the master of an Oppidan house. A house master may be assisted or hindered by the Captain of his house ; it may happen, perhaps, that he has two or three boys of high standing in the school to help him, or he may have no boy of standing, or the controlling influence among his boys may come from a boy low down in the school. But in College it is different. There are always the ten boys in Sixth Form at the top, and the person in College who is really supreme is the Captain of the School, with Sixth Form to back him. The Master in College may issue what orders he pleases, but it rests with the Captain of the School to see that they are obeyed. The Master in College who knows his business recognises the position, and as regards discipline, he does not command obedience, he obtains assistance. Of course, things work in a circle. No doubt a master in College without tact and without character would soon have a bad influence ; just as a master with knowledge and discretion has a hundred opportunities of moulding the opinions of boys whom he must meet every day. But the point in each case is that the power he exercises

is of personal example rather than the direct control of authority.

Traditions of College accumulate ; the older traditions do not alter. An unchanging possession from the beginning of all traditions has been the right of a Colleger to do as much work—to ‘sap’—as he pleases without reproach. I see that in a recent book on Eton, written by an old Colleger, this right appears to be forgotten. ‘All honour to athleticism ! It has given the death-blow to work,’ I read ; and ‘We all know that work is drudgery ; it may be got through sullenly, or scamped, or shirked ; anyhow, it doesn’t matter.’ That sort of thing has very little to do with College. Something nearer to the genius of the place was the speech made at the dinner celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of College Debating Society by the then member for Northampton, Mr. H. W. Paul. ‘I stand before you,’ he proclaimed, ‘an unrepentant, unregenerate sap.’ How did College stand in regard to the school ? he asked. It was the very centre and beginning ; the others, the Oppidans, were nothing without College. ‘We knew that without us the whole fabric of the school would come tumbling about their long ears.’ I hope, writing from memory, that I have not misquoted. The metaphor is perhaps a little violent, but the sense of isolation as regards ideals of work still exists for small Collegers, I imagine, descending the stairs to Fourth Form passage.

I am writing of thirty years ago, and thirty years

bring changes. Has College changed? Perhaps; but much must remain:

Still the reaches of the river, still the light on field and hill,  
Still the memories held aloft as lamps for hope's young fire to fill.

So wrote the last of the great English poets of Eton. But I think the backward glances of a Colleger are not so often at the river and the sunshine on the Playing Fields as to November—to dark mornings, gas-lit passages, winter over College field. The rest remains as all the school sees it: the Fourth of June, the river, the Winchester match, the blue caps of the Eleven, chapel on drowsy summer afternoons. But the outstanding and abiding memory is winter, and of winter days that day first when the stakes were roped across College field, when sawdust lay white along the wall, when small Collegers consulted old Powell, in his brown velvet coat and his wonderful tall hat, as to how the match would go. We came at the end of each year to St. Andrew's Day, and I come to it at the end here. To St. Andrew's Day belonged the names of heroic days—R. H. Macaulay, H. C. Goodhart, J. K. Stephen—to those names College still looks back, and with two of them, with the memory of H. C. Goodhart and J. K. Stephen, *qui ante diem perierunt*, the present ceremonies of College festivals are linked to-day.

St. Andrew's Day sums it all up, and sums up more than mere football. Those who have watched the College team leave the field after winning on St. Andrew's Day know that they have watched more than

the winning of a game ; those who have seen the eleven come into Hall that day have heard more than the mere applause of players. When a cup is filled and each of the eleven in turn raises it and drinks *In piam Memoriam J. K. S.*, and each raising of the cup is followed with a shout, that is more than careless cheering. It belongs to more days than that one day, and to more than that one match ; to more than any playing of games. Aloofness, challenge, the following of an example ; separate traditions, ideals which have held through centuries ; a certain knowledge of sternness, of a difference of lives, of work—no boy cheering then would explain the inarticulateness of it ; no man hearing it again would hear only noise inarticulate. The few have upheld against the many what they meant to uphold ; they have stood in the old ways ; the game has been played as it should be played. One more year has brought the day, and no Colleger could end the day with any other words than the old familiar legend : *Floreat Etona, et gens togata, et hic noster ludus muralis esto perpetuus !*

## CHAPTER XV

### A NOTE ON A CURRICULUM

‘WE never did any work at Eton.’ It is one of the common observations of the middle-aged man of business, and he certainly cuts a rather striking figure. He is plainly a successful man. He has an air of quiet prosperity ; he has joined in the race, and has been well placed from start to finish. He has an eye that bespeaks authority : his judgment is as sound as (you would guess) his digestion. He has formed an opinion, probably shrewd, on most questions of the day. He can pick up a newspaper and read rapidly through a leading article or a detailed description of some new process or invention, and will enumerate to you, if you ask in ignorance, the salient points. At his office other men do this and that at his bidding ; he dictates letters shortly and in clear English ; he decides questions of policy, succinctly reviewing possible alternatives and consequences. He can speak two or three foreign languages, and if you question him, you will find that soon after leaving school or the University he was sent abroad for a few weeks, where he quickly

picked up conversational French and German, and found that he could read and write both grammatically and with ease. In short, you would set him down as having had the advantage of a very good school education, and as rightly reaping the reward of a well-spent youth. You would be wrong, for he 'never did any work at Eton.' More than that: what work he did was the wrong work. He was taught the classics, and the classics are of no educational value. He remembers nothing of them, and teaching them, so far as he was concerned, was pure waste of time. For all practical purposes of assistance in after life they are utterly and entirely useless.

I think the classics have had a long enough run in this kind of argument. I should like to apply the same process of criticism to some other branch of school learning—say, higher mathematics. Higher mathematics in the school vocabulary is understood to mean beginnings in trigonometry, logarithms, conic sections, and so forth. Let us examine the teaching of trigonometry, logarithms, and conic sections with a view to ascertaining in exact terms the practical value in after life of the problems with which we were daily confronted in our school life.

I have been looking at the old school books. Here are three problems:

*Given that  $\log 2 = \cdot 30103$ , and  $\log 3 = \cdot 4771213$ , find what integral values  $x$  must have in order that the integral part of  $(1\cdot 08)^x$  may contain four digits.*

*Prove that if  $\frac{a_1 + a_2x}{a_2 + a_3y} = \frac{a_2 + a_3x}{a_3 + a_1y} = \frac{a_3 + a_1x}{a_1 + a_2y}$ , each of these ratios is equal to  $\frac{1+x}{1+y}$ , supposing  $a_1 + a_2 + a_3$  not to be zero.*

*Express 708 in the scale of 9, and multiply the result by itself.*

I used to do these things, or try to do them. I have spent hours finding logarithms, solving triangles, extracting the square roots of binomial surds. Others who have spent hours employed in the same way have developed since their school-days into soldiers, doctors, barristers, solicitors, members of Parliament, clergymen, stockbrokers, merchants, brewers, schoolmasters, journalists, cattle-ranchers, private country gentlemen; a few are engineers, a few are authors and artists, and one is an astronomer. As for the rest of us who are neither engineers nor astronomers, whenever it has been necessary for us in later life to find logarithms, extract the square roots of binomial surds, or express numbers in other scales and multiply the result by itself, we have found our school training in these processes as useful as we expected it to be. Whether we should be justified in concluding that we ought to have spent our time at school learning something of a more practical value, remains to be decided.

It is beside the point, of course, to argue that everything taught at school must have a direct visible





In doubt



Whether to play his best  
trump - or friene!

MATHEMATICS: THE REV. E. HALE

From a drawing by Frank Tarver.



bearing and counterpart in later life ; that everything which we do at school, so to speak, in outline, should be capable of being filled in afterwards. The real point is that, as regards these apparently tiresome and useless exercises of Latin verse-making on the one hand, and higher mathematics on the other, we are being taught how to learn. It is mental gymnastics ; our brain is being made to sweat, and so brought into good condition for tackling harder problems as they come. It may be that I am right in claiming—I certainly used to think so when I was younger, and knew more things for facts—that the exactitudes of a classical language are the best base on which to build other learning. It may be so : I hope it is so. But the anti-classic has still weapons in his armoury which are to be respected. When I tell him of the hours I spent over cosines and tangents, and of the weariness and hopelessness with which I struggled with problems which seemed to me then, and still seem, the deadest and most utterly uninteresting things conceivable by the intelligence of man ; and when he tells me that he used to feel exactly the same about the Latin verses which to me were a real pleasure ; then, I own, I begin to waver. I think again of those examination papers, and I am tottering. He could knock me down with a logarithm. If he comes at me with a conic section, I shall give in altogether.

The fact is that both he and I are thinking of and aiming at the same thing. We want earlier specialisa-

tion than we were allowed in things that really interest us, and an earlier discarding of the things of which it is as plain as a pikestaff we shall never make anything. To-day, perhaps, we may get what we want for the asking. But it is true, too, that the first tendencies towards selection and specialisation belong to our own time at school, and to Dr. Warre's reign as head master. The developing of the Army Class, optional German and Greek, extra hours in French and mathematics—these were his additions and his innovations. He was the wise master-builder, and he laid the foundation.

The fullest curriculum cannot hold everything, and ours had gaps in it. The largest gap of all, and one which I feel I have never quite made up, was the neglect of the events of recent times—say the last fifty years or so. We learnt classical history as a matter of course ; the Peloponnesian war and the campaigns of Hannibal were at our fingers' ends. We spent a long time over Cromwell and the Parliament, Marlborough and the war of the Spanish Succession. I cannot remember hearing much of Napoleon or Waterloo or Trafalgar, or the Reform Bill, or the Corn Laws, though no doubt we learnt something of them, and we read of Wellington and Nelson for our own satisfaction. But what I do miss are the recent and vastly important developments of European and American history, the Crimean war, the American War of Secession, the Franco-Prussian war, the Commune, the struggle which made modern

Italy—names that were in everybody's mouth and which have served for standards of comparison ever since. Were we supposed to read about these out of school? or was it in a vague sort of way taken for granted that we should get to know about them without reading? They were events that had happened in the lifetime of many of those who taught us, and perhaps they were thought to be too near to be looked at in the perspective of history. The result, at all events, in the case of most of us, was that we could give off-hand the dates of Samium and Aegospotami, while the battles of our own century, Magenta, Sadowa, Solferino, Gettysburg, Metz and even Sedan were not much more than names. I should like to have heard the Head talk of Grant and Lee. He took broad views, and he had the faculty of branching off into a discussion as if he were speaking not to boys but to men—which is a secret not possessed by every schoolmaster.

The Head Master introduced one alteration which may not have been received with gratitude by all, but which stands out as true reform partly because it was simple, partly because it was a substitute for what was wrong-headed and vicious from a dozen points of view. There were two forms of punishment for minor offences which were inflicted as a rule by division masters for misdeeds during school hours. One was ordering the offender to 'come at one' to the master's pupil room. This meant breaking up an 'after twelve,' so that a game of football or cricket became an impossibility ;

and it was a bad form of punishment not only for that reason, but because it left the victim with gaps of time between twelve and one and one and two, during which he had nothing to do—plainly an unsatisfactory proceeding. This form of punishment, however, survived till the end of my time, possibly because there was a certain convenience in it, since it was definite and soon over, possibly because superseding what is traditional is slow work and not easy. The other form of punishment, however, which was largely discountenanced by the Head's innovation, was the setting of 'lines.' 'You will do me a hundred lines' was a command heard often: 'You will write out the Fourth Georgic' was hardly less frequent. The Head substituted for lines an exercise or exercises from Bradley's 'Latin Prose.' These exercises had to be correctly done, or correctly enough to pass muster, and the doing of them meant thought and trouble. They were a common remedy in the case of failure to sign 'Tardy Book,' which was a volume kept at the school office in which the unpunctual were bidden to sign their names five minutes before early school. I think we all recognised 'Bradleys' as a just if annoying form of *poena*. But a Georgic was different. The writing out of a Georgic was a mechanical and soul-destroying business which belonged to the dark ages—to the school of thought which produced the treadmill. If I wanted to hurt a boy's mind I should set him to write out a Georgic. I suppose that to-day no schoolmaster worthy of the name would

defend such a punishment. To do so would be to proclaim himself indifferent as to whether or not a boy wrote legibly : perhaps that does not matter very much. But to teach a boy to detest and despise the most gracious poetry in the Latin language—that is something else. It is one of the ironies of educational history that the use of Virgil's *Georgics* as a punishment should have been the custom and the stigma of a classical school.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE SCHOOL LIST

‘THE result of the curriculum’ might very well have followed as a heading after the last chapter ; and with that heading, we can imagine some spirited argument as to whether the result came in consequence or in spite of what was taught. There, at all events, is the result, plainly seen, to be verified by references to the old School List ; and it might be possible out of such references to make a fairly long roll—it could not be complete—of the various soldiers, politicians, lawyers, authors and others who went into the world of school as Collegers or Oppidans thirty years ago. But such a list would not tell all the story. It would lack most of the reasons, and it would miss out all the riddles.

Here are reasons and riddles mixed. I think first of a sequence of events, really rather epic in character, which took place near the beginning of my time in College. One of our election, taking thought, decided that the majority of the rest enjoyed too comfortable a prosperity in their rooms in Lower Passage, that their manners and character were such that they deserved



to suffer at the hands of their fellows, and that this fact should be brought to their attention. He therefore gathered to him two others to assist him in setting matters on a proper footing. To achieve this object they employed more methods than one, but the most usual was very thorough. The first step was to select the person whose comfort was to be disturbed : matters then moved swiftly. The chosen one, perhaps, was working in his room ; he was engaged with history questions, possibly, or with an extra work. He sat at his burry. The first hint he had of any alteration of routine was the faintest possible rattle at his door handle. On hearing that, there was just a chance for him if he leapt from his chair and rushed to throw the door open. But much more probably he was too late ; the handle of his door was already securely roped to the handle of the adjoining room. All that he could do was to make ready to withstand a siege, and if he had had previous experience of such visitations, he knew what to do. There was a gap above his door caused by an absent ventilator—an encumbrance which for whatever reason was always destroyed. Through this gap, he knew, missiles of many descriptions would shortly enter the room, and his main object, therefore, was to get everything possible out of the line of fire. His work was moved first ; that would have to be done again if it were damaged, and was therefore more valuable at the moment than books, pictures or furniture. There was generally time to get

the work moved under cover ; then the operations from outside began. Many unwelcome things entered rapidly. Bundles of blotting-paper soaked in ink, other bundles soaked in water, the emptyings of waste-paper baskets, coal, sugar, the contents of squirts, proceeded one after the other through the gap. The recipient of these gifts decided, possibly, on a policy of masterly inactivity ; he retired to an unassailable position behind the shelter of his bed. The counter move to this was to draw him out into the middle of the room by hurling in bundles of greased paper, well alight ; these had plainly to be dealt with at once. A brilliant idea struck the besieged ; his bath happened to be in the room instead of outside in the passage ; he turned on his tap, and dragged the bath and an inch of water near the door ; the fire-balls either fell in or could be tossed in as they arrived. This move, too, was met ; the flaming grease was followed by handfuls of wet bran, which was a weapon more difficult to cope with. Bran mash scatters readily, and sticks where it falls ; and I should guess that as a rule it terminated most of these sieges, so far as the defence was concerned. I still possess a *Gradus* and other volumes which are partly bound in bran mash.

Engagements of this kind continued. When they came to an end, I do not remember that it was occasioned by any particular single combat. I think that we must all have suddenly looked at each other and have come naturally and quickly to our decision. We met,

a dozen of us. We decided to deal with the three, one by one. They were each to be cut out from the others and taken in their own rooms after prayers ; then they were to be given the choice of alternatives. Two of them, who were known to be good fellows, it was thought would choose quickly ; and so, when they were cut out and the alternatives were presented, they did choose. But the third, whose was the originating mind, we never took. He was never to be found, though we looked and waited for him every night. For the rest of that half he lived, so far as his election was concerned, in silence and alone. It was a capital example of an election dealing with an election matter by its own law and on its own initiative.

Fights in College were few. One I saw is still talked about by College eye-witnesses. The occasion was the ' haying ' of the room of a boy who had offended the canons in the matter of ornate dress. A friend of his elected to fight for him, pluckily enough, since he stood half a head shorter than his adversary, and the two of them joined battle in the darkness of the end of the Lower Passage of those days, which was then only half its present length. ' I was just coming round the corner at the other end of the passage with a tray,' one who was a witness tells the tale. ' Just at the stairs, I was. Smack ! Smack ! I heard Mr. Brown's fists go in Mr. Green's face. Right at the other end of the passage. Blacked both his eyes.' The lesser of the two won.

Another fight ended less noisily, but with discomfiture which the beaten one determined should not be repeated. He had learnt what it was to have his head in Chancery, and he came away from the combat filled with stern resolve. He had been beaten ; he would win. It was near the end of the half, and the holidays were to provide his opportunity. When he got home he bought dumb-bells. He got an acquaintance to give him lessons in boxing. Every day all through the holidays he boxed and exercised with dumb-bells ; he fixed his mind on the sole object of winning when he fought next. But his full opportunity was denied him ; he waited and was prepared for many occasions, and then, coming back for another half of waiting, found that his opponent had left.

A third fight never came off. It was threatened for five years, but it was too dangerous ; it would not have ended as other fights. One of our number had decided from his earliest years at school upon a policy of his own. He had come to the conclusion that the proper course for a schoolboy, whenever annoyed or injured in any way at all, was to report his misfortunes to authority without hesitation and at once. We others, whose code was different, were at first more surprised than distressed by the discovery of this fact, and each in turn watched the results in the case of others. We may have hoped or supposed that matters would mend. It seemed unthinkable that any one of us could travel up the school from the

bottom to the top breaking the chief canons of our code all the way ; but we were wrong. The aggrieved one's policy was absolutely consistent, as regular and as remorseless as a machine. None of us escaped ; all suffered, punctually and without exception, and now and then for crimes which it would be difficult to classify—merely they were reported to authority as crimes. On a certain occasion one of us was unfortunate enough to incur the last penalty at the hands of Sixth Form because, coming late in to dinner in Hall, he took the last potato in the dish, which potato his companion, also late, desired for himself. The companion went across Hall to put the case before the Captain of the School, and he who had by this time eaten the potato sat calculating what would happen after Hall. He calculated without a mistake in detail. There was never so inexorable a situation. There was no turning back : authority had set its hand to the plough, and the furrow grew steadily longer. The fact is that authority took a wrong decision at the beginning. It is the one mistake of the kind that I remember. Sixth Form were given their orders and carried them out. The bearer of tales was to be protected at all costs ; he was not to be bullied. And authority, for that matter, had its way, for he never was bullied. There was very little bullying in all our time, and we took our own way with the one bully we recognised. There were a few who were bullied ; the bearer of the tales never.

Even if we had wished to bully him, he never gave anybody any time.

There were two elections which were mainly concerned with these happenings, and among the names in the school list are those of barristers, clergy, soldiers, journalists. But in elections as in the divisions and classes of later life, there are leaders and protagonists, and though those two elections have lost some of their number—to us who remember them well, how large the proportion seems!—most of the protagonists remain, and among them the annals of the school chronicle to-day a bishop, a landscape painter of genius, a soldier distinguished for services oversea, and an astronomer and Fellow of the Royal Society, who four years ago calculated to within a few seconds the arrival of Halley's comet. Each owes his separate debt to College.

Those two elections would furnish as good an example of reasons and riddles, perhaps, as is to be found in the 'old School List' of J. K. S.'s rhyme. Did we recognise the 'father of the man' when we saw him? Sometimes, I think: but J. K. S. looks at the list for all of us:—

'There are some who did nothing at school, much since:  
And others much then, since naught:  
They are middle-aged men, grown bald since then:  
Some have travelled, and some have fought:  
And some have written, and some are bitten  
With strange new faiths: desist  
From tracking them: broker or priest or prince,  
They are all in the old School List.'

M. B. Furse  
(Sam Weller)

F. M. S. Parker  
(Usher)

J. E. Talbot  
(Mr. Sergt. Buzfuz)



SPEECHES, JUNE 4, 1889 : THE TRIAL SCENE FROM PICKWICK

E. E. Welby (Mr. Pickwick) A. V. Houghton Lord Warkworth F. M. Wallington R. W. Coventry G. R. Lane-Fox G. H. J. Hurst,  
(Mr. Phuncky) (Mr. Sergt. Snubbin) (Mr. Justice Stareleigh) (Mr. Skimpin) W. R. Graham C. L. Wood H. C. Norman  
Absent : R. C. Bosanquet (Mrs. Cluppins) ; M. R. Martineau (Mr. Winkle.) (Attorneys, Jury, etc.)





Yet we do track them, in the blue familiar covers of Stapylton ; some of them easily, as you may trace the soldiers ; others without quick recognition of what the names stand for to-day ; others at a glance, as names seen day after day in the newspapers. If one from outside the school were to look through the list, he would pick out first, probably, the politicians. He might begin, perhaps, with Lord Amptill, who as Governor of Madras filled also the office of Viceroy of India. He would find the names of Lord Beauchamp, Governor of New South Wales and First Commissioner of Works since 1910 ; W. C. Bridgeman, member for Oswestry and Unionist Whip ; Lord Crawford, who has earned the gratitude of many by his work for the National Arts Collection Fund and the National Trust ; Lord Hugh Cecil, member for Oxford University ; Lord Donoughmore, Under-Secretary of State for War in 1903 ; Lord Dudley, recently Governor-General of Australia ; H. W. Forster, Lord Commissioner for the Treasury in the last Unionist Government ; Lord Hambleden, ten years member for the Strand, and head of the great firm founded by his father ; L. V. Harcourt, Secretary of State for the Colonies ; Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, member for the New Forest, 1892-1905, correspondent of *The Times* in Rhodesia during the Matabele war, and founder and editor of the *Car* ; Lord Percy, whose early death in 1909 brought a great loss to the country and in particular to the Unionist party, in

whose last administration he had been Under-Secretary for India and Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Lord Willoughby de Broke, once member for Rugby; Lord Willingdon of Ratton, Governor of Bombay. Outside the ranks of politicians, and separate because of the opportunities of his position, might be added the name of Prince Alexander of Teck, Governor-General elect of Canada, who among many proofs of ability to fill high office has given none more striking, perhaps, than the simple eloquence with which he spoke to members of his old school at the unveiling of the medallion which stands in the Memorial Hall to the name of Captain Oates.

Other names set themselves in other and separate lists. Rowing and football records hold the names of St. Clair Donaldson, Archbishop of Brisbane, and M. B. Furse, Bishop of Pretoria. But I think Eton would choose to be represented by other names too—particularly, perhaps, by C. E. Cumming Bruce, at one time Chaplain to the Mission to Seamen in Oregon; and by H. W. L. O'Rorke, who was Chaplain to the same Mission, and who has been a familiar figure on Eton football fields ever since he left school in 1888. When College wins at the Wall, those who are looking on feel that one of the spectators also has won. When Finlay and Creasy bossed a goal in 1909, it was surely the sight of the Rev. H. W. L. O'Rorke's head-covering outlined against the clouds which inspired Finlay nearly to boss another.

The names of the soldiers are easily traced, but how is a list to be made of them? The record of service for those in our time is almost continuous for twenty years from the Egyptian campaigns of 1884 and 1885. There have been the Chitral campaign, the Soudan war, the Tirah Expedition, the relief of Kumasi, the South African war, and the campaign in Somaliland following on each other. In the South African war alone there were 1475 Etonians who served, and of these, and of the 129 who lost their lives, a full proportion belongs to the school lists of 1880-1889. To think of that war is to remember at once the names of C. A. K. and M. H. K. Pechell, brothers who were killed almost within a week of each other, at Mafeking and Dundee, in the first few days of the war; of C. F. S. Vandeleur, who left school in 1887, and twelve years later commanded the Irish Guards; of W. Loring, Newcastle Scholar and Fellow of King's, who gained the D.C.M. as a trooper at Moedevil; of Gurdon-Rebow of the Grenadier Guards, shot because he would not surrender. But it is impossible to set down all the names which belong to the rolls of the South African or other wars. Here are but three, with their records in the *London Gazette* :—

November 10, 1897. *Indian Staff Corps, Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Bellew Adams; 16th Lancers, Lieutenant Alexander Edward, Viscount Fincastle.* During the fighting at Nawa Kili, in Upper Swat, on

August 17, 1897, Lieutenant Colonel R. B. Adams proceeded with Lieutenants H. L. S. MacLean and Viscount Fincastle, and five men of the Guides, under a very heavy and close fire, to the rescue of Lieutenant R. T. Greaves, Lancashire Fusiliers, who was lying disabled by a bullet wound and surrounded by the enemy's swordsmen. In bringing him under cover he (Lieutenant Greaves) was struck by a bullet and killed—Lieutenant Maclean was mortally wounded—while the horses of Lieutenant-Colonel Adams and Lieutenant Viscount Fincastle were shot, as well as two troop horses.

February 28, 1899. *3rd Battalion the Highland Light Infantry: Captain the Honourable A. G. A. Hore-Ruthven.* On September 22, 1898, during the action of Gedarif, Captain Hore-Ruthven, seeing an Egyptian officer within fifty yards of the advancing Dervishes, who were firing and charging, picked him up and carried him towards the 16th Egyptian Battalion. He dropped the wounded officer two or three times and fired upon the Dervishes who were following, to check their advance. Had the officer been left where he first dropped, he must have been killed.

February 2, 1900. *The Rifle Brigade (The Prince Consort's Own): Captain W. N. Congreve. The King's Royal Rifle Corps: Lieutenant the Honourable F. H. S. Roberts (since deceased).* At Colenso on December 15, 1899, the detachments serving the guns of the 14th and 66th Batteries, Royal Field Artillery, had all been either killed, wounded, or driven from their guns by infantry fire at close range, and the guns were deserted. About 500 yards behind the guns was a donga in which some of the few horses and drivers left alive were sheltered. The intervening space was swept with shell and rifle fire. Captain Congreve, Rifle Brigade, who was in the donga,

assisted to hook a team into the limber, went out, and assisted to limber up a gun. Being wounded, he took shelter ; but, seeing Lieutenant Roberts fall, badly wounded, he went out again and brought him in. Captain Congreve was shot through the leg, through the toe of his boot, grazed on the elbow and shoulder, and his horse shot in three places.

Lieutenant Roberts assisted Captain Congreve. He was wounded in three places.

January 15, 1904. *The Rifle Brigade (The Prince Consort's Own)*: Captain and Brevet-Major J. E. Gough. During the action at Daratoleh, on April 22 last, Major Gough assisted Captains Walker and Rolland in carrying back the late Captain Bruce (who had been mortally wounded) and preventing that officer from falling into the hands of the enemy. Captains Walker and Rolland have already been awarded the Victoria Cross for their gallantry on this occasion, but Major Gough (who was in command of the column) made no mention of his own conduct, which has only recently been brought to notice.

The Eton names are Fincastle, Hore-Ruthven, Roberts, and Gough. Lord Fincastle is now Lord Dunmore ; Major Gough is Brigadier-General on the General Staff at Aldershot, brother of Brigadier-General H. de la Poer Gough, in command of the Third Cavalry Brigade at the Curragh since January 1, 1911.

Some of the names belong to more lists than one. The name of Sir Charles Ross appears in the rolls of those who served in South Africa as the captain of the Colt Gun Battery, Loch's Horse ; but it is also the name of a designer of motor-cars and the inventor of

the Canadian service rifle. George Bennett Gosling, Captain Rifle Brigade M.I., who was wounded at Zand River Poort, was in the school cricket eleven in 1889; he was also a member of the Boyd Alexander Expedition which surveyed Lake Chad, and one of the few Englishmen who have penetrated to the haunt of the okapi; he died untimely on that expedition of black-water fever. To Sidney Peel and J. R. L. Rankin, each the author of a book on the South African war, I have referred in other chapters. Naturally the names of authors are set on many lists. That of A. C. Benson belongs to the roll of Eton masters and Cambridge Lecturers, and, as the name of a poet, historian, and essayist, to the Academic Committee and the Royal Society of Literature. His brother, the Very Reverend Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, Private Chamberlain to His Holiness Pius X, has won many friends with his books, and, I think, surprised some of them a little by a curious outburst a short time ago in a weekly paper against an Eton education. Wasey Sterry, author of 'Annals of Eton,' is the Chief Judge of the Sudan; C. J. Holmes, who has written authoritatively on Rembrandt, Constable and Hokusai, was Slade Professor at Oxford from 1904 to 1910, and is now Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery and one of the foremost of living landscape painters; and R. Carr Bosanquet, excavator of Greek Temples and most distinguished of antiquaries, has been Director of the British School at Athens, and is now Professor of Archæology in the

University of Liverpool. The two last belong to other chapters in this book, and when I think of them, it is less often as holding their present positions, than as my companion in many fishing expeditions and a fellow-adventurer in the world of Eton journalism and Eton books. To that world also belongs Arthur Clutton-Brock, who has made himself a name by his writings on Shelley and Morris ; and the name that comes next in natural sequence is that of Geoffrey Robinson, editor of *The Times* since 1912. He came to Eton as a Colleger in 1887, and for five years before 1910 was editor of the *Johannesburg Star*.

Journalists and authors of later life have usually given some hint of the future while still at school ; but I do not know what (if there is any) Eton journalism to connect with the name of Hubert Cookson, afterwards Crackanthorpe, who had a personality which won him many readers in the *Yellow Book*, and took other readers to his published work, 'Vignettes,' 'Wreckage,' and 'Last Studies.' He met a mysterious death by foul play in Paris in 1896 ; it was about the time of Fashoda incident, and his body was found in the Seine. One of his contemporaries, A. E. Aspinall, I remember as a neighbour of original humour and invention in school : originality which has done much for the West Indies since, and has given us a collection of folklore and story, 'West Indian Tales of Old.' Another, Viscount St. Cyres, has written as a scholar and historian may of Fénelon and Pascal. A fourth, J. A. Gibbs, I remember

first at a preparatory school, Thorpe Mandeville, and he was always gay and generous ; but we did not guess in those days that he would write a book of the charm and insight of 'A Cotswold Village.' There are references to Eton in the book ; one of them to the death of his friend, W. D. Llewelyn, who was in the cricket eleven of 1887 and met with his death by a gun accident in 1893, a short time after coming of age and within a few weeks of the day fixed for his wedding. Gibbs himself died at the age of thirty-one. There is nothing more moving in 'A Cotswold Village' than his account of his attempt to reproduce the Eton Playing Fields in Somersetshire. He discovered a spot about quarter of a mile from his home which reminded him of Upper Club—'a few grass fields shut off by high hedges, and completely surrounded by a number of fine elms of great age and lovely foliage.' He got a long lease of the fields, grubbed up the hedges, turned three of the fields into one, and made a cricket ground in the middle. The ground was scarcely levelled when there arrived the farmer's agent, accompanied by a hard-headed timber merchant. Money was short, and the trees were to come down. He tried to buy some of the trees as they stood ; then he tried to buy the farm. In vain : and for weeks he was 'haunted by that hideous nightmare, the crash of groaning trees . . . the horses dragging the huge, dismembered trunks across the beautifully levelled greensward of the cricket-ground. Ninety great elms did they strike down.'



Those are the names, or some of them, and they make up the School list as we look back on it years afterwards : the list in which we read side by side of soldiers, politicians, ranchers, brokers, priests, journalists scattered through the world. That is the School as a whole, and as we see it most plainly ; not the School of the Playing Fields and cricket matches, when we meet other schools : not the School of the river, even though our traditions are of the river : but the School of that great Eton festival and holiday, the Fourth of June, when all Eton throughout the world is thinking the same thoughts ; when Etonians who might never meet otherwise, who are separated by routine, by officialdom, by a hundred miles of riding and railway, meet with the same purpose and with the same words. That is the day which is most to all the School : the day which ends with the Boating Song and Latin messages, long and short, sent home to Eton—*Etonenses matrem salutant* : messages ending with words which can never be hackneyed, because they must always be felt from the heart ; which end each half spent at Eton, and must end a book written about Eton, because they mean the same thing for all, and only carry that meaning for those who belong to the same school. *FLOREAT ETONA !*



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